2.6.28

Library of The Theological Seminary

PRINCETON · NEW JERSEY

PRESENTED BY

Mrs. John DeWitt

DA550
.G838
v. 1

The Greville Memoirs.

(SECOND PART.)

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
FEB 3 - 1928
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGN OF

QUEEN VICTORIA

FROM 1837 TO 1852.

BY THE LATE

CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, Esq.,

CLERK OF THE COUNCIL.

EDITED BY

HENRY REEVE,

REGISTRAR OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.
1885.

973

"PLERAQUE EORUM, QUÆ RETULI QUÆQUE REFERAM, PARVA FORSITAN ET LEVIA MEMORATU VIDERI, NON NESCIUS SUM; SED NEMO ANNALES NOSTROS CUM SCRIPTURA EORUM CONTENDERIT, QUI VETERES POPULI ROMANI RES COMPOSUERE. INGENTIA ILLI BELLA, EXPUGNATIONES URBIUM, FUSOS CAPTOSQUE REGES, AUT, SI QUANDO AD INTERNA PRÆVERTERENT, DISCORDIAS CONSULUM ADVERSUM TRIBUNOS, AGRARIAS FRUMENTARIASQUE LEGES, PLEBIS ET OPTIMATIUM CERTAMINA, LIBERO EGRESSU MEMORABANT. NOBIS IN ARTO ET INGLORIUS LABOR. . . . NON TAMEN SINE USU FUERIT, INTROSPICERE ILLA, PRIMO ADSPECTU LEVIA, EX QUIS MAGNARUM SÆPE RERUM MOTUS ORIUNTUR."

TACITUS, *Ann. iv., cap. 32.*

PREFACE

OF THE EDITOR

TO THE SECOND PART OF THIS JOURNAL.

When the first portion of the Memoirs of the late Mr. Charles Greville, consisting of a Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., was given to the world in the autumn of the year 1874, it was intimated that the continuation of the work was reserved for future publication. Those volumes included the record of events which Mr. Greville had noted in his Diary from the year 1818 to the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in the year 1837, a period of nineteen years. As they were published in 1874, an interval of thirty-seven years had elapsed between the latest event recorded in them and the date at which they appeared. The reigns of George IV. and William IV. already belonged to the history of the past, and accordingly I did not conceive it to be my duty to suppress or qualify any of the statements or opinions of the Author on public men or public events. I am still of opinion that this was the right course for a person charged with the publication of these manuscripts to pursue. I have seen it stated that the first edition of these Journals contains passages which have been suppressed in the later editions: but this is an error. The first edition contained a good many mistakes, which were subsequently pointed out by criticism, or discovered and corrected. Two or three sentences relating to private individuals were omitted, but nothing which concerns public personages or public events has been withdrawn.

Eight and forty years have now elapsed since the date at which the narrative contained in the former volumes was suspended, and I am led by several considerations to the opinion that the time has arrived when it may be resumed. We are divided by a long interval from the administrations of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell, and, with a very small number of exceptions, no one survives who sat in the Cabinets of those statesmen. Nearly half a century has elapsed since the occurrence of the events recorded in the earlier

pages of these volumes, and, in a few months from the publication of them, the nation and the empire may celebrate with just enthusiasm the jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria. Those who have had the good fortune to witness this long series of events, and to take any part in them, may well desire to leave behind them some record of a period unexampled, in the annals of Great Britain and of the world, for an almost unbroken continuance of progress, prosperity, liberty, and peace. It is not too soon to glean in the records of the time those fugitive impressions which will one day be the materials of history. To us, veterans of the century, life is in the past, and we look back with unfading interest on the generations that have passed away.

As far as I am myself concerned, I am desirous to complete, while I am able, the task allotted to me by Mr. Greville in his last hours, which indeed I regard as a sacred duty, since I know that in placing these Journals in my hands his principal motive and intention was that they should not be withheld from publication until the present interest in them had expired. The advance of years reminds me that, if this duty is to be performed at all by me, it must not be indefinitely delayed, and if any strictures are passed on the Editor of these volumes, I prefer to encounter them in my own person rather than to leave the work in other hands and to the uncertainty of the future.

If I turn to precedent and the example of other writers, it will be found that the interval of time which has elapsed since the latest date included in these volumes, embracing the period from 1837 to 1852, is considerably greater than that which marked the publication of similar contributions to political history.[1] At the head of these must be placed Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Time." Bishop Burnet had lived in confidential relations with four Sovereigns and their Ministers, and it would be a mistake to compare the position of Mr. Greville (who never filled any office of a political nature, and who never lived in confidential intercourse with the Court) with that of the bold adviser of Charles II. and James II., and the trusted councilor of William and Mary. Bishop Burnet finished his history of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. about the year 1704; that of William and Queen Anne between 1710 and 1713. In 1714 he died. The first folio containing the earlier reigns was published by his son in 1724; the second in 1734, barely twenty years after the death of Queen Anne. Many passages were, however, suppressed, and the text was not restored in its integrity until the publication of the Oxford edition in the present century.

[1] To look back as far as the Memoirs of the fifteenth century, it may be noted that the first edition of the Memoirs of Philippe de Comines, who had lived in the confidential intimacy of King Louis XI. and King Charles VIII. of France, was published in Paris in 1524, under a special privilege obtained for that purpose. Louis XI. died in 1483, and his son Charles VIII. in 1498. Comines himself died in 1511. These Memoirs, therefore, were published at a time when many of the persons mentioned in them, and most of their immediate descendants, were still alive.

Lord Clarendon died in 1674, and the first edition of his "History of the Rebellion and the Civil Wars" was published in 1702–'04, with some alterations and omissions, which were supplied by the publication of the complete text in 1826.

Lord Chesterfield died in 1773, and his "Letters to his Son," a work abounding in keen and sarcastic observations on his contemporaries, were published in the following year, 1774.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's "Memoirs," which contain the best account extant of the debates at the time of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, and on the Regency Question in 1788, were published in 1815, about thirty years after those discussions.

But it is scarcely necessary to seek for remote precedents to justify the publication of the materials of contemporary history. Our own time has been fertile in great examples of it. For instance, the "Memoirs of Lord Palmerston," by Lord Dalling and Mr. Evelyn Ashley, are full of confidential correspondence on the secret discussions and resolutions of the Cabinet. The "Journal of Lord Ellenborough," recently published by Lord Colchester, contains the private record of a Cabinet Minister on the events of the day and the characters of his colleagues. The more recent publication of Lord Malmesbury's "Autobiography," and of the "Croker Papers," has made public a large amount of correspondence and information of great interest, with reference to the ministerial combinations and political transactions of the present century. And above all, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by placing the papers of the late Prince Consort, and her own correspondence and journals, in the hands of Sir Theodore Martin, for the purpose of composing from the most authentic materials a full biography of that illustrious Prince, has shown that, far from regarding with distrust or repugnance the records of contemporary history, she has been graciously pleased to contribute to it in the most ample manner by the publication of an immense mass of documents relating to the interior of the Court, the intercourse of the Sovereign with her Ministers, the character of foreign monarchs, the less known transactions of her reign, and even the domestic incidents of her life. No Sovereign ever courted more fully and more willingly the light of publicity on a reign which needs no concealment or disguise.

It would be presumptuous to compare the Journals of an individual who never held any important office in the State, and who derived his knowledge of public affairs entirely from the intercourse of private friendship, with the correspondence and private records of sovereigns, ministers, and statesmen of the highest rank, which have been published with their sanction or with that of their immediate successors. These Journals advance no such pretension; but the production of so many confidential documents of contemporary or recent history by such personages may be fairly invoked to justify, *a fortiori*, the publication of notes and memoranda of a humbler character.

The incidents and opinions which will be found in these volumes

derive their chief value from the fact that they are recorded by a bystander and spectator, who was not, and did not aspire to be, an actor in the occurrences he witnessed, but who lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most active politicians of his times, in both the leading parties in the State, although he strictly belonged to neither of them, and was wholly indifferent to mere party interests.

Mr. Greville himself, in communicating a portion of his manuscripts to one of his friends, wrote of them in the following terms: "You will find the greater part political, not often narrative; mostly allusions and comments on passing events, the details of which were not notorious and accessible; some miscellanea of a different description, personal, social, official; you will find public characters freely, flippantly perhaps, and frequently very severely dealt with; in some cases you will be surprised to see my opinions of certain men, some of whom, in many respects, I may perhaps think differently of now. Gibbon said of certain Pagan philosophers, that 'their lives were spent in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue.' I cannot boast of having passed my life in the practice of virtue, but I may venture to say that I have always pursued truth; and you will see evidence of the efforts I have made to get at it, and to sum up conflicting statements of facts with a sort of judicial impartiality."

But although I am of the opinion that the time has arrived when a further portion of these Journals may without impropriety be published, yet I am sensible that as the narrative draws nearer to the present time, and touches events occurring during the reign of the Sovereign who still happily occupies the throne, much more reticence is required of an editor than he felt in speaking of the two last reigns, which belong altogether to past history. There were in the records of those reigns topics of scandal and topics of ridicule, already familiar to the world, which cast a shadow over those pages, and the more so as they were true. In narrating the earlier passages of the reign of Queen Victoria, no such incidents occur. The Court was pure; the persons of the Sovereign and her Consort profoundly respected. The monarchy itself has been strengthened in the last forty-eight years by a strict adherence to the principles of moral dignity and constitutional government. Nothing is to be found in any part of these Journals to impugn that salutary impression; and they will afford to future generations no unworthy picture of those who have played the most conspicuous part in the last half century.

Nevertheless the delicacy and caution which ought to be observed in recording the language and the actions of eminent persons, some of whom are still alive, appear to me to prescribe the omission, at the present time, of some passages that may more fitly be published hereafter. Accordingly, I have exercised to some extent the discretionary powers entrusted to me by the Author with these manuscripts; and I have withheld from publication details which appeared to be of a strictly confidential character, or which related the conversations of living persons. In this respect I have again followed

the example set by the illustrious precedents to which I have already referred. Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Time," the Duc de Saint-Simon's "Memoirs," were all first published with large omissions from the text; and it is only in our own age—one or two centuries after the death of the writers—that these works have been made known to the world in their integrity from the original manuscripts. I know not if these Journals are destined to so long a life; they certainly do not lay claim to so great and lasting an historical and literary fame; but it is probable they will be read and referred to hereafter as a portion of the materials of history of England in this century.

The alternative lay between the entire suppression of the work for an indefinite period and the publication of by far the larger portion of it with the omission of a few passages which touched too nearly on our contemporaries. Upon the whole, the latter course appears to me the most consistent with the duty I accepted from the Author, and which I owe to the public. It must not be supposed, however, that the passages which are omitted in this edition contain anything which it would be thought discreditable for the Author to have written or for the Editor to publish, or that they are of considerable extent or importance. These passages are simply withheld at the present time from motives of delicacy to persons still alive, or to their immediate descendants. I adhere to the opinion previously expressed by me, that the public conduct of those who, by their station or their offices, must be regarded as public characters, needs no reticence or concealment.

An observation occurs in one of the later volumes of these Journals (which had previously escaped my notice) in which the Author remarks that much that he has written appears to him to be extremely dull, and that to avoid dullness the manuscript should be carefully revised before it is made public. I have not the same dread of dullness which affected Mr. Greville. A passage may be found to contain something of interest hereafter, though it is not amusing, and at the worst the reader can pass it by. Nor do I attach importance to the amusement the public may derive from this work. The volumes now published may be less attractive to some readers than those which preceded them, for they relate to less dissipated and distracted times; but they are, I think, more instructive because they are marked by a deeper insight into political history.

In conclusion, I may remark that the present publication embraces a period of fourteen years, extending from the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in 1837 to the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. in 1851. The latest events recorded in these pages are separated from us by an interval of about thirty-four years. The occurrences which took place after the close of 1851, the subsequent establishment of the Imperial power in France, the formation of the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, followed in 1853 by the Crimean War, mark an important epoch in the history of this country and of Europe. I have therefore thought that this date is the appropriate conclusion of this

portion of the work. Mr. Greville continued his Journal for nine years more, until the close of 1860, though in his later years he was less conversant with public affairs than he had been in the more active period of his life. Should life and health be vouchsafed to me, I shall endeavor to complete the task he confided to my care by the publication of one or two concluding volumes at no distant period.

HENRY REEVE.

*** The notes in brackets are by the Editor, those without brackets by the Author.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

The New Reign—Character of William IV.—Political Effects of the King's Death—Candidates for Office—Lord Durham—The King's Funeral—The Elections—The Whigs and O'Connell—First Impression of a Railroad—Lord Stanley at Knowsley—The King of Hanover—Return to London—Result of the Elections—Liberality of the Queen—Princess Lieven's Audiences—Conservative Reaction in the Counties—The Queen and Lord Munster—State of Parties in New Parliament—The Corn Laws—The Poor Laws—Tory-Radicals—Promise of the Queen's Character—Her Self-Possession—Queen Victoria and Queen Adelaide—The Queen and Lord Melbourne—Mango wins the St. Leger—Racing Reflections—Death of Lord Egremont—The Court of Victoria—Conservatism of the Whigs—Radical Discontent—Irish Policy of the Government—Mr. Disraeli's First Speech—Lord Brougham's Isolation—Radical Politics—Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham—The Canada Debates—The Use of a Diary—Duke of Wellington on Canada—On his own Dispatches—On the Battle of Salamanca—King Ernest in Hanover—English Manor Houses—Festivities at Belvoir Castle—Life at Belvoir—Reflections—Beaudesert—Death of Lord Eldon . . . . . PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

Debates on the Canada Bill—Moderation of the Duke of Wellington—State of Canada—Lord Durham's Position—Weakness of the Government—Parallel of Hannibal and the Duke of Wellington—The Ballot—Lord Brougham on the Ballot—Position of the Government—Policy of Sir Robert Peel—Death of Mr. Creevey—Knighthood of General Evans—Lord Brougham's Conversation—A Skirmish in the House of Commons—Defeat of Government—Skirmish in the House of Lords—Annoyance of Peel at these Proceedings—Brougham's Anti-Slavery Speech—Opposition Tactics—Brougham on the Coolie Trade—Ministerial Success—Sir Robert Peel's Tactics—Composition of Parties—A Dinner at Buckingham Palace—Men of Science—The Lord Mayor at a Council—The Queen at a Levée—The Guiana Apprentices—Small *vs.* Attwood reversed—Character of the Queen—Wilkie's Picture of the "First Council"—Small *vs.* Attwood—Immediate Emancipation—Birthday Reflections—Lord Charles Fitzroy turned out—Vote on Lord Durham's Expenses—Lord Durham's Irritation—Wolff the Missionary—Newmarket—The Coronation—Lord Brougham's Reviews . . . . P. 44

CHAPTER III.

A Ball at the Palace—Aspect of Foreign Affairs—Irish Tithe Bill—Debate on Sir T. Acland's Motion—Death of Prince Talleyrand—Death and Character of Lady Harrowby—Government defeated on Emancipation of Slaves—Dispute of Mr. Handley and Lord Brougham—Dinner at Lambeth—Arrangement of Irish Questions—Settlement of Irish Questions—O'Connell declines the Rolls—Naval Intervention in Spain—Duke of Wellington's Moderation—Marshal Soult arrives—Preparations for the Coronation of Queen Victoria—The Wellington Statue—The Coronation—Coleridge and John Sterling—Lord Durham's Mission to Canada—Lord Brougham contrasted with the Duke—Macaulay on his return from India—Soult in London—Duke of Sussex quarrels with Ministers—Lord Burghersh's Opera—High Church Sermons—Lord Palmerston and Mr. Urquhart—The Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill—The Duke's Dispatches—Macaulay's Plan of Life—Lord Durham's Canada Ordinance—Mr. Barnes—Canada Indemnity Bill—Lord Durham's Ordinance disallowed—Irish Corporation Bill—Review of the Session . . . . . P. 79

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen and Lord Melbourne—The Battersea Schools—A Council at Windsor—A Humble Hero—Lord Durham's Resignation—Duke of Wellington's Campaigns—The Grange—Lord Durham's Return—Death of Lord Sefton—Lord Durham's Arrival—His Reception in the Country—Position of the Radicals—A Visit to Windsor Castle—Lord Brougham's "Letter to the Queen"—Lord Durham repudiates the Radicals—A Lecture at Battersea—Dinner at Holland House—Curran and George Ponsonby—Prospect of the New Year—The Petition of the Sergeants-at-Law—Reconciliation with Lord Durham—Murder of Lord Norbury—The Corn Laws attacked—Lord Palmerston and the "Portfolio"—The Sergeant's Case—Brougham and Lyndhurst "done up"—Opening of the Session—Resignation of Lord Glenelg—State of Parties—Lord Durham's Report—Lord Glenelg's Retirement—Lord Normanby, Colonial Minister—Corn Law Repeal—Sir Francis Bond Head—Gore House—Lady Blessington . PAGE 113

CHAPTER V.

Opening of the Session—Lady Flora Hastings—Bulwer's "Richelieu"—Changes at the Colonial Office—Attack on Lord Normanby's Irish Administration in the Lords—General Aspect of Affairs—The *Morning Chronicle*—Death of Lord de Ros—Precarious Position of the Government—Views of Lord John Russell—A doubtful Question—Conciliatory Conversation with Sir James Graham—Attitude of the Whig Party—Peel's cold Reception of the Proposal—Result of the Debate—Attitude of Lord John Russell—Language of the Radical Party—Conciliation—Change of Feeling in the Country—Duke of Newcastle dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy—Lord John Russell's Letter—Jamaica Bill—Defeat of the Jamaica Bill—Resignation of Ministers—The Queen retains the Ladies of her Household—Conduct of the Whigs—End of the Crisis—The Truth of the Story . . . . . P. 148

CHAPTER VI.

The Whigs retain the Government—Motives of the Queen—Decision of Ministers—Lord Brougham's Excitement—Ministerial Explanations—State of Affairs in Parliament—Lord Brougham's great Speech on the Crisis—Duke of Wellington's Wisdom and Moderation—Visit of the Grand Duke Alexander—Macaulay returns to Parliament—Disappointment of the Radicals—The Radicals appeased—Visit to Holland House—Anecdotes of George Selwyn—False Position of the Whigs—Downton Castle—Payne Knight—Malvern—Troy House—Castles on the Wye—Tintern Abbey—Bath—Salisbury Cathedral—Death of Lady Flora Hastings—Violent Speech of the Duke—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington—Lord Clarendon's *début* in the House of Lords—Lord Brougham attacks Lord Normanby—His Fantastic Conduct—Pauper School at Norwood . . . . . P. 180

CHAPTER VII.

Review of the Session—Ministerial Changes—Effect of Changes in the Government—A Greenwich Dinner—Dover Dinner to the Duke of Wellington—A Toast from Ovid—Decay of Tory Loyalty—Unpopularity of Government—Brougham's Letter to the Duke of Bedford—Character of John, Duke of Bedford—Brougham at the Dover Dinner—Brougham and Macaulay—The Duke's Decline—Duke of Wellington consulted on Indian and Spanish Affairs—Baron Brunnow arrives in England—False Reports of Lord Brougham's Death—Insulting Speeches of the Tories—Holland House—Lord Brougham and Lord Holland—The Queen's Marriage is announced—Remarkable Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—The Mayor of Newport at Windsor—Ampthill—Lord John Russell's Borough Magistrates—Lord Clarendon's Advice to his Colleagues—Prospects of the Government—Opening of the Session—Duel of Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Horsman—Lord Lyndhurst's View of Affairs—Prince Albert's Household—The Privilege Question—Prince Albert's Allowance—Precedence of Prince Albert—Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel—Judgment on the Newport Prisoners—A Vote of Want of Confidence moved—The Newport Prisoners—Prince Albert's Precedency—Sir Robert Peel and his Party—Sir Robert Peel's Speech and Declaration—Precedence Question—The Queen's Marriage—Illness of the Duke of Wellington—The Precedence Question settled—The Duke opposed to Peel on the Privilege Question—Change in the Health of the Duke—Prince Albert's Name in the Liturgy—Success of Pamphlet on Precedence—Judicial Committee Bill—Lord Dudley's Letters—Amendment of Judicial Committee—King's Sons born Privy Councilors, other Princes sworn—The Duke returns to London—Lord Melbourne's Opinion on Journals . P. 201

CHAPTER VIII.

The ex-King of Westphalia—The Duke of Wellington at Court—Failure of the Duke's Memory—Dinner at Devonshire House to Royalties—Government defeated on Irish Registration Bill—The King of Hanover's Apartments—Rank of Foreign Ministers—The Duchess of Inverness—War with China—Murder of Lord William Russell—Duke of Wellington on the China War—Weakness of Government—Duke of Wellington's Conduct toward the Government—The Queen shot at—Examination of the Culprit—Retrospect of Affairs—Conciliatory Policy—Advantages of a Weak Government—The Eastern Question—Lord Palmerston's Daring and Confidence—M. Guizot and Mr. Greville—Pacific Views of Louis Philippe—M. Guizot's Statement of the Policy of France—Growing Alarm of Ministers—Alarm of Prince Metternich—Lord John Russell disposed to resist Palmerston—History of the Eastern Negotiation—A Blunder of M. Guizot—Important Conversation with Guizot—Conflict between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston—Energetic Resolution of Lord John—Lord Palmerston holds out—Conciliatory Proposals of France—Interview of Lord Palmerston and Lord John . . . . . PAGE 240

CHAPTER IX.

The Cabinet meets—The Government on the Verge of Dissolution—The Second Cabinet—Palmerston lowers his Tone in the Cabinet—But continues to bully in the Press—Taking of Beyrout—Deposition of Mehemet Ali—Lord John acquiesces—Total Defeat of Peace Party—Lord John Russell's False Position—His Views—Lord Granville's Dissatisfaction—Further Attempts at Conciliation—Prevarication of Lord Ponsonby—Newspaper Hostilities—Discussion of the French Note of the 8th October—Guizot's Opinion of the Note of the 8th October—Louis Philippe's Influence on the Crisis—Summary of Events—Death of Lord Holland—Lord Clarendon's Regret for Lord Holland—M. Guizot's Intentions as to France—Effects of the Queen's Partiality for Melbourne—Resignation to Thiers—Bickerings in the Ministry—Lord John Russell's Dissatisfaction with Lord Palmerston—Lord John resigns—Lord John demands the Recall of Lord Ponsonby—Lord Palmerston defends Lord Ponsonby—M. Guizot's Policy—Conciliatory Propositions fail—Attitude of Austria—Asperity of Lord Palmerston—Operations in Syria—Success of Lord Palmerston and his Policy—Baron Mounier's Mission to London—Birth of the Princess Royal—Results of the Success of Lord Palmerston's Measures—The Tories divided in Opinion as to the Treaty—Retrospect of the Year—Lord Holland . . . . . P. 278

CHAPTER X.

Successes in India, China and Syria—The Hereditary Pashalik of Egypt—Lord Palmerston's Hostility to France—Lord Palmerston and the Tories—His Extraordinary Position—A Communication from M. Guizot—Death of the Duchess of Cannizzaro—Her History—Dinner with Lady Holland—Macaulay's Conversation—Opening of the Session—A Sheriff's Dinner—Hullah's Music Lecture—Tory Successes—Duke of Wellington ill—Irish Registration Bill—Opposed by the Conservatives—Conservative Government of Ireland—Petulance of Lord Palmerston—Double Dealing of Lord Palmerston—Ill Temper of the French—M. Dedel's Account of the State of Affairs—M. Dedel's Account corrected—Termination of the Disputes with France—Bad News from China—Hostility of the United States—The Sultan's Hatti-sherif—The Hatti-sherif disapproved by some Ministers—Peel's Liberality—The Hatti-sherif disavowed—The Bishop of Exeter left in the Lurch—Poor-Law Amendment Bill—Lord Granville's Illness—Death of Mrs. Algernon Greville—Loss of "The President"—Government defeated—China Troubles—Danger of the Government . . . . P. 313

CHAPTER XI.

Dissolution of Parliament discussed by Ministers—Death of Mr. Barnes—Impending Dissolution—Mdlle. Rachel in Hermione—Ladies of the Bedchamber—Question of Dissolution—Defeat of the Government—Vote of Want of Confidence—Government defeated on Peel's Resolution—Ascot Races—Dispute of Lord Stanley and Mr. Handley—Impending Elections—Conservative Reaction—The Queen at Oxford—The Queen at Chiswick—Whig Confidence—Parliament prorogued—Lord Campbell made Chancellor of Ireland—The Prince declines to dine at the Waterloo Banquet—Visit to North Wales—Conway Castle—Penrhyn Castle—Carnarvon—Beddgelert and Llanberis—Result of the Elections—Results of the Dissolution—A decided Tory Majority—Wise

Conduct of Lord Melbourne—The Speakership—Sir Robert Peel's Liberal Views—Dr. Wiseman—The Queen at Woburn—Lord John Russell's Moderate Views—Judgment on Wood's Will—Last Council of the Whigs . . . . . PAGE 342

CHAPTER XII.

Debate on the Address in the Lords—Conservative Majority in the New Parliament—Sir R. Peel's Audience of the Queen—Auspicious Policy of Peel—Council at Claremont—Change of Ministry—Lord Melbourne's Message to Sir R. Peel—What Sir R. Peel said to the Queen—Lord Melbourne's View of the Recent Appointments at Court—The Duke of Wellington on the Recent Appointments—A Party at Windsor—Future Course of Events predicted—Visit to Woburn—Junius—Jobbing at the Foreign Office—Contempt for the late Government—Summary—Louis Philippe—Forgery of Exchequer Bills—The Tower Fire—Birth of the Prince of Wales—Delicate Questions—Prince Albert receives the Keys of the Cabinet Boxes—Charles Elliot—Strength of the Government—Lord Ripon and John Macgregor—French Intrigues in Spain . . . . . P. 368

CHAPTER XIII.

Anecdotes about the Exchequer Bill Forgery—M. de St. Aulaire Ambassador in London—Morbid Irritability of the Duke—Macaulay on Street Ballads—Sir Edmund Head, Poor Law Commissioner—The Duke's Delusion—The Lord Chief-Justice closes the Term—Armorial Bearings of the Prince of Wales—Relations of Ministers with the Queen—Lord William Russell recalled from Berlin—Arbitrary Appointment of Magistrates—Anecdote of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Lord Spencer on the Corn Laws—Lord-Lieutenancy of Northamptonshire—Visit to Bowood—Mrs. Fanny Kemble—Macaulay's Conversation—Macaulay's Departure—Lord Ashburton's Mission—The Chinese War—Unpopularity of Lord Palmerston—A Diplomatic Squabble—Prussian Treatment of Newspapers—Fire at Woburn Abbey—Duke of Wellington himself again—King of Prussia arrives—Proceedings of the Government—The Duke of Buckingham resigns—Relations with France—Opening of the New Parliament—King of Prussia's Visit—The Speech from the Throne—Lord Palmerston's Hostility to France—The Queen and her Ministers—Dispute about a Scotch Judge—Corn Laws—A Letter from Jellalabad—The Corn Law Debate—The Battersea Schools—A Calm—Sir Robert Peel's Budget—The Disaster at Cabul—Death and Funeral of the Marquis of Hertford—Sir Robert Peel's Financial Measures—The Whig View of Peel—Archdeacon Singleton—Lord Munster's Death—Colonel Armstrong—Theatricals at Bridgwater House—Summary of the Session—The Occupation of Afghanistan—Lord Wellesley's Opinion—Afghan Policy of the Government—Lord Ashburton's Treaty—The Missing Map . . . . . P. 389

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Broadlands—The American Treaty—Lord Palmerston on the American Treaty—The Stade Dues—The Withdrawal from Cabul—The Queen at Sea—Woburn—Baroness Lehzen—Lord Ponsonby—Turkey—The Grove, Lord Clarendon—Public Scandals—Bishop Blomfield's Charge—Puseyism—Mr. Thomas Grenville—Anecdote of Porson—Death of Mr. Irby—Anecdote of Lord North—Lord Melbourne ill—Macaulay's Lays of Rome—Canadian Affairs—A Council—Bad State of the Country—Mr. Grenville's Conversation—A Happy Family—The Reform Bill of 1832—End of the China War—Judge and Jury Court—Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Lord John Russell on the American Treaty—Madame d'Arblay's Journal—Lord Ellenborough—Manuscript of Antonio Perez—Lord Palmerston and the *Morning Chronicle*—Moderate Whig Views—The Whigs and O'Connell—The Bedchamber Dispute—Sir David Dundas—Summary of the Year 1842 . . . . . P. 434

CHAPTER XV.

The Duke of Wellington on the Afghan War—Charles Buller—Lord Ellenborough's Extravagance—Assassination of Edward Drummond—Nomination of Sheriffs—Opening of the Session of Parliament—Lord Ellenborough's Position—Disclosure of Evidence on the Boundary Question—Debate on Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Lord Ellenborough Vindicated—Lord Brougham's Activity—Lord Palmerston attacks the American Treaty—Lord Althorp's Accession to Office in 1830—Death of John Allen—Death

of the Duke of Sussex—Death of Mr. Arkwright—Death of Lady William Bentinck—Death of Lord FitzGerald—Lady W. Bentinck's Funeral—The Temple Church—Racing—State of the Country—The Privy Council Register—Ascot; the King of Hanover—Difficulties of the Government—A Tour on the Continent—The Rothschilds . . . . . PAGE 460

CHAPTER XVI.

Results of this Tour—Ireland—The Irish Church—Decline of Sir Robert Peel's Popularity—Position of Sir Robert Peel—King of Hanover in London—The Duke of Wellington on the Duke of Marlborough—Anecdote of Talleyrand—Debates on Ireland—Parliament prorogued—The Queen's Yacht—Review of the Session—The Queen at Eu—Agreement there—The Queen of Spain's Marriage—Miss Berry and Lord Orford—Ranke and Macaulay at Kent House—A Council on Crutches—Chatsworth—Prosecution of O'Connell—Society—O'Connell—Lord Brougham's Action against Fonblanque—Death of Hon. Edward Villiers—The Irish Trials—Law against Betting—The Education Question—The Duc de Bordeaux's Visit—Lord Melbourne after his Illness—King George II. robbed—Royal Visit to Chatsworth—The *Times* on the Duc de Bordeaux's Visit—The Westminster Play—Lord Melbourne—Our Relations with Rome—The Dublin Jury Lists—Lord Ellenborough and the Court of Directors—O'Connell's Remedies for Irish Discontent . . . . . P. 504

CHAPTER XVII.

Opening of Parliament—State of Parties—The Duke of Wellington's Health—The Duke's Correspondence with Lord Haddington—Constitution of the Judicial Committee—Debate on the State of Ireland—Lord Hertford's Will—A Pun of Jekyll's—Lord Melbourne—The Irish Church—The Privy Council Bill—Anecdote of Mr. Pitt's Peers—Cambridge—Lord Ellenborough's Recall—Lord Brougham's Hostility—The Factory Bill—Lord Hardinge Governor-General of India—Lord Brougham on Lord Hertford's Case—The Emperor of Russia in London—Government Defeat on the Sugar Duties—Sir Robert Peel resolves to resign—The Opening of Letters at the Post-Office—The Case of "Running Rein"—Lord Brougham's Privy Council Bill—Summary of Events—The Tahiti Quarrel with France—The O'Connell Judgment—Lord Stanley goes to the Upper House . . . . . P. 534

APPENDIX.

THE ROYAL PRECEDENCY QUESTION . . . . . P. 566

A JOURNAL

OF THE

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA,

FROM 1837 TO 1852.

CHAPTER I.

The New Reign—Character of William IV.—Political Effects of the King's Death—Candidates for Office—Lord Durham—The King's Funeral—The Elections—The Whigs and O'Connell—First Impression of a Railroad—Lord Stanley at Knowsley—The King of Hanover—Return to London—Result of the Elections—Liberality of the Queen—Princess Lieven's Audiences—Conservative Reaction in the Counties—The Queen and Lord Munster—State of Parties in New Parliament—The Corn Laws—The Poor Laws—Tory-Radicals—Promise of the Queen's Character—Her Self-Possession—Queen Victoria and Queen Adelaide—The Queen and Lord Melbourne—Mango wins the St. Leger—Racing Reflections—Death of Lord Egremont—The Court of Victoria—Conservatism of the Whigs—Radical Discontent—Irish Policy of the Government—Mr. Disraeli's First Speech—Lord Brougham's Isolation—Radical Politics—Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham—The Canada Debates—The Use of a Diary—Duke of Wellington on Canada—On his own Dispatches—On the Battle of Salamanca—King Ernest in Hanover—English Manor Houses—Festivities at Belvoir Castle—Life at Belvoir—Reflections—Beaudesert—Death of Lord Eldon.

June 25th, 1837.—I remember when George IV. died, seven years ago, having been struck by the small apparent sensation that his death created. There was, however, at that time a great deal of bustle and considerable excitement, which were caused by the activity of the new Court, and the eccentricities of the King; but in the present instance the Crown has been transferred to the head of the new Queen with a tranquillity which is curious and edifying. The first interest and curiosity to see the young Queen and observe her behavior having passed off, there appears nothing more to do or to think about; there are no changes, and there is no talk of change. Her Majesty has continued quietly at Kensington, where she transacts business with her Ministers, and everything goes on as if she had been on the throne six years instead of six days. Animated panegyrics were

pronounced upon the late King in both Houses of Parliament by those who had served him ; and Peel repeated in the House of Commons, in more set phrases, the expressions of his admiration of the conduct of the Queen on her first public appearance, which he uttered to me when I saw him after the Council on Tuesday. Melbourne's funeral oration over William IV. was very effective because it was natural and hearty, and as warm as it could be without being exaggerated. He made the most of the virtues the King undoubtedly possessed, and passed lightly over his defects.

King William IV., if he had been born in a private station, would have passed unobserved through life like millions of other men, looked upon as possessing a good-natured and affectionate disposition, but without either elevation of mind or brightness of intellect. During many years of his life the Duke of Clarence was an obscure individual, without consideration, moving in a limited circle, and altogether forgotten by the great world. He resided at Bushey with Mrs. Jordan, and brought up his numerous children with very tender affection : with them, and for them, he seemed entirely to live. The cause of his separation from Mrs. Jordan has not been explained, but it probably arose from his desire to better his condition by a good marriage, and he wanted to marry Miss Wykeham, a half-crazy woman of large fortune, on whom he afterward conferred a peerage. George IV., I believe, put a spoke in that wheel, fortunately for the Duke as well as for the country. The death of the Princess Charlotte opened to him a new prospect, and the lack of royal progeny made his marriage as desirable an event to the public as it was convenient to himself. The subsequent death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, at once exalted him into a personage of political importance, and when the great Tory schism took place, upon the death of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning thought the Duke of Clarence's appointment to the office of Lord High Admiral would strengthen his Government, and at the same time relieve him from some of the difficulties which beset him ; and he accordingly prevailed upon the King to revive the office in his person. Soon after the Duke of Wellington's elevation he found it necessary to remove the Duke of Clarence, and it is an excellent trait in the character of the latter that, notwithstanding his vexation at the time, which was very great, he harbored no resentment against the Duke

of Wellington, and never seems to have hesitated about retaining him as his Minister when he came to the throne. His exaltation (for the moment) completely turned his head, but as his situation got familiar to him he became more composed and rational, if not more dignified in his behavior. The moral and intellectual qualities of the King, however insignificant in themselves, now became, from their unavoidable influence, an object of great interest and importance, and in the early part of his reign he acquired no small share of popularity. People liked a King whose habits presented such a striking contrast to those of his predecessor. His attention to business, his frank and good-humored familiarity, and his general hospitality, were advantageously compared with the luxurious and selfish indolence and habits of seclusion in the society of dull and grasping favorites which characterized the former reign.

The King seemed to be more occupied with the pleasing novelty of his situation, providing for his children, and actively discharging the duties of his high function, than in giving effect to any political opinions; and he took a correct view of his constitutional obligations, for although he continued his confidence to the Duke of Wellington unabated to the last, he transferred it as entirely to Lord Grey when the Whigs came in. He went on with his second Ministry as cordially as he had done with his first, nor does it appear that he took fright at their extensive plans of reform when they were first promulgated. He was probably bit by the popularity which the Reform Bill procured him, and it was not until he had gone too far to recede with safety that he was roused from his state of measureless content and unthinking security. The roar of the mighty conflict which the Reform Bill brought on filled him with dismay, and very soon with detestation of the principles of which he had unwittingly permitted himself to be the professor and the promoter; and as these feelings and apprehensions were continually stimulated by almost all the members of his family, legitimate and illegitimate, they led him into those unavailing struggles which embroiled him with his Ministers, rendered him obnoxious to the Liberal party, compromised the dignity of the Crown and the tranquillity of the country, and grievously embittered the latter years of his life. But although King William was sometimes weak, sometimes obstinate, and miserably deficient in penetration and judg-

ment, he was manly, sincere, honest, and straightforward. The most painful moment of his life, and the greatest humiliation to which a king ever submitted, must have been when he again received the Whig Ministers in 1835; but it is to the credit of Lord Melbourne, as well as of the King, that their subsequent personal intercourse was not disagreeable to either, and greatly to the King's honor that he has never been accused or suspected of any underhand or indirect proceeding for the purpose of emancipating himself from a thralldom so galling. Of political dexterity and artifice he was altogether incapable, and although, if he had been false, able, and artful, he might have caused more perplexity to his Whig Government and have played a better party game, it is perhaps fortunate for the country, and certainly happy for his own reputation, that his virtues thus predominated over his talents. The most remarkable foible of the late King was his passion for speechifying, and I have recorded some of his curious exhibitions in this way. He had considerable facility in expressing himself, but what he said was generally useless or improper. He never received the homage of a Bishop without giving him a lecture; and the custom he introduced of giving toasts and making speeches at all his dinners was more suitable to a tavern than to a palace. He was totally deficient in dignity or refinement, and neither his elevation to the throne nor his association with people of the most distinguished manners could give him any tincture of the one or the other. Though a good-natured and amiable man, he was passionate and hasty, and thus he was led into those bickerings and quarrels with the Duchess of Kent and with his own children, which were a perpetual source of discomfort or disgrace to him, and all of which might have been avoided by a more consistent course of firmness and temper on his part. His sons generally behaved to him with great insolence and ingratitude, except Adolphus. Of the daughters I know nothing.

The various political hopes, fears, and expectations which his death has raised may be very shortly summed up. Nobody can deny that it has given the Whig Government a great advantage over the Tories. Hitherto the Government have been working against the stream, inasmuch as they had the influence of the Crown running dead against them; the tide has now turned in their favor, and to a certain degree they will be able to convert the Tory principle to their own

advantage. The object of the Whigs is to remain in office, to put down the Radicals and Radicalism, and go on gradually and safely reforming; above all, to proceed as fast as the innumerable difficulties which impede their course will let them, in bringing Ireland into a state of quiet and contentment, and to pave the way for some definite settlement of the great questions which distract that country. This I believe to be the object of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, but at the same time they have colleagues and supporters who have more extensive and less moderate views, and who would like to see the Government more cordially allied to the Radicals than it is, and who are so animated against the Tories that they would do *anything* to prevent their return to power.[1]

The great body of the Tories, on the other hand, are thirsting for office: they are, or pretend to be, greatly alarmed at the Radical tendencies of the Government, but they are well aware that in the actual state of the House of Commons they have the power of keeping the Government in check and of defeating every Radical scheme while *in opposition*, but that it would be dangerous to attempt to turn them out and take their places. So far from being satisfied with this position of exceeding strength and utility, they are chafing and fuming that they can't get in, and would encounter all the hazards of defeat for the slightest chance of victory. It is only the prudent reserve of Peel (in which Stanley and Graham probably join) that restrains the impatience of the party within moderate bounds. The Radicals are few in number, and their influence is very low; they are angry with the Government for not making greater concessions to them, but as they still think there is a better chance of their views being promoted by the Whigs remaining in, they continue to vote with them in cases of need, though there are some of them who would prefer the dissolution of the Ministry and war with a Tory Government rather than the present imperfect alliance which subsists between themselves and the Whigs. The Whigs then expect to gain by the new elections and to obtain an accession of strength to their Government. They think the popularity

[1] [A list of Lord Melbourne's second administration will be found in the first part of this work, vol. iii, p. 256. It had undergone no change since 1835, except that the Great Seal, which had been put in commission, was now held by Lord Cottenham.]

of a new reign, and the partial neutrality of the Tory principle, will be of material advantage to their cause. The Tories, though they maintain that they shall not lose at the elections, evidently feel that they take the field under a great disadvantage, and do not deny that the King's death has been a heavy blow to them as a party.

June 29th.—All the accounts continue to report well of the young Queen, of her quickness, sense and discretion, and the remarkable facility with which she has slid into her high station and discharges its duties. The Duchess of Kent never appears at Kensington, where the Queen occupies a separate range of apartments, and her influence is very silently exercised, if at all. The town is rife with reports of changes and appointments, some very natural and others very absurd; all agree that the power vested in Melbourne's hands is unbounded, and that (as far as Court appointments are concerned) he uses it with propriety. The great topic of interest is the question of Lord Hill's removal,[1] which the Radicals and violent Whigs have been long driving at, but to which it is believed Melbourne is himself adverse. So Lord Stanley told me the other day as his belief; and when I said that though this might be so, it was doubtful how far he would be induced to fight the battle in his own Cabinet if it was mooted there, he said that from what he heard, he thought Melbourne was lord and master in his own Cabinet.

The eternal question in everybody's mouth is what is Lord Durham to have, or if it is indispensable that he should have anything. When Durham left England, he was the elected chief of the Radicals, and he was paving the way to future Court favor through a strict alliance with the Duchess of Kent and Sir John Conroy. At St. Petersburg his language was always moderate; now that he is returned, the Radicals, still regarding him as their chief, look anxiously to his introduction into the Cabinet. Charles Buller, whom I met the other day, said, in reply to my asking him if Government would gain at the elections, "I think they will gain anyhow, but *if they are wise* they will gain largely." I said, "I wonder what you call being wise?" He said, "Take in Lord Durham." But they want Durham to be taken in as a pledge of the disposition of the Govern-

[1] [Lord Hill held the office of Commander-in-Chief from 1828 till 1842, when he resigned it.]

ment to adopt their principles,[1] whereas Melbourne will receive him upon no such terms; and if Durham takes office, he must subscribe to the moderate principles upon which both Melbourne and John Russell seem disposed to act. After all, it appears to me that a mighty fuss is made about Durham without any sufficient reason, that his political influence is small, his power less, and that it is a matter of great indifference whether he is in office or out.

July 9th.—Yesterday I went to the late King's funeral, who was buried with just the same ceremonial as his predecessor this time seven years. It is a wretched mockery after all, and if I were king, the first thing I would do should be to provide for being committed to the earth with more decency and less pomp. A host of persons of all ranks and stations were congregated, who "loitered through the lofty halls," chattering and laughing, and with nothing of woe about them but the garb. I saw two men in an animated conversation, and one laughing heartily at the very foot of the coffin as it was lying in state. The chamber of death in which the body lay, all hung with black and adorned with scutcheons and every sort of funereal finery, was like a scene in a play, and as we passed through it and looked at the scaffolding and rough work behind, it was just like going behind the scenes of a theatre. A soldier's funeral, which I met in the morning—the plain coffin slowly borne along by his comrades, with the cap and helmet and sword of the dead placed upon it—was more impressive, more decent, more affecting than all this pomp with pasteboard crowns, and heralds scampering about, while idleness and indifference were gazing or gossiping round about the royal remains. I would rather be quietly consigned to the grave by a few who cared for me (if any such there might be) than be the object of all this parade and extravagance. The procession moving slowly through close ranks of Horse and Foot Guards holding tapers and torches in their hands, while at intervals the bands played a dead march, had, however, a very imposing effect. The service was intolerably long and tedious, and miserably read by the Dean of Windsor. The Queen Dowager, with the King's daughters and her ladies, were in the Royal Closet, and the FitzClarences

[1] After this was written, a letter of Durham's appeared couched in vague but conservative language, and without any allusion to the Ballot or the Radical desiderata.

in the one adjoining. At twelve o'clock she was to depart for Bushey, and a bitter moment it must have been when she quitted for ever the Castle where she had spent seven years of prosperous and happy splendor.

We continue to hear of the young Queen's admirable behavior, but all other subjects are swallowed up in the interest of the approaching elections. There will be more contests than ever were known, and it is amusing to see both parties endeavoring to avail themselves of the Queen's name, the Tories affecting to consider her as a prisoner in the hands of the Whigs, and the Whigs boasting of the cordiality and warmth of her sentiments in their favor. The Whigs have the best of this, as they have some evidence to show in support of their assertions, and the probability really is that she is well enough contented with them, as they naturally take care she should be. Of the probable changes, one of the most important is the defeat of Sir James Graham in Cumberland—an event which the Whigs hail with extreme satisfaction, for they hate him rancorously. I am under personal obligations to Graham, and therefore regret that this feeling exists; but it is not unnatural, and his political conduct is certainly neither creditable nor consistent. He is now little better than a Tory, a very high Churchman, and one of the least liberal of the Conservative leaders. In Lord Grey's Government he was one of the most violent, and for going to greater lengths than the majority of his colleagues. When the Reform Bill was concocted by a committee consisting of John Russell, Duncannon, Durham, and Graham, Graham earnestly advocated the Ballot, and Lord Durham says he has in his possession many letters of Graham's, in which he presses for a larger measure of reform than they actually brought forward. In his address he says he has not changed, and talks of "having belonged to the Whig Government before they had made the compact by which they are now bound to O'Connell." Tavistock[1] said to me yesterday that this was too bad, because he knew very well that the only understanding the

[1] [Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, afterward seventh Duke of Bedford; born 12th May, 1788, died 14th May, 1861. He was one of Mr. Greville's most intimate friends. They agreed in the main in politics, and had a common amusement—the turf. Lord Tavistock preferred a life of retirement, and he refused office, but he kept up an enormous correspondence with the leading statesmen of the day. He was consulted by them on all occasions, and not unfrequently by the Queen, and he exercised a considerable, though inostensible, influence on public affairs.]

Government had with O'Connell was one of mutual support in the Irish elections, the same which existed when he was in office; and, moreover, that at that time the majority of the Cabinet (Graham included) wanted to confer office upon O'Connell, and that they were only induced to forego that design by the remonstrances of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Richmond, who insisted upon a further probation before they did so. O'Connell got nothing, and soon after took to agitating and making violent speeches. This exasperated Lord Grey, who, in his turn, denounced him in the King's Speech, and hence that feud between O'Connell and the Whigs, which was only terminated by the attempt of the Tories to retake office in 1835. This led to the imperfect alliance between them, half denied by the Whigs, which exposed the Government to as much obloquy as if they had concluded an open and avowed alliance with him, and perhaps to greater inconvenience. It was a great blunder not securing O'Connell in the first instance, and certainly a curious thing that such men as Lord Lansdowne, and still more the Duke of Richmond, should have influenced so important a matter and have overborne the opinions of the whole Cabinet. After all this, it is not extraordinary that his old associates should be disgusted at seeing Graham become a Tory champion, and at hearing him more bitter against them than any man on the Opposition benches. The Tories, on the other hand, rejoice in him, and his bigotry about all Church matters cancels in their minds all his former Liberalism in that and every other respect.

Knowsley, July 18th.—Tired of doing nothing in London, and of hearing about the Queen, and the elections, I resolved to vary the scene and run down here to see the Birmingham railroad, Liverpool, and Liverpool races. So I started at five o'clock on Sunday evening, got to Birmingham at half-past five on Monday morning, and got upon the railroad at half-past seven. Nothing can be more comfortable than the vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with, but a sense of security soon supervenes, and the velocity is delightful. Town after town, one park and *château* after another are left behind with the rapid variety of a moving

panorama, and the continual bustle and animation of the changes and stoppages make the journey very entertaining. The train was very long, and heads were continually popping out of the several carriages, attracted by well-known voices, and then came the greetings and exclamations of surprise, the "Where are you going?" and "How on earth came you here?" Considering the novelty of its establishment, there is very little embarrassment, and it certainly renders all other traveling irksome and tedious by comparison. It was peculiarly gay at this time, because there was so much going on. There were all sorts of people going to Liverpool races, barristers to the assizes, and candidates to their several elections. The day was so wet that I could not see the town of Liverpool.

This is a very large place, the house immense, with no good room in it but the dining-room. The country is generally flat, but there are fine trees and thriving plantations, so that it is altogether sufficiently enjoyable. It is a strange thing to see Stanley here; he is certainly the most natural character I ever saw; he seems never to think of throwing a veil over any part of himself; it is this straightforward energy which makes him so considerable a person as he is. In London he is one of the great political leaders, and the second orator in the House of Commons, and here he is a lively rattling sportsman, apparently devoted to racing and rabbit-shooting, gay, boisterous, almost rustic in his manners, without refinement, and if one did not know what his powers are and what his position is, it would be next to impossible to believe that the Stanley of Knowsley could be the Stanley of the House of Commons.

Just before I left London, the Proclamation of the King of Hanover appeared, by which he threw over the new Constitution. Lyndhurst told me of it, before I had seen it, with many expressions of disappointment, and complaining of his folly and of the bad effect it would produce here. The Government papers have taken it up, though rather clumsily, for the purpose of connecting this violent measure with the Tory party; but it is a great folly in the Opposition, and in the journals belonging to them, not to reject at once and peremptorily all connection with the King of Hanover, and all participation in, or approbation of, his measures. Lyndhurst told me that the King had all along protested against this Constitution, and refused to sign or be a party to it;

that he contended it was illegal, inasmuch as the States by which it had been enacted had been illegally convoked ; that he was *able* to do what he has done by his independence in point of finance, having a great revenue from Crown lands. The late King was very anxious to give this up, and to have a Civil List instead ; but when this was proposed, the Duke of Cumberland exerted his influence successfully to defeat the project, and it was accordingly thrown out in the Senate (I think the Senate) by a small majority. Though we have nothing to do with Hanover, this violence will, no doubt, render him still more odious here than he was before, and it would be an awful thing if the Crown were, by any accident, to devolve upon him. The late King's desire to effect this change affords an indisputable proof of the sincerity of his constitutional principles, and it is no small praise that he was satisfied with a constitutional sovereignty, and did not hanker after despotic power.

July 25th.—I remained at Knowsley till Saturday morning, when I went to Liverpool, got into the train at half-past eleven, and at five minutes after four arrived at Birmingham with an exact punctuality which is rendered easy by the great reserved power of acceleration, the pace at which we traveled being moderate and not above one half the speed at which they do occasionally go ; one engineer went at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, but the Company turned him off for doing so. I went to Kenilworth, and saw the ruins of Leicester's Castle, and thence to Warwick to see the Castle there, with both of which I was very much delighted, and got to town on Sunday to find myself in the midst of all the interest of the elections, and the sanguine and confident assertions and expectations of both parties. The first great trial of strength was in the City yesterday ; and though Grote beat Palmer at last, and after a severe struggle, by a very small majority, it is so far consolatory to the Conservative interest that it shows a prodigious change since the last general election, when the Conservative candidate was 2,000 behind his opponents.

July 28th.—The borough elections in England, as far as they have gone, and they are nearly over, have disappointed the Government, who expected to gain in them.[1] The con-

[1] [It was found that the Liberals replaced by Tories amounted to 66, and the Tories replaced by Liberals to 53. The Government therefore lost 13 seats in the boroughs.]

tests have been numerous, often very close, and in some instances very costly. Norwich, won with the greatest difficulty by Lord Douro and Scarlett, is said to have cost £50,000. A compromise was offered at Yarmouth and at Norwich, but the parties could not come to terms, and the result has been the same as if it had taken place—two Tories in one place and two Whigs in the other. There have been a vast number of changes, and, as always happens, results very different from what were expected in particular places. The balance is slightly in favor of the Tories, but the best sign of the times is the defeat of the Radicals in various places. Grote nearly beaten in the City, and probably will be turned out on a scrutiny;[1] Roebuck and Palmer were defeated at Bath, Ewart at Liverpool, Wigney at Brighton, Thompson at Hull. It was clear enough before from the Conservative language which was put into the Queen's mouth by her Ministers, and by that which they held themselves, that it was the only tone which would be palatable to the country, and the event of the elections confirms this impression. This is, after all, the essential point, to which the gains of either party are entirely subordinate. If the Government keeps together without internal dissensions, and nothing particular occurs to produce a change, these Ministers cannot well be turned out, because, though their majority is small, they have the undoubted support of the House of Commons, and in my opinion they will be all the stronger from the Radicals being so reduced in numbers, as those who remain must support them, and cannot expect any concessions in return. It is quite impossible to doubt that there is in the country a strong Conservative reaction, and it is the more valuable from not being more strongly pronounced. It is great enough to prove that our institutions are safe, but not great enough to bring the Tories back into power and to turn their heads, ready as they always are to be puffed up with every returning gale of success. The Tories have made one good exchange in the article of whippers-in, for they have got Planta and Holmes instead of Bonham and Ross.

Everything that could be said in praise of the Queen, of her manners, conduct, conversation, and character, having been exhausted, we now hear no more of her. It is an in-

[1] [Mr. Grote was returned by a majority of only six, but he was not turned out.]

teresting speculation to conjecture how soon she will begin to think and to act for herself upon higher matters, as she has at once done on all minor points connected with her domestic arrangements. It is generally believed that she is perfectly independent of any influence in these things, and while in all political concerns she has put herself implicitly in Melbourne's hands, in all others she is her own mistress. From the beginning she resolved to have nothing to do with Sir John Conroy, but to reward him liberally for his services to her mother. She began by making him a baronet, and she has given him a pension of £3,000 a year; but he has never once been invited to the Palace, or distinguished by the slightest mark of personal favor, so that nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the magnitude of the pecuniary bounty and the complete personal disregard of which he is the object. The Queen has been extremely kind and civil to the Queen Dowager, but she has taken no notice of the King's children, good, bad, or indifferent. Lord Munster asked for an audience to deliver up the keys of the Castle which he had, and was very graciously received by her, but she did not give him back the keys. Adolphus FitzClarence has lost his Lordship of the Bedchamber, but then they only retained Peers, and he keeps the command of the Royal yacht. He has had no intimation whether his pension and his Rangership of Windsor Park are to be continued to him. [In the end, however, they retained everything, and the Queen behaved with equal liberality and kindness toward them all.]

July 29th.—The loss of Leeds, news which arrived last night, is a great blow to the Tories, and the only important Radical triumph that has occurred. George Byng[1] told me yesterday that all the applications from the country for candidates sent to the Reform Club desired that Whigs and not Radicals might be supplied to them, which affords an additional proof of the decline of Radical opinions. He owned that they are disappointed at the result of the borough contests, having lost many places when they had no idea there was any danger.

July 30th.—Madame de Lieven told me yesterday that she had an audience of the Queen, who was very civil and gracious, but timid and embarrassed, and talked of nothing

[1] [The Hon. George Byng, born 8th June, 1806; succeeded his father, the Earl of Strafford, 3d June, 1860.]

but commonplaces. Her Majesty had probably been told that the Princess was an *intrigante*, and was afraid of committing herself. She had afterward an interview with the Duchess of Kent, who (she told me) it was plain to see is overwhelmed with vexation and disappointment. Her daughter behaves to her with kindness and attention, but has rendered herself quite independent of the Duchess, who painfully feels her own insignificance. The almost contemptuous way in which Conroy has been dismissed must be a bitter mortification to her. The Duchess said to Madame de Lieven, "qu'il n'y avait plus d'avenir pour elle, qu'elle n'était plus rien;" that for eighteen years this child had been the sole object of her life, of all her thoughts and hopes, and now she was taken from her, and there was an end of all for which she had lived heretofore. Madame de Lieven said that she ought to be the happiest of human beings, to see the elevation of this child, her prodigious success, and the praise and admiration of which she was universally the object; that it was a triumph and a glory which ought to be sufficient for her—to which she only shook her head with a melancholy smile, and gave her to understand that all this would not do, and that the accomplishment of her wishes had only made her to the last degree unhappy. King William is revenged, he little anticipated how or by what instrumentality, and if his ghost is an ill-natured and vindictive shade, it may rejoice in the sight of this bitter disappointment of his enemy. In the midst of all her propriety of manner and conduct, the young Queen begins to exhibit slight signs of a peremptory disposition, and it is impossible not to suspect that, as she gains confidence, and as her character begins to develop, she will evince a strong will of her own. In all trifling matters connected with her Court and her palace, she already enacts the part of Queen and mistress as if it had long been familiar to her.

August 8th.—At Goodwood since this day week till Saturday, when I went to Petworth;—to town yesterday. The county elections have produced an endless succession of triumphs to the Conservatives, of which the greatest was that over Hume in Middlesex. The Whigs are equally astonished and dismayed at this result, for they had not a notion of being bowled down as they have been one after another. If the others had known their own strength, they

might have done a great deal more ; Bingham Baring [1] could have brought in another man with him for Staffordshire ; Henry Windham could have won Sussex had he chosen it, and was very near being brought in without his own consent, and against the wishes of Lord Egremont, who, having renounced politics, could not endure the idea of his son being member for the county. Had Lord Egremont lifted up his finger, Windham would have come in. The most extraordinary of all these elections is that of Bingham Baring. He could not stand again with any chance of success for Winchester, and he went with £5,000 in his pocket to Stafford, from time immemorial a corrupt borough ; there he was beat, and he was about to return after spending about one half of his cash, when Lord Sandon pressed him to allow himself to be proposed for Staffordshire, asserting that nothing was requisite but a candidate, so much stronger was the Conservative feeling in the county than people were aware of. Without much hope of success, his family having never resided in the county, though his father has some property in it, and being personally unknown to the electors, he consented to stand, and, though he had no committee, and nothing was previously organized or arranged, he was carried by a prodigious majority to the head of the poll. The elections in which the Conservatives have failed have, nevertheless, exhibited a vast change in the public mind, for they have generally been very severe contests, and in Yorkshire, with nearly twice the constituency that there was at the last election, John Wortley was within a few hundreds of his opponents, when on the former occasion he was in a miserable minority.

Lord Munster has got back his keys of the Round Tower. Melbourne found out that the place was held for life, and he sent for Munster, and told him he had been hasty in disposing of it, that it was his own doing and not the Queen's, who had acted entirely by his advice, and that in his situation it was impossible for him to do otherwise than bestow any vacant appointment upon a person connected with his own party, but that he was extremely glad in the present instance to find that he was not at liberty to deprive Munster of the office. Munster afterward saw the Queen, who was exceedingly gracious, and told him she was very glad to

[1] [William Bingham Baring, afterward second Baron Ashburton, born June, 1799, died March, 1864. He sat for North Staffordshire in this Parliament.]

restore the keys to him. The Queen and Melbourne appear to have both evinced kindness and good feeling on this occasion.

August 25th.—Nothing of any moment has occurred for some time past, and all the world has been occupied with the elections as long as they lasted. After much disputing between the two parties as to the actual result, it appears by an impartial examination of the returns that the Ministers will have a majority of 30, and possibly a little more. As the Government members always attend better than their opponents, the working majority will probably be usually greater than this. The Conservatives are exceedingly triumphant at the result, and not without reason. The English counties have made a very important demonstration in their favor; they have not lost in the towns, and the Radicals have been almost everywhere defeated. This latter circumstance is exceedingly satisfactory, but the Radicals themselves do not admit that this election affords any proof that their principles are on the decline throughout the country. There cannot, however, be a doubt that questions of organic change are not at present in any degree of public favor. Charles Villiers, one of the Radicals with whom I sometimes converse, insists upon it that the Ballot has made great progress, but he also declares that, if carried, it would prove a Conservative measure, and that better men would be chosen. He predicts, however, with greater appearance of reason, that the question of the Corn Laws will, before long, become of paramount interest and importance, and I am induced to think that the next great struggle that takes place will be for their repeal.

The Tories behaved exceedingly ill in one respect during the late contest, and that was in availing themselves as much as possible of the cry that has been raised against the Poor Law. No measure of the Whig Government deserved greater credit than this, or obtained so much unqualified praise and general support. Inasmuch as the Tories are the largest landed proprietors, they are the greatest gainers by the new system, and if a Tory Government should be in power at the period of the expiration of the Act, they will not hesitate to renew it. Nevertheless when they found that some odium was excited in various parts of the country against the new Poor Law and its administration, many of them did not scruple to foment the popular discontent, and all watched its progress with satisfaction when they saw

that it was exclusively directed against their political antagonists. It has been remarked with truth, that Peel has observed an almost invariable silence upon this head. During the discussion of the Bill he seldom took any part; never opposed it; but, if appealed to, expressed his acquiescence by silent nods. Of late, when a great clamor has been raised against the Act, and language bordering on sedition has been used, he has never said a word in favor of the system, which it would have been more generous, manly, and honorable to do than to cover himself with a cautious and mysterious reserve on so important a subject. The Duke of Wellington took part in the original measure very frankly; but at the end of last year, when Lord Stanhope got up a discussion in the House of Lords on the subject, though appealed to by Lord Tavistock, the Duke would not say a word. This was not like him, for with reference to mere party tactics, it is to his praise that he is generally "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." It is this behavior of the Tories which has shown me that there may be such a thing as a "Tory-Radical;" for though I had heard the appellation, I thought they were contradictory terms which did not admit of a conjunction. A Tory-Radical is, however, a politician who for Tory party purposes endeavors to influence the minds of the people against the laws and their administration, not because he thinks those laws either ill-contrived or ill-executed, but because he thinks that the consequences of such popular discontent will fall upon his opponents, and that he can render the angry feeling instrumental to his own selfish or ambitious designs.

August 30th.—All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of character. It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those about her (and very properly) for the situation to which she was destined. The impressions she has made continue to be favorable, and particularly upon Melbourne, who has a thousand times greater opportunities of knowing what her disposition and her capacity are than any other person, and who is not a man to be easily captivated or dazzled by any superficial accomplishments or mere graces of manner, or even by personal favor. Melbourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling; but what seem to distinguish her above everything are

caution and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young, and unpleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive.

On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see "the Queen." They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words "Your Majesty," she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired. She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him; she saw him, and desired him to name the reward he expected for his services to her parents. He asked for the Red Ribbon, an Irish peerage, and a pension of £3,000 a year. She replied that the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have. It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her antipathy to him, but it has probably grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves best is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroy were enemies. There was formerly a Baroness Spaeth at Kensington, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and Lehzen and Spaeth were intimate friends. Conroy quarreled with the latter and got her dismissed, and this Lehzen never forgave. She may have instilled into the Princess a dislike and bad opinion of Conroy, and the evidence of these sentiments, which probably escaped neither the Duchess nor him, may have influenced their conduct toward her, for strange as it is, there is good reason to believe that she thinks she has been ill-used by both of them for some years past.[1] Her manner to the Duchess is, however, irreproachable, and they appear to be on cordial and affec-

[1] [The Queen, in a letter to her uncle, King Leopold, published with Her Majesty's sanction, speaks significantly of what she terms "my sad childhood."]

tionate terms. Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her. When any of the Ministers come to see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter at the other, and the audience over she returns to the Queen. It has been remarked that when applications are made to Her Majesty, she seldom or never gives an immediate answer, but says she will consider of it, and it is supposed that she does this because she consults Melbourne about everything, and waits to have her answer suggested by him. He says, however, that such is her habit even with him, and that when he talks to her upon any subject upon which an opinion is expected from her, she tells him she will think it over, and let him know her sentiments the next day.

The day she went down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Melbourne's great surprise she said to him that as the flag on the Round Tower was half-mast high, and they might perhaps think it necessary to elevate it upon her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so. *He* had never thought of the flag, or knew anything about it, but it showed her knowledge of forms and her attention to trifles. Her manner to the Queen was extremely kind and affectionate, and they were both greatly affected at meeting. The Queen Dowager said to her that the only favor she had to ask of her was to provide for the retirement, with their pensions, of the personal attendants of the late King, Whiting and Bachelor, who had likewise been the attendants of George IV.; to which she replied that it should be attended to, but she could not give any promise on the subject.

She is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments; her occupations, her pleasures, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child.

No man is more formed to ingratiate himself with her than Melbourne. He treats her with unbounded consideration and respect, he consults her tastes and her wishes, and he puts her at her ease by his frank and natural manners, while he amuses her by the quaint, queer, epigrammatic turn

of his mind, and his varied knowledge upon all subjects. It is not therefore surprising that she should be well content with her present Government, and that during the progress of the elections she should have testified great interest in the success of the Whig candidates. Her reliance upon Melbourne's advice extends at present to subjects quite beside his constitutional functions, for the other day somebody asked her permission to dedicate some novel to her, when she said she did not like to grant the permission without knowing the contents of the work, and she desired Melbourne to read the book and let her know if it was fit that she should accept the dedication. Melbourne read the first volume, but found it so dull that he would not read any more, and sent her word that she had better refuse, which she accordingly did. She seems to be liberal, but at the same time prudent with regard to money, for when the Queen Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without further consideration, but one of the first things she spoke to Melbourne about was the payment of her father's debts, which she is resolved to discharge.

October 23d.—Since August 30th, nearly two months, I have written not a line, for I have had nothing to record of public or general interest, and have felt an invincible repugnance to write about myself or my own proceedings. Having nothing else to talk of, however, I shall write my own history of the last seven weeks, which is very interesting to me inasmuch as it has been very profitable. Having asked George Bentinck to try my horse "Mango" before Doncaster, we went down together one night to Winchester racecourse and saw him tried. He won the trial and we resolved to back him. This we accomplished more successfully than we expected, and ten days after he won the St. Leger, and I won about £9,000 upon it, the first *great* piece of good fortune that ever happened to me. Since Doncaster, I have continued (up to this time) to win at Newmarket, so that my affairs are in a flourishing condition, but, notwithstanding these successes, I am dissatisfied and disquieted in my mind, and my life is spent in the alternations of excitement from the amusement and speculation of the turf and of remorse and shame at the pursuit itself. One day I resolve to extricate myself entirely from the whole concern, to sell all my horses, and pursue other occupations and objects of in-

terest, and then these resolutions wax faint, and I again find myself buying fresh animals, entering into fresh speculations, and just as deeply engaged as ever. It is the force of habit, a still unconquered propensity to the sport, and a nervous apprehension that if I do give it up, I may find no subject of equal interest.

November 14th.—Yesterday morning I heard of the death of Lord Egremont, who died after a week's illness of his old complaint, an inflammation in the trachea, being within a month of eighty-six years old.[1] He was a remarkable man, and his death will be more felt within the sphere of his influence (and that extended over the whole county of Sussex) than any individual's ever was. He was immensely rich, and his munificence was equal to his wealth. No man probably ever gave away so much money in promoting charitable institutions or useful undertakings, and in pensioning, assisting, and supporting his numerous relations and dependents. His understanding was excellent, his mind highly cultivated, and he retained all his faculties, even his memory, unimpaired to the last. He was remarkably acute, shrewd, and observant, and in his manner blunt without rudeness, and caustic without bitterness. Though he had for some years withdrawn himself from the world, he took an eager interest and curiosity in all that was passing in it, and though not mixed up in politics, and sedulously keeping aloof from all party conflicts, he did not fail to think deeply and express himself strongly upon the important questions and events of the times. In his political principles and opinions he was anti-Liberal, and latterly an alarmist as well as a Conservative. He had always opposed Catholic Emancipation, which it is difficult to account for in a man so sagacious and benevolent, except from the force of prejudices early instilled into a mind of tenacious grasp which was not exposed to the changeful influence of worldly commerce and communication. It is probable that Lord Egremont might have acted a conspicuous part in politics if he had chosen to embark on that stormy sea, and upon the rare occasions when he spoke in the House of Lords, he delivered himself with great energy and effect; but his temper, disposition, and tastes were altogether incompatible with the trammels of office or the restraints of party connections, and he preferred to revel un-

[1] [See for descent of Lord Egremont, p. 130, vol. ii. of the First Part of Mr. Greville's Journals.]

shackled in all the enjoyments of private life, both physical and intellectual, which an enormous fortune, a vigorous constitution, and literary habits placed in abundant variety before him. But in the system of happiness which he marked out for himself, the happiness of others formed a large and essential ingredient; nor did old age, as it stole upon him with gradual and insensible steps, dull the brightness of his intellect or chill the warmth of his heart. His mind was always intent upon providing for the pleasure or the benefit of those around him, and there was nothing in which he so keenly delighted as the rural festivals with which he celebrated his own birthday, when thousands of the surrounding villagers were assembled in his park to eat, drink, and be merry. He was passionately fond of children, and animals of every description found favor in his sight. Lord Egremont was a distinguished patron of artists, and it was rarely that Petworth was unvisited by some painter or sculptor, many of whom he kept in almost continual employment, and by whom his loss will be severely felt. He was extremely hospitable, and Petworth was open to all his friends, and to all their friends if they chose to bring them, provided they did not interfere with his habits or require any personal attention at his hands: from any such obligation he considered that his age and infirmities released him. He received his guests with the utmost urbanity and courtesy, did the honors of his table, and in every other respect left them free to abide as long as they pleased, but to amuse themselves as they could. Petworth was consequently like a great inn. Everybody came when they thought fit, and departed without notice or leave-taking. He liked to have people there who he was certain would not put him out of his way, especially those who, entering into his eccentric habits, were ready for the snatches of talk which his perpetual locomotion alone admitted of, and from whom he could gather information about passing events; but it was necessary to conform to his peculiarities, and these were utterly incompatible with conversation or any prolonged discussion. He never remained for five minutes in the same place, and was continually oscillating between the library and his bedroom, or wandering about the enormous house in all directions; sometimes he broke off in the middle of a conversation on some subject which appeared to interest him and disappeared, and an hour after, on a casual meeting, would resume it just where he

had left off. But this habitual restlessness, which was so fatal to conversation, served perhaps to exhibit the vivacity of his mind and its shrewd and epigrammatic turn in a more remarkable manner: few persons visited Petworth without being struck with astonishment at the unimpaired vigor of his intellectual powers. To have lived to a great age in the practice of beneficence and the dispensation of happiness, and to die without bodily suffering or mental decay, in the enjoyment of existence up to the instant of its close, affords an example of human prosperity, both in life and in death, which has fallen to the lot of few, but which may well excite the envy and admiration of all.[1]

November 3d.—At Court yesterday when the Queen received the Address of the Commons. She conducts herself with surprising dignity: the dignity which proceeds from self-possession and deliberation. The smallness of her stature is quite forgotten in the majesty and gracefulness of her demeanor.

The Session has opened merrily with an angry squabble between Lord John Russell and the Radicals, at which the Tories greatly rejoice. Upon the Address, Wakley and others thought fit to introduce the topic of the Ballot and other reforms, upon which John Russell spoke out and declared he would never be a party to the Ballot, and would not reform the Reform Bill. They were indignant, and attacked him in no measured terms. The next night Charles Buller returned to the charge with equal violence, when Lord John made (by the agreement of all parties) an incomparable speech vindicating his own consistency, explaining his motives for making the declaration which he did the first night, and repelling with great dignity the charges with which he was assailed.[2] Of course opinions vary as to the expediency and propriety of his conduct on this occasion, but I do not see that he could have acted otherwise, and it is much more manly, straightforward, and honorable to declare at once what his sentiments and intentions are than to endeavor to evade the subject for a time, and to raise hopes

[1] The substance of this character of the Earl of Egremont was inserted in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, 18th November, 1837.

[2] [It was to this debate that Mr. Disraeli referred in his maiden speech, delivered a few days later, when he spoke of the "passion and recrimination of the noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard," and added that "these *amantium iræ* had resulted in an *amoris redintegratio*." The orator was laughed down before he concluded the sentence.]

and expectations which he has no design of realizing, and which, whenever he does declare himself, as eventually he must, would only excite the bitterer disappointment and resentment. However, whether he acted wisely or not, the immediate effect has been to enrage the Radical section of his party exceedingly, and those who want the Government to be turned out fondly hope that this split among them will bring about the consummation. This is not probable, for angry as they may be, they will still prefer Melbourne to Peel, and O'Connell (who is all moderation) will throw Ireland into the scale and entreat them for Ireland's sake to lay aside their resentment. Such questions as the Ballot can only be carried by the desire for them gaining ground largely throughout the country, and this many assert to be the case. At this moment it is pretty clear that the people care very little about speculative questions, and want only peace and tranquillity. It is also said that there is a growing anti-Catholic and anti-Irish spirit which the Conservatives do their best to excite and extend. It would be a curious speculation, supposing both these influences to operate widely, to anticipate the result of their action upon the great antagonist parties in the country, and see which would gain most by a coalition of Radical and sectarian principles. A state of things might by possibility arise when they would act as mutual checks.

[The Editor of these Journals may here be permitted to say, that it was at this time that his acquaintance with Mr. Greville began, as he was appointed to an office in the Privy Council on November 17, 1837. This acquaintance speedily ripened into confidential friendship, which was uninterrupted for a single day in the course of the next eight-and-twenty years. Indeed, Mr. Greville's kind offices to his young acquaintance began immediately; for the appointment of Mr. Reeve having been attacked with great bitterness by Lord Brougham, who was then extremely hostile to every department of the Government, Mr. Greville exerted himself with his usual energy to defend it.

It may not be out of place, though it is out of date, to insert here, as a memorial of this long friendship, a note written to the Editor of these Journals by Mr. Greville, on May 6, 1859, when he had just resigned the office of Clerk of the Council. It is in the following terms:—

My dear R. : I will not delay to thank you warmly for your kind note. Your accession to the Privy Council Office gave me a friendship which I need not say how much I have valued through so many years of happy intercourse, which I rejoice at thinking has never been clouded or interrupted, and which, I hope, will last the same as long as I last myself. It is always painful to do anything for the last time, and I cannot without emotion take leave of an office where I have experienced for so many years so much kindness, consideration, and good-will ; but I hope still to be considered as *amicus curiæ* and to be applied to on every occasion when I can be of use to the Office. Between you and me there has been, I think, as much as possible between any two people the "idem velle, idem nolle, et idem sentire de republica," and, in consequence, the "firma amicitia."

God bless you, and believe me always

Yours most sincerely and faithfully,

C. C. G.]

November 26th.—It is still a matter of general discussion and speculation whether Lord John Russell's bold declaration will have the effect of breaking up the Government by disgusting the Radicals to such a degree as to make them in spite withdraw their aid on some important occasion. Those gentry are still very irate and sulky, but I do not expect they will connive at the overthrow of the Government ; they know better than to open the doors of office to the Tories. Lord Brougham has taken the field with a violent Radical speech, and he seized an occasion to set his tongue wagging against the Chancellor ; in short, he seems bent on mischief. He has written word to Lord Granville that he would not be gagged this Session ; he will be glad to lead anybody who will be led by him ; and as the post of general of the Radicals appears to be vacant, he may aspire to that. His actual position as contrasted with his vast abilities is indeed calculated to "point a moral."

December 8th.—The notion of a break-up of the Government has gradually faded away, and though the Radicals have not forgiven John Russell for his speech, they appear to have no intention of altering their conduct toward the Government, and some concessions have already been made partly for the purpose of mollifying them. Government have given up the Pension List, and it is believed that the

Ballot is to be made an open question. This will be considered more than an equivalent for the discouraging effect of John Russell's speech. Peel and the Tories oppose the Committee on the Pensions,[1] but it is remarkable that on the Civil List Committee the other day, when Rice proposed that £75,000 should be granted for pensions, and Grote moved to suspend the grant till after the Pensions Committee had reported, Peel and his people (Goulburn, Harding, Fremantle, etc.) supported Grote, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in a minority of one. This too was an accident, for Francis Baring was absent from the division on account of the following circumstance. In a speech in the House of Lords the night before on the Post-Office, Lord Lichfield[2] had attacked Mr. Wallace with great severity, and immediately after Wallace sent him a message which was tantamount to a challenge. Alvanley was employed to settle the quarrel, which he did, but it became necessary to instruct Baring to say something on the subject in the House of Commons, where Wallace was going to allude to it. Alvanley detained Baring so long that he was too late for the division in the Committee; had he been there and made the numbers even, Rice, as chairman, must have given the casting vote for or against his own proposition, either of which would have been very awkward, but it is not very clear why Peel voted as he did.

Lord Roden brought on the Irish question in the House of Lords, when Mulgrave[3] made a very triumphant vindication of himself and utterly discomfited the Orangemen. The Duke of Wellington made a very clever speech, and availed himself of the contradictory returns of crimes and convictions skillfully enough, but he had the candor to give Mulgrave ample credit for the vigor with which he had caused the law to be enforced, and, as for months past the Orangemen had been clamoring against the Irish Government for neglecting to enforce the law, and for depriving Protestants of its protection, it was a very magnanimous admission on the Duke's part, and such a one as few of his

[1] [The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a Select Committee to inquire how far pensions granted under the Acts of the last reign, and charged on the Civil List or the Consolidated Fund, ought to be continued. The motion was carried by 293 to 233 votes.]

[2] [The Earl of Lichfield was Postmaster-General.]

[3] [Constantine Henry, second Earl of Mulgrave, created in the following year Marquis of Normanby. He was at this time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Morpeth was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant.]

political opponents would have made. It is the peculiar merit of the Duke that he is never disposed to sacrifice truth for a party purpose, and it is this manliness and straightforwardness, this superiority to selfish considerations and temporary ends, which render him the object of universal respect and admiration, and will hereafter surround his political character with unfading honor. Not content with the defeat which they sustained in the House of Lords, the Orangemen had the folly to provoke another contest in the House of Commons, and Colonel Verner brought forward "the Battle of the Diamond," giving Morpeth an opportunity of another triumph as signal as Mulgrave's in the House of Lords. The Irish Orangemen were left to their fate on this occasion, for none of their English associates came to their relief.

Mr. Disraeli made his first exhibition the other night, beginning with florid assurance, speedily degenerating into ludicrous absurdity, and being at last put down with inextinguishable shouts of laughter.[1]

The new House of Commons does not promise to be a more business-like or more decorous assembly than its immediate predecessor. Already two whole nights have been consumed in the discussion of two topics so unprofitable as "the Battle of the Diamond" and "the Spottiswoode Gang," and it is said that such a scene of disorder and such a bear-garden never was beheld. The noise and confusion are so great that the proceedings can hardly be heard or understood, and it was from something growing out of this confusion and uproar that the Speaker thought it necessary to address the House last night and complain that he no longer enjoyed its confidence, and if he saw any future indication that such was the case he should resign the Chair. His declaration was taken very quietly, for nobody said a word.

Brougham made a great speech on education the other

[1] [Mr. Disraeli's first speech was made on the motion with reference to what was called the "Spottiswoode Gang." An association had been formed in London for the purpose of collecting money to test the validity of the Irish elections wholesale. Mr. Spottiswoode, one of the Queen's printers, was the president of this association, which was denounced by the Radicals and the Irish members as "the Spottiswoode Gang," and attacked in Parliament by Mr. Blewitt, who moved five resolutions condemning the institution of the Spottiswoode fund. Lord John Russell, however, discouraged the attack, on the ground that the number of election petitions in the present year was not such as to warrant any extraordinary measures in regard to them. Mr. Blewitt withdrew four of his resolutions and left the House without moving the fifth. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*]

night, but it was so long, tedious, and digressive that he drove everybody away. He is in a very bitter state of mind, scarcely speaking to any of his former friends and colleagues, and having acquired no new friends of any party. He courts the Radicals, and writes letters and makes speeches directly at variance with all his former professions and opinions; but the Radicals, though they do not object to make use of him, will by no means trust him.

I asked Charles Buller if they would have Lord Brougham for their leader, and he said "certainly not," and added that "Durham had done nothing as yet to forfeit their confidence." He enlightened me at the same time about his own Radical opinions and views and the extent of them, together with those of the more moderate of his party, complaining that they were misrepresented and misunderstood; although for the Ballot and extension of the suffrage, he is opposed to reform of the House of Lords or any measure directly affecting the Constitution. He does not admit that the measures he advocates do affect the Constitution directly or indirectly.[1] I told him if he repudiated the violent maxims of Molesworth and others, he should not let these ultra-Radicals be the organs of the party, as the world did not and could not distinguish between them, especially as the Moderates took no steps to clear themselves and establish juster notions of the character and tendency of their principles. He did not deny this, but they dread an appearance of disunion; so, as always happens when this is the case, the most exalted and exaggerated of the party, who will not be silenced and are reckless of consequences, take the lead and keep it.

December 12th.—On the debate about Pensions the other night Whittle Harvey outdid himself; by all accounts it was inimitable, dramatic to the greatest degree, and acted to perfection. Peel was heavy, Stanley very smart, the Ministers were beaten hollow in the argument, but got a respectable division, of which they make the most; but it proves nothing as to their real strength, which has not yet been tested. John Russell made a wretched speech, being obliged to vote in the teeth of his former opinions and conduct.

December 14th.—There was a grand breeze in the House of Lords the night before last between Melbourne and

[1] [It cannot fail to strike the reader that all the measures which were regarded as the tests of Radicalism in 1837 have long since been carried, and have now the general assent of the nation.]

Brougham. The latter is said to have been in a towering passion, and he vociferated and gesticulated with might and main. Jonathan Peel was in the Lobby, and being attracted by the noise, ran to the House, and found Brougham not only on his legs, but on tip-toes in the middle of his indignant rejoinder. Melbourne's attack upon him seemed hardly called for, but I heard he had declared he would not much longer endure the continual twittings and punchings that Brougham every day dealt out to some one or other of the Ministers. The Chancellor, Lord Lansdowne, and Glenelg, had all suffered in their turns, and so when Brougham taunted him with his courtly habits, he could not restrain himself, and retorted savagely though not very well. What he said was nothing but a *tu quoque*, and only remarkable for the bitter tone in which it was uttered and the sort of reproach it conveyed. Probably Melbourne thought it as well to put an end at once to the half-hostile, half-amicable state of their mutual relations, to their "noble friendship," and real enmity, and to bring matters to a crisis, otherwise he might have had some indulgence for his old friend and colleague, have made allowance for the workings of deep disappointment and mortification on his excitable temperament, and have treated him with forbearance out of reverence for his rare acquirements and capacity. But the fact is, that Brougham has ostentatiously proclaimed the dissolution of all his former ties, and has declared war against all his ancient connections; he has abandoned his friends and his principles together, and has enrolled himself in a Radical fellowship which would have been the object of his scorn and detestation in his calmer moods and in more prosperous days.

Le Marchant, who was his secretary for four years, and knows him well, told me that no man was a greater aristocrat in his heart than Brougham, from conviction attached to aristocracy, from taste desirous of being one of its members. He said that Dugald Stewart, when talking of his pupils, had said though he envied most the understanding of Horner (whom he loved with peculiar affection), he considered Brougham the ablest man he had ever known, but that even then (forty years ago) he considered his to be a mind that was continually oscillating on the verge of insanity. Le Marchant said that Brougham's powers of application exceeded what he had believed possible of any human

being. He had known him work incessantly from nine in the morning till one at night, and at the end be as fresh apparently as when he began. He could turn from one subject to another with surprising facility and promptitude, in the same day traveling through the details of a Chancery cause, writing a philosophical or mathematical treatise, correcting articles for the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and preparing a great speech for the House of Lords. When one thinks of the greatness of his genius and the depth of his fall, from the loftiest summit of influence, power, and fame to the lowest abyss of political degradation, in spite of the faults and the follies of his character and conduct, one cannot help feeling regret and compassion at the sight of such a noble wreck and of so much glory obscured.

December 24th.—News of the insurrection in Canada arrived the day before yesterday, and produced a debate of some animation in the House of Commons, in which the Radicals principally figured, making speeches of such exceeding violence that it was only justifiable to pass them over, because those who uttered them are not worth notice. Gladstone spoke very well, and Lord John Russell closed the discussion with an excellent speech just such as a Minister ought to make, manly, temperate, and constitutional. He is a marvelous little man, always equal to the occasion, afraid of nobody, fixed in his principles, clear in his ideas, collected in his manner, and bold and straightforward in his disposition. He invariably speaks well when a good speech is required from him, and this is upon every important question, for he gets no assistance from any of his colleagues, except now and then from Howick. This is a fine occasion for attacking the Government and placing them between two fires, for the Radicals abuse them for their tyrannical and despotic treatment of the Canadians, and the Tories attribute the rebellion to their culpable leniency and futile attempts at conciliation by concessions which never ought to have been made, and only were made out of complaisance to the Radicals here. As generally happens when there are charges of an opposite nature, and incompatible with one another, neither of them is true.

Since Brougham and Melbourne's set-to in the House of Lords, the former has been speaking every day and entering a protest about every other day. He is in a state of permanent activity, and means to lead such of the Radicals as

will enlist under his ragged banner. He was quite furious about the Civil List, and evidently means to outbid everybody for popularity. He goes on belaboring and "befriending" the Government Lords, but the effect he produces (if any) is out of doors, for he usually wastes his rhetoric on empty benches.

The Queen went to the House yesterday without producing any sensation. There was the usual crowd to look at the finery of carriages, horses, Guards, etc., but not a hat raised nor a voice heard: the people of England seem inclined to hurrah no more.

December 30th. — Since the receipt of Colborne's dispatches,[1] the alarm about Canada has subsided, and if Ministers had been aware that matters were no worse, probably Parliament would have had longer holidays. Nobody doubts that the insurrection will be easily put down, but the difficulty will be how to settle matters afterward. It does not appear that this Government has been more to blame than any other, for the same system seems to have been pursued by all. They might indeed have adopted decisive measures at an earlier period, and as soon as they found that the Assembly was invincibly obstinate and deaf to the voice of reason, they ought to have put an end to the humiliating contest by an assertion of Imperial power. All that can be said is, that they tried the conciliatory power too long.

Burghley, January 2d, 1838. — Among other changes of habit, it has occurred to me why should not I begin the New Year by keeping a regular diary? What I do write are merely fragments of memoirs with passing events briefly alluded to, and the odds and ends collected from different sources recorded and commented on. It is not the first time I have had thoughts of keeping a more regular journal, in which not only my doings should be noted down and my goings, but which would also preserve some record of my thoughts and feelings, if ever indeed I really do think and feel. The reason I have never done anything of this sort is partly that I have been too idle, and the result partly of modesty and partly of vanity. A journal to be good, true,

[1] [Sir John Colborne was Lieutenant-Governor of Canada at the time the insurrection broke out, and the suppression of it was mainly due to the vigorous measures taken by him on the spot. For these services he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Seaton. He died in 1863 at the age of eighty-four.]

and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it; it should be the transcript of a mind which can bear transcribing. I do not in sincerity believe that my mind, or thoughts, or actions, are of sufficient importance or interest to make it worth while (for the sake of others) to take this trouble. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read by the public, always greedy of such things, and I regard with alarm and dislike the notion of its containing a heap of twaddle and trash concerning matters appertaining to myself which nobody else will care three straws about. If therefore I discard these scruples and do what I meditate (and very likely after all I shall not, or only for a very short time), the next thing is, Why? It seems exceedingly ridiculous to say that one strong stimulus proceeds from reading Scott's Diary—which he began very late in life and in consequence of reading Byron's—not because I fancy I can write a diary as amusing as Scott's or Byron's, but because I am struck by the excessive pleasure which Scott appeared to derive from writing his journal, and I am (and this is the principal cause) struck with the important use to which the habit may be turned. The habit of recording is first of all likely to generate a desire to have something of some interest to record; it will lead to habits of reflection and to trains of thought, the pursuit of which may be pleasing and profitable; it will exercise the memory and sharpen the understanding generally; and though the thoughts may not be very profound, nor the remarks very lively or ingenious, nor the narrative of exceeding interest, still the exercise is, I think, calculated to make the writer wiser, and perhaps better. If I do this I shall read over all I write long before any one else will have an opportunity of doing so, and I am not likely to be over-indulgent if I find myself a bore.

Yesterday morning I left town, slept at Newmarket, saw the horses, rode out on the Warren Hill, and came here to dinner, where I find twenty-two people—the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, the Salisburys, Wiltons, and a mob of fine people; very miserable representatives of old Lord Burleigh, the two insignificant-looking Marquesses, who are his lineal descendants, and who display no more of his brains than they do of his beard. The Duke of Wellington is in great force, talked last night of Canada, and said

he thought the first operations had been a failure, and he judged so because the troops could neither take the rebel chief, nor hold their ground, nor return by any other road than that by which they came; that if Colborne could hold Montreal during the winter it would do very well, but he was not sure that he would be able to do so; that the Government ought to exhibit to the world their determination to put this revolt down, and that to do so they must seal the St. Lawrence[1] so as to prevent the ingress of foreigners, who would flock to Canada for employment against us; that the Queen could not blockade her own ports, so that they must apply to Parliament for power to effect this, and they ought to bring in a Bill forthwith for the purpose. This morning he got a letter (from a man he did not know) inclosing the latest news, which he thought very good, and promising better and more decisive results. After breakfast they went shooting.

I walked out and joined the Duke, who talked to me for I dare say an hour and a half about his Spanish campaigns, and most interesting it was. I told him that the other day Allen[2] had asked me to find somebody, a military man, to review the Wellington Dispatches in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that he had suggested Sir George Murray as the fittest person if he would undertake it; that I had accordingly spoken to Fitzroy Somerset, who had agreed to apply to Murray; and, if Murray would not do it, I begged him to turn in his mind what officer could be found equal to such a task, and I then asked the Duke if he knew of anybody. He seemed amazingly pleased at the idea, said he knew nobody, but Murray was the fittest man. From this he began to talk, and told me a great deal of various matters, which I wish I could have taken down as it fell from his lips. I was amused at the simplicity with which he talked of the great interest of these Dispatches, just as he might have done if they had been the work of any other man; said he had read them himself with considerable astonishment and great interest, and that everybody might see that there was not one word in them that was not strictly and literally true. He said of his generals, "that in the beginning they none of

[1] The Duke expressed no such opinion in either of his speeches on Canada (February 4th).

[2] [Mr. Allen, an accomplished literary inmate of Holland House, the author of a work on the "Royal Prerogative," and himself an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.]

them knew anything of the matter, that he was obliged to go from division to division and look to everything himself down to the minutest details." I said, "What on earth would have happened if anything had befallen you?" He laughed and said, "I really do not know. There was a great deal of correspondence about my successor at the time Sir Thomas Graham went home.[1] I was against having any second in command, which was quite useless, as nobody could share the responsibility with me. However, afterward Graham came back, and then there was Hope next to him." He said, "Hill had invariably done well, always exactly obeyed my orders, and executed them successfully." The fall of Badajoz was a great blow to him, but he did not know that it was by an act of treachery. The Spanish Government perhaps did not believe that he was approaching to relieve the place, but it was a most curious fact, that whereas it was agreed that the Spanish army should march out over the breach with the honors of war, they were obliged, after the capitulation, to make a breach for them to go over, none having been made by the besiegers. The General, with whom he finds much fault (in the ninth volume) for disobeying his orders and making false movements, was Victor Allen, but he said he treated him with great leniency, and so he did his officers on all occasions, and was as forbearing and indulgent with them as it was possible to be.

All the movements and operations before the battle of Salamanca were to the last degree interesting. The Duke was anxiously waiting for some advantageous occasion to attack Marmont, and at last it arrived; he saw it happen, and took his resolution on the spot. He was dining in a farm-yard with his officers, where (when he had done dinner) everybody else came and dined as they could. The whole French army was in sight, moving, and the enemy firing upon the farm-yard in which he was dining. "I got up," he said, "and was looking over a wall round the farm-yard, just such a wall as that" (pointing to a low stone wall bounding the covert), "and I saw the movement of the French left through my glass. 'By God,' said I, 'that will do, and I'll attack them directly.' I had moved up the

[1] [The intention of the Government was, that if any accident befell the Duke of Wellington, General Sir Thomas Graham, afterward Lord Lynedoch, should take the command of the British forces in Spain. This appears from the "Memoir of Lord Lynedoch," published in 1880, by Captain Alexander Delavoye.]

Sixth Division through Salamanca, which the French were not aware of, and I ordered them to attack, and the whole line to advance. I had got my army so completely in hand that I could do this with ease, and in forty minutes the battle was won—'quarante mille hommes battus en quarante minutes.'" I asked him if it was true that he and Marmont had subsequently talked over the event of the battle, and that Marmont had asserted that his orders had been disobeyed, or that this movement of which the Duke took advantage would not have been made. He said he believed there had been some conversation on the subject, and that Marmont had said he was wounded before this movement took place; he said he did not know if this was true, but it might be, as there had been continual fighting for some time previous. I asked him why Bonaparte had not himself come to Spain to attack him; and if he had with a great force, whether he would have driven him out. He replied that he thought Napoleon had satisfied himself that it would be a work of great difficulty and, what was more, of great length, and he had no mind to embark in it; and that the French certainly would not have driven him out: he should have taken up some position, and have been enabled to baffle the Emperor himself just as he had done his marshals. He thinks that Napoleon's military system compelled him to employ his armies in war, when they invariably lived upon the resources of the countries they occupied, and that France could not have maintained them, as she must have done if he had made peace; peace, therefore, would have brought about (through the army itself) his downfall. He traces the whole military system of France from its first organization during the Reign of Terror, in a letter in the tenth volume of the Dispatches. I asked him how he reconciled what he had said of the extraordinary discipline of the French army with their unsparing and habitual plunder of the country, and he said that though they plundered in the most remorseless way, there was order and discipline in their plundering, and while they took from the inhabitants everything they could lay their hands upon, it was done in the way of requisition, and that they plundered for the army and not for themselves individually, but they were reduced to great shifts for food. At the battle of Fuentes d'Onor he saw the French soldiers carry off horses that were killed to be cooked and eaten in another part of the field. "I saw particularly

with my own eyes one horse put upon a cart drawn by two bullocks (they could not afford to kill the bullocks), and drawn off; and I desired a man to watch where the cart went, and it was taken to another French division for the horse to be eaten. Now we never were reduced to eat horse-flesh." I remarked that he alluded in one of his letters to his having been once very nearly taken, and he said it was just before the battle of Talavera, in consequence of some troops giving way. He was on a ruined tower from which he was obliged to leap down, and, if he had not been young and active, as he was in those days, he should certainly have been taken.

He talked a great deal of the Spanish character, unchanged to this day; of the vast difficulties he had had to contend with from both Spanish and Portuguese Governments, the latter as bad as the former; of their punctilios and regard to form and ceremony. "At the time of the battle of the Pyrenees[1] I had occasion to send O'Donnel to advance, and he was mightily affronted because he did not receive the order by an officer from headquarters. I was living under hedges and ditches, and had not been to headquarters for several days, and so I told him, but that he should have an order if he pleased in the proper form." I asked him if it was not then that he found the troops in full retreat. He said they were beginning to retreat when he arrived, "then they threw up their caps and made a most brilliant affair of it."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the zest, eagerness, frankness, and *abundance* with which he talked, and told of his campaigns, or how interesting it was to hear him. He expressed himself very warmly about Hill, of all his generals, and said, "When I gave him my memorandum about Canada the other day I said, 'Why it looks as if we were at our old trade again.'" He added that he "always gave his opinion when it was required on any subject."

Belvoir Castle, January 4th.—Came here yesterday, all the party (almost) migrating, and many others coming from various parts to keep the Duke of Rutland's birthday. We are nearly forty at dinner, but it is no use enumerating the

[1] [This expression occurs more than once in these Journals. No battle is known in history as the "Battle of the Pyrenees," but the expression doubtless relates to the actions which were fought in the Pyrenees, after Soult took the command of the French army in July, 1814.]

people. Last night the Duke of Wellington talked of Hanover, said he really did not know much of the matter; that neither William IV. nor George IV. had ever talked to him on the subject, or he must have made himself acquainted with it; that the Duke of Cumberland had written him word that he had never had any notion of adopting the measures he has since done till he was going over in the packet with Billy Holmes.[1] The Duke wrote him word that he knew nothing of his case, and the only advice he could give him was to let the affair be settled as speedily as possible. When the late King had evidently only a few days to live, the Duke of Cumberland consulted the Duke as to what he should do. "I told him the best thing he could do was to go away as fast as he could: 'Go instantly,' I said, 'and take care that *you don't get pelted.*'" The Duke, Aberdeen, and FitzGerald all condemned his proceedings without reference to their justice or to his legal and constitutional right as regards Hanover, but on account of the impression (no matter right or wrong) which they are calculated to produce in this country, where it ought to be a paramount interest with him to preserve or acquire as good a character as he can. They all declared that Lyndhurst was equally ignorant with themselves of his views and intentions, with which in fact the Conservatives had no sort of concern. The Duke also advised him not to take the oaths as Privy Councilor, or those of a Peer in the House of Lords, because he thought it would do him an injury in the eyes of his new subjects, that he, a King, should swear fealty as her subject to the Queen as his Sovereign; but somebody else (he thought the Duke of Buckingham) overruled this advice, and he had himself a fancy to take the oaths.

To-day we[2] went to see the house Mr. Gregory is building, five miles from here. He is a gentleman of about £12,000 a year, who has a fancy to build a magnificent house in the Elizabethan style, and he is now in the middle of his work, all the shell being finished except one wing. Nothing can be more perfect than it is, both as to the architecture and the ornaments; but it stands on the slope of a hill upon

[1] [The first act of Ernest, King of Hanover, on his accession, was to suspend the Hanoverian Constitution, and to prosecute the liberal Professors of Göttingen.]

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Salisbury, Lord Exeter, Lord Wilton, Lady Adeliza Manners, Lords Aberdeen, FitzGerald, J. Manners, and myself.

a deep clay soil, with no park around it, very little wood, and scarcely any fine trees. Many years ago, when he first conceived this design, he began to amass money and lived for no other object. He traveled into all parts of Europe collecting objects of curiosity, useful or ornamental, for his projected palace, and he did not begin to build until he had accumulated money enough to complete his design. The grandeur of it is such, and such the tardiness of its progress, that it is about as much as he will do to live till its completion; and as he is not married, has no children, and dislikes the heir on whom his property is entailed, it is the means and not the end to which he looks for gratification. He says that it is his amusement, as hunting or shooting or feasting may be the objects of other people; and as the pursuit leads him into all parts of the world, and to mix with every variety of nation and character, besides engendering tastes pregnant with instruction and curious research, it is not irrational, although he should never inhabit his house, and may be toiling and saving for the benefit of persons he cares nothing about. The cottages round Harlaxton are worth seeing. It has been his fancy to build a whole village in all sorts of strange fantastic styles. There are Dutch and Swiss cottages, every variety of old English, and heaps of nondescript things, which appear only to have been built for variety's sake. The effect is extremely pretty. Close to the village is an old manor-house, the most perfect specimen I ever saw of such a building, the habitation of an English country gentleman of former times, and there were a buff jerkin and a pair of jack-boots hanging up in the hall, which the stout old Cavalier of the seventeenth century (and one feels sure that the owner of that house was a Cavalier) had very likely worn at Marston Moor or Naseby.

To-day (the cook told me) nearly four hundred people will dine in the Castle. We all went into the servants' hall, where one hundred and forty-five retainers had just done dinner and were drinking the Duke's health, singing and speechifying with vociferous applause, shouting, and clapping of hands. I never knew before that oratory had got down into the servants' hall, but learned that it is the custom for those to whom "the gift of the gab" has been vouchsafed to harangue the others, the palm of eloquence being universally conceded to Mr. Tapps the head coachman, a man of great abdominal dignity, and whose Ciceronian

brows are adorned with an ample flaxen wig, which is the peculiar distinction of the functionaries of the whip. I should like to bring the surly Radical here who scowls and snarls at "the selfish aristocracy who have no sympathies with the people," and when he has seen these hundreds feasting in the Castle, and heard their loud shouts of joy and congratulation, and then visited the villages around, and listened to the bells chiming all about the vale, say whether "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" would be promoted by the destruction of all the feudality which belongs inseparably to this scene, and by the substitution of some abstract political rights for all the beef and ale and music and dancing with which they are made merry and glad even for so brief a space. The Duke of Rutland is as selfish a man as any of his class—that is, he never does what he does not like, and spends his whole life in a round of such pleasures as suit his taste—but he is neither a foolish nor a bad man, and partly from a sense of duty, partly from inclination, he devotes time and labor to the interest and welfare of the people who live and labor on his estate. He is a Guardian of a very large Union, and he not only attends regularly the meetings of Poor Law Guardians every week or fortnight, and takes an active part in their proceedings, but he visits those paupers who receive out-of-door relief, sits and converses with them, invites them to complain to him if they have anything to complain of, and tells them that he is not only their friend but their representative at the assembly of Guardians, and it is his duty to see that they are nourished and protected. To my mind, there is more "sympathy" in this than in railing at the rich and rendering the poor discontented, weaning them from their habitual attachments and respects, and teaching them that the political quacks and adventurers who flatter and cajole them are their only real friends.

We had a great ball last night, opened by the Duke of Rutland and Duchess of Sutherland, who had to sail down at least a hundred couple of tenants, shopkeepers, valets, and abigails. The Duke of Newcastle gave the Duke's health at dinner instead of the Duke of Wellington, who generally discharges that office. He made a boggling business of it, but apologized in sufficiently handsome terms for being spokesman instead of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Rutland made a very respectable speech in reply,

and it all went off swimmingly. To-day I went to see the hounds throw off; but though a hunter was offered to me would not ride him, because there is no use in risking the hurt or ridicule of a fall for one day. A man who goes out in this casual way and hurts himself looks as foolish as an amateur soldier who gets wounded in a battle in which he is tempted by curiosity to mingle. So I rode with the mob, saw a great deal of galloping about and the hounds conveniently running over hills and vales all in sight, and then came home. They said a thousand people were out, many attracted by the expectation of the Duke of Wellington's appearing, but he was rheumatic and could not come out. He is incessantly employed in writing military statements and memoranda, having been consulted by the Government, or probably by Lord Hill on behalf of the Government, both on this Canadian question and on the general government of the army, and he will take as much pains to give useful advice to Melbourne's Government as if he and Peel were in office. There never was a man who so entirely sank all party considerations in national objects, and he has had the glory of living to hear this universally acknowledged. Brougham said of him, "That man's first object is to serve his country, with a sword if necessary, or with a pick-axe." He also said of the Duke's Dispatches, "They will be remembered when I and others (mentioning some of the most eminent men) will be forgotten." Aberdeen told the Duke this, and he replied with the greatest simplicity, "It is very true: when I read them I was myself astonished, and I can't think how the devil I could have written them." This is very characteristic, very curious from a man who has not one grain of conceit in his disposition; but really great men are equally free from undue vanity or affected modesty, and know very well the value of what they do.

Last night I sat next to Lord FitzGerald at dinner, who said that if ever his memoirs appeared (he did not say that any existed) they would contain many curious things, and among them the proofs that the events which were supposed to have been the proximate cause of the Catholic question being carried were not the real cause, and that the resolution of the Duke of Wellington is traceable to other sources, which he could not reveal.

Melton, January 7th (*Lord Wilton's house*).—I came here to-day from Belvoir. Last night the Duke of Welling-

ton narrated the battle of Toulouse and other Peninsular recollections. All the room collected round him, listening with eager curiosity, but I was playing at whist and lost it all. FitzGerald said to me that he had a great mind to write upon Ireland, and make a statement of the conduct of England toward Ireland for ages past; that he had mentioned his idea to Peel, who had replied, "Well, and if you do, I am not the man to object to your doing so." This he meant as a trait of his fairness and candor; but the fact is that it is Peel's interest that all Irish questions should be settled, and he would rejoice at anything which tended to accelerate a settlement, and I am no great believer in his fairness. I was struck with a great admiration for Peel during his hundred days' struggle, when he made a gallant fight; but this has very much cooled since that time.

FitzGerald said one thing in conversation with me of which I painfully felt the truth, that an addiction to worthless or useless pursuits did an irretrievable injury to the mental faculties. It is not only the actual time wasted which might have been turned to good account; the slender store of knowledge acquired on all subjects instead of the accumulation which there might have been; but, more than these, the relaxation of the mental powers till they become incapable of vigorous exertion or sustained effort:—

> Quoniam medio de fonte leporum
> Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat:
> Aut quum conscius ipse animus se forte remordet
> Desidiose agere ætatem, lustrisque perire.

Or, as Dryden nobly translates it—

> For in the fountain where these sweets are sought
> Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
> First guilty conscience does the mirror bring,
> Then sharp remorse shoots out the angry sting,
> And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
> Upbraid the long misspent, luxurious life.

I feel myself a miserable example of this species of injury, both as relates to the defects and omissions of my early education and the evil of my subsequent habits. From never having studied hard at any time, no solid foundation of knowledge has ever been laid, my subsequent reading has been desultory and very nearly useless. I have attacked various subjects as I have been prompted thereto by curiosity, or vanity, or shame, but I have never mastered any of them,

and the information I have obtained has been like a house built without a foundation, which the first gust of wind would blow down and scatter abroad. Really to master a subject, we should begin at the beginning, storing the memory with consecutive facts, reasoning and reflecting upon them as we go along, till the whole subject is digested, comprehended, made manageable and producible at will; but then, for this process, the mind must be disciplined, and there must be a power of attention undiverted, and of continuous application; but if the eyes travel over the pages of a book, while the mind is far away upon Newmarket Heath, and nothing but broken fragments of attention are bestowed upon the subject before you, whatever it may be, the result can only be useless imperfect information, crude and superficial ideas, constant shame, and frequent disappointment and mortification. Nothing on earth can make up for the valuable time which I have lost, or enable me to obtain that sort of knowledge, or give me those habits which are only to be acquired early in life, when the memory is fresh and vigorous, and the faculties are both lively and pliant; but that is no reason why I should abandon the design of improvement in despair, for it is never too late to mend, and a great deal may yet be done.

Beaudesert,[1] *January 12th.*—On Monday went to Sutton; nobody there but Mr. Hodgson, formerly my tutor at Eton, the friend of Byron, author of a translation of Juvenal—a clever, not an agreeable man. The house at Sutton is unfinished, but handsome enough. Came here on Wednesday; a magnificent place indeed, and very comfortable house. A good many people, nobody remarkable; very idle life. Read in the newspaper that Colburn gave Lady Charlotte Bury £1,000 for the wretched catchpenny trash called "Memoirs of the Time of George IV.," which might well set all the world what Scott calls "gurnelizing," for nobody could by possibility compile or compose anything more vile or despicable. Since I came here a world of fine thoughts came into my head which I intended to immortalize in these pages; but they have all evaporated like the baseless fabric of a vision.

Beaudesert, January 17th.—To Sandon on Monday, and returned here yesterday; go away to-morrow. It has been a dreadfully idle life all day long, *facendo niente,* incessant

[1] The seat of the Marquess of Anglesey near Burton-on-Trent.]

gossip and dawdle, poor, unprofitable talk, and no rational employment. Brougham was here a little while ago for a week. He, Lord Wellesley, and Lord Anglesey form a discontented triumvirate, and are knit together by the common bond of a sense of ill-usage and of merit neglected. Wellesley and Anglesey are not Radicals, however, and blame Brougham's new tendency that way. Anglesey and Wellesley both hate and affect to despise the Duke of Wellington,[1] in which Brougham does not join. They are all suffering under mortified vanity and thwarted ambition, and after playing their several parts, not without success and applause, they have not the judgment to see and feel that they forfeit irretrievably the lustre of their former fame by such a poor and discreditable termination of their career. Douro is here, *une lune bien pâle auprès de son père,* but far from a dull man, and not deficient in information.

Badminton, January 23d.—The debate in the Lords the other night was very interesting and creditable to the assembly.[2] Brougham delivered a tremendous philippic of three hours. The Duke of Wellington made a very noble speech, just such as it befitted him to make at such a moment, and, of course, it bitterly mortified and provoked the Tories, who would have had him make a party question of it, and thought of nothing but abusing, vilifying, and embarrassing the Government. This was what Peel showed every disposition to do in the House of Commons, where he made a poor, paltry half-attack, which was much more to the taste of his party than the Duke's temperate and candid declaration.

Lord Eldon died last week full of years and wealth. He had for some time past quitted the political stage, but his name was still venerated by the dregs of that party to whom consistent bigotry and intolerance are dear. Like his more brilliant brother, Lord Stowell, he was the artificer of his own fortune, and few men ever ran a course of more unchequered prosperity. As a politician he appears to have been consistent throughout, and to have offered a deter-

[1] Lord Wellesley became good friends with his brother before his death, and Anglesey has long been the Duke's enthusiastic admirer and most attached and devoted comrade.—1850.

[2] [Parliament reassembled on the 16th January. This debate was on the Address to the Queen on the Canadian Rebellion. A Bill was at once brought in to give extended powers to Lord Durham, who was sent out as Governor-General. Mr. Roebuck, as the Agent for Canada, was heard against the Bill at the bar of both Houses. The Bill passed, but Lord Durham soon exceeded his powers under it.]

mined and uniform opposition to every measure of a Liberal description. He knew of no principles but those (if they merit the name of principles) of the narrowest Toryism and of High Church, and, as soon as more enlarged and enlightened views began to obtain ascendency, he quitted (and for ever) public life. I suppose he was a very great lawyer, but he was certainly a contemptible statesman. He was a very cheerful, good-natured old man, loving to talk, and telling anecdotes with considerable humor and point. I remember very often during the many tedious hours the Prince Regent kept the Lords of the Council waiting at Carlton House, that the Chancellor used to beguile the time with amusing stories of his early professional life, and anecdotes of celebrated lawyers, which he told extremely well. He lived long enough to see the overthrow of the system of which he had been one of the most strenuous supporters, the triumph of all the principles which he dreaded and abhorred, and the elevation of all the men to whom through life he had been most averse, both personally and politically. He little expected in 1820, when he was presiding at Queen Caroline's trial, that he should live to see her Attorney-General on the Woolsack, and her Solicitor-General Chief-Justice of England.

CHAPTER II.

Debates on the Canada Bill—Moderation of the Duke of Wellington—State of Canada—Lord Durham's Position—Weakness of the Government—Parallel of Hannibal and the Duke of Wellington—The Ballot—Lord Brougham on the Ballot—Position of the Government—Policy of Sir Robert Peel—Death of Mr. Creevey—Knighthood of General Evans—Lord Brougham's Conversation—A Skirmish in the House of Commons—Defeat of Government—Skirmish in the House of Lords—Annoyance of Peel at these Proceedings—Brougham's Anti-Slavery Speech—Opposition Tactics—Brougham on the Coolie Trade—Ministerial Success—Sir Robert Peel's Tactics—Composition of Parties—A Dinner at Buckingham Palace—Men of Science—The Lord Mayor at a Council—The Queen at a Levée—The Guiana Apprentices—Small *vs.* Attwood reversed—Character of the Queen—Wilkie's Picture of the "First Council"—Small *vs.* Attwood—Immediate Emancipation—Birthday Reflections—Lord Charles Fitzroy turned out—Vote on Lord Durham's Expenses—Lord Durham's Irritation—Wolff the Missionary—Newmarket—The Coronation—Lord Brougham's Reviews.

London, January 28th, 1838.—I came to town on Wednesday night, and have been laid up with the gout ever since. Found all things prepared for a fight in the House of Commons on Thursday, upon Peel's two amendments to the Canada Bill. The Tories had mustered in large force, and

the Irishmen had not arrived, so that there was a very good chance of the Government being beaten. In this emergency Edward Ellice made a very convenient and dexterous speech, in which he begged Lord John Russell, for the sake of unanimity, to give way. Lord John said he would consult his colleagues, and give an answer the next day. It was clear enough what he would do, and accordingly he came down the next day, and amid shouts of triumph, and what was intended for ridicule from the Tory mob, announced his intention to accept both amendments. Peel next fell upon the Instructions to Durham, which he treated very scornfully, and predicted that they would be compelled to withdraw them. The Tories were in high dudgeon with the Duke at his speech in the House of Lords, which they showed in a sort of undergrowl and with rueful faces, for they stand in awe of the great man, and don't dare openly to remonstrate with him or blame his actions. There is no doubt that his speech was essentially serviceable to the Government, and upset one of the most promising topics of its opponents. Francis Egerton came up from the Carlton Club to his own home after it, and said with deep melancholy that "the Duke had floored the coach," and he described the consternation and mortification which were prevalent throughout that patriotic and disinterested society. They were in consequence the more anxious to urge on Peel to make an attack of some sort upon the Ministers in the House of Commons, and he gratified them by moving these amendments, and vilipending the Instructions.[1] It may be questionable whether it was right to attack the Government upon the details of their measures when no difference exists between the opposite parties as to the principle; but granting that it was, he acted with great skill as a party tactician. He was certainly right upon every point. The Bill will be improved by his alterations, and it was equally unnecessary and ill-judged to lay the Instructions on the table of the House. The result has been a very clamorous triumph on the part of the Tories, and a somewhat unlucky exposure of themselves by the Government; as one of their own friends (in office) acknowledged to me to-day, they have had "to eat humble pie."

[1] [Lord John Russell adopted amendments proposed by Sir R. Peel by striking out of the preamble of the Bill the words recognizing Lord Durham's council of advice and the clause empowering the Queen to suspend the Act by Order in Council.]

February 5th.—Another debate in the House of Lords on Friday, and a good one, which will probably finish the Canadian discussion. Upon this occasion Brougham fired off another fierce philippic, and was bitterly answered by Melbourne, who declared war against him once for all. Aberdeen made an attack on the Government which he had intended to make on the first debate; but as the Duke then said "Shall I speak?" he said, "Oh yes, do," expecting the Duke would make one instead, but was bitterly disappointed when he heard that moderate speech which gave such offence to his friends and such comfort to his foes. So on Friday Aberdeen said what he had intended to say before, and to do him justice, he made some strong points against the Government, which told well. He accused them of unnecessary delay in bringing in this Bill last year, after they had passed their Resolutions, and asserted that they shuffled it off for fear they should be inconvenienced thereby in the election contests which were approaching. I incline to believe this accusation is well founded, and if so, it was very paltry conduct, and not an inapt illustration of the Duke of Wellington's famous question during the Reform Bill, "How is the King's Government to be carried on?" The King's Government was not carried on; its interests were neglected or postponed to the more pressing interest (as they thought, and I believe thought erroneously) of the party in their election contests. The Duke of Wellington was expected upon this occasion to make some amends to his party by explaining away the exculpatory remarks with which he had before assisted his opponents. But not a bit: he repeated the same thing, and made a second speech quite as moderate as his first. The Duke is therefore incorrigible. My mother told him the other day how angry they were with him for what he had said, and he only replied, "Depend upon it, it was true."

I saw a letter yesterday with a very bad account of the state of Canada.[1] It was to Lord Lichfield from his Postmaster there, a sensible man, and he describes the beaten Canadians as returning to their homes full of sullen discontent, and says we must by no means look upon the flame as

[1] [The actual disturbances in Canada, which had broken out in November of the preceding year, were terminated in about a month, by the military operations of Sir John Colborne and Sir Francis Head. The debates which ensued in England related to the treatment of the prisoners and the future government of the Canadian provinces.]

extinguished; however, for the time it has been smothered. On the other hand, there are the English victorious and exasperated, with arms in their hands, and in that dangerous state of mind which is the result of conscious superiority, moral and intellectual, military and political, but of (equally conscious) physical—that is, numerical—inferiority. It is the very state which makes men insolent and timid, tyrannical and cruel; it is just what the Irish Orangemen have been, and it is very desirable that nothing like them should exist elsewhere. All this proves that Durham will have no easy task. It is a curious exhibition of the caprice of men's opinions when we see the general applause with which Durham's appointment is hailed, and the admiration with which he is all at once regarded. Nobody denies that he is a man of ability, but he has not greatly distinguished himself, perhaps from having had no fair opportunity to do so. He has long been looked upon as a man of extreme and dangerous opinions by the Conservatives, and he never could agree with the Whigs when he was their colleague; to them generally he was an object of personal aversion. Latterly he has been considered the head of the Radical party, and that party, who are not rich in Lords, and who are not insensible to the advantage of rank, gladly hailed him as their chief; but for the last year or two, under the alterative influence of Russian Imperial flattery, Durham's sentiments have taken a very Conservative turn, and, though he and the Radicals have never quarreled, they could not possibly consider him to be the same man he was when they originally ranged themselves under his banner. In public life the most that can be said for him is, that he cut a respectable figure. When in office he filled the obscure post of Privy Seal, and spoke but seldom. He was known, however, to have had a considerable share in the concoction of the Reform Bill. The only other public post he has held was that of Ambassador to Russia, where nobody knows but the Minister who employed him whether he did well or ill. Now everybody says he is the finest fellow imaginable, and that he alone can pacify Canada. Nor do I mean to say he is unequal to the task he has undertaken, but the opinion of the world seems oddly produced, and to stand upon no very solid foundation. If he had continued plain John Lambton I doubt if he ever would have been thought of for Canada, or that the choice (if he had been sent there) would have

been so approved. Why on earth is it that an Earldom makes *any* difference ?

To return to the Canadian discussions. The Ministers have on the whole come out of them discreditably. Peel has worried and mauled them sadly, and taken a tone of superiority, and displayed a real superiority, which is very pernicious to a Government, as it tends to deprive them of the respect and the confidence of the country. Brougham's harangues in the House of Lords have not done them half the mischief that Peel's speeches have done them in the House of Commons, because Peel has a vast moral weight and Brougham has none. In the conduct of the business and in their Parliamentary proceedings they committed errors, especially in the latter, and Peel availed himself of both with great dexterity and power. The front Treasury Bench is in a deplorable state. John Russell is without support ; Rice is held cheap and is ineffective ; Palmerston never utters except on his own business ; Thomson and Hobhouse never on any business ; and Howick alone ventures to mix in the fight. The Tories render ample justice to Lord John under these overwhelming difficulties. Francis Egerton (one of the keenest of the party) writes to my brother an account of their recent successes, full of scorn and triumph, and proud comparisons between the Government and the Opposition, and he says, "John Russell is alone—a host in himself I admit ; but Rice and Howick, the only colleagues who did assist him, are gone down in the Parliamentary estimation a hundred degrees. I certainly admire the spirit and dexterity of John Russell, and give him credit for great ability." There is no doubt that the Tories have put themselves in a better position for getting office, and the Whigs in a worse for keeping it, than they were in before, because impartial men who look at these debates will say that Peel and his people are the abler practical men, and as time settles the great questions in dispute, and renders the public mind more indifferent about those which still remain, there will be a growing opinion that the direction of affairs ought to be intrusted to those who display the greatest capacity to conduct them. The Conservatives besides have the inestimable advantage of an alliance with the *Times*, the most vigorous and powerful agent which the press ever produced. The effect of its articles, stinging as they are, is irresistible on the public mind, and the Government have

nothing to oppose to such a torrent. It is impossible, however, while admiring the dexterity of Peel in the elaboration of his offensive measures, to overlook the selfish and unpatriotic spirit which the great body of the Tories have manifested throughout the proceedings. If they could have foregone the bitter pleasure of achieving a party triumph, and shown themselves ready not only to support the Government in suppressing the rebellion, but to join with them in rendering the necessary legislative measures as conducive to the great object of pacification as they could be made, they would have covered themselves with honor, and acquired a credit for noble and public-spirited conduct, which, as it is, the Duke of Wellington has alone obtained, and which none of them share with him. Nor do I believe if Peel had exerted his dexterity and astuteness in another way that he would have failed to acquire the same moral superiority over the Ministers by pacific and moderate behavior, that he has acquired by hostile motions and taunting language. But his tail was in a state of furious agitation, and so angry and dejected at the Duke's forbearance, that he felt himself compelled to give them the gratification of a triumph of some sort. To the majority of his followers the Canadian insurrection was a very pleasing occurrence, and they would have been overjoyed if the troops had been defeated and Montreal captured by the rebels. This would indeed have been a fine case against the Government, and have paved the way for the return of the Tories to office—all that they care about.

February 8th.—I have just conducted to a successful termination a negotiation (through Allen) between Sir George Murray and Macvey Napier, and Murray is to write the article on the Duke's Dispatches in the *Edinburgh Review*.[1] I am rather surprised at their persuasion that Murray will execute the task so well, and I hope it may turn out so. They have employed the handsomest language in praise of the Duke and toward Murray. [He did it very ill: his articles (he wrote two) were very poor performances.]

February 11th.—I suppose all great generals have necessarily some qualities in common; even Vendôme, an indolent and beastly glutton and voluptuary, was capable of prodigious exertions and of activity not to be surpassed. There is a great deal in the character of Hannibal (as drawn by

[1] [Mr. Macvey Napier was at this time editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.]

Livy) which would apply to the Duke of Wellington; only, instead of being stained with the vices which are ascribed to the Carthaginian general, the Duke is distinguished for the very opposite virtues:

"Nunquam ingenium idem ad res diversissimas, 1. *parendum* atque *imperandum*, habilius fuit, itaque haud facile discerneres, utrum imperatori, an exercitui, carior esset: 2. Neque Hasdrubal alium quemquam præficere malle, ubi quid fortiter ac strenuè agendum esset, neque milites alio duce plus confidere aut audere. 3. Plurimum audaciæ ad pericula capessenda, plurimum consilii inter ipsa pericula erat: 4. Nullo labore aut corpus fatigari aut animus vinci poterat: caloris ac frigoris patientia par: cibi potionisque desiderio naturali, non voluptate, modus finitus: vigiliarum somnique nec die nec nocte discriminata tempora. Id, quod gerendis rebus superesset, quieti datum: ea neque molli strato neque silentio arcessita. 5. Multi sæpe militari sagulo opertum, humi jacentem inter custodias stationesque militum conspexerunt. 6. Vestitus nihil inter æquales excellens: arma atque equi conspiciebantur. Equitum peditumque idem longè primus erat: princeps in prœlium ibat: ultimus conserto prœlio excedebat. 7. Has tantas viri virtutes ingentia vitia æquabant; inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quàm Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deûm metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio."[1] . . .

1. Nothing is more remarkable in the Duke than his habit of prompt obedience to his superiors and employers, and this shines forth as much when the triumphant Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies at the end of the Spanish war, as in his early campaign in India. He was always ready to serve when, where, and how his services were required, and so I believe he is now.

2. In India he was employed by Lord Wellesley and Lord Lake in all the most important and difficult military enterprises and civil transactions.

3. Napier says some of Wellington's operations were daring to extravagance, some cautious to the verge of timidity, all founded as much upon keen and nice perceptions of the political measures of his adversaries as upon pure military considerations—and "he knew how to obey as well as to command."

4. He told me himself that he was obliged to do every-

[1] [This passage is cited from "Livy," lib. xxi, c. iv.]

thing in person. His dispatches show that he thought of everything, wrote of everything, directed everything.

5. During the battles of the Pyrenees he slept wrapped in a cloak, under a thick bush, and the shot fell so near him that he was urged to remove to a less exposed place.

6. He was always dressed in his plain blue coat; he rode very good horses.

7. Here ends the parallel and begins the contrast. No general ever exhibited to the world a nobler example of mildness and humanity, of the most perfect and invariable good faith, of severe truth, of inflexible justice, of scrupulous honesty, of reverence for religion, and regard to the precepts of morality. Cruelty is not a modern vice; no general is cruel in these days. I doubt if there has been any great deed of cruelty committed since the Thirty Years' War, the sack of Magdeburg, and the exploits of Tilly and Pappenheim. Turenne ravaged the Palatinate, but that was Louvois's cruelty, not Turenne's. There were no military cruelties perpetrated in the revolutionary wars that I remember.

February 18*th*.—On Thursday night came on the Ballot, and its advocates divided, as they said they should, 200. Lord John Russell, though ill, came down and spoke against it. Peel made a good speech, and complimented John on his conduct. All the Cabinet Ministers voted against it except Poulett Thomson, who stayed away. The result is the creation of a strong impression that the Ballot will eventually be carried; Brougham says in five years.[1] There can be no doubt that if the Government had declared a neutrality, perhaps if John Russell had not so deeply committed himself against it, it would have been carried now. Some men in office, many others closely connected with Ministers, did vote for it; a great number stayed away, and of those who followed John many did so very reluctantly, and some certainly will never vote against it again. Then it is indubitable that the Ballot is getting more popular in the country, and it is not regarded with much apprehension by many of those who are altogether opposed to Radical principles: by such as Fazakerley for instance, a sensible man

[1] [It was carried, but in *thirty-four* years from this time. It is possible to foresee and predict political events with considerable certainty, but very difficult to foretell when they will arrive. The division on this occasion, on Mr. Grote's motion in favor of the Ballot, was 305 to 198.]

and moderate Whig, who did not vote at all on this occasion.

On Friday night Brougham announced to the Lords that they must make up their minds to the Ballot after the division of the preceding night, and yesterday morning, when we were assembled in my room before going into court (Parke, Erskine, Bosanquet, and himself) he gave us his speech in high glee. Parke, who is an alarmist, had just before said that he had never doubted when the Reform Bill had passed that England would become a republic, and when Brougham said that he gave the Ballot five years for its accomplishment, Parke said, "And in five years from that we shall have a republic," on which Brougham gave him a great cuff, and, with a scornful laugh, said, "A republic! pooh, nonsense! Well, but what if there is? *There are judges* in a republic, and very well paid too." "Well paid!" said the other in the same tone, "and no." "Yes, they are; they have £350 a year. But, never mind, you shall be taken care of; I will speak to Grote about you." This is the way he goes on. He sits every day at the Judicial Committee, but pays very little attention to the proceedings; he is incessantly in and out of the room, giving audience to one odd-looking man or another, and while in court more occupied with preparing articles for the *Edinburgh Review* or his Parliamentary tirades than with the cases he is by way of hearing. The day after the Lord Advocate's attack upon him in the matter of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, he received Wakley, and as he returned (through my room) from the interview, he said, "Do you know who that was? It was Wakley. He would have felt your head if he had stopped, for he is a great phrenologist. He examined all the heads of the Glasgow men, and he said they had none of them the organ of destructiveness except one." "Oh," said I, "then that man would have committed murder." "No," said he, "for the organ of benevolence was also strongly developed." He is in extraordinary good humor; in a state of furious mental activity, troubled neither with fear nor shame, and rejoicing in that freedom from all ties which renders him a sort of political Ishmael, his hand against everybody, and everybody against him, and enables him to cut and slash, as his fancy or his passion move him, at Whig or Tory, in the House of Lords.

To return from Brougham to the Ballot. It is not so

much the number of 200 who voted for it that demonstrates the greatness of its progress as the circumstances which attended the discussion. There can be no doubt that John Russell's strenuous declaration, besides annoying the Radicals, greatly embarrassed the Whigs, who had either wholly or partially committed themselves on the hustings to its support, and the consequence has been to place the Government in a false position, for while the opposition to the Ballot has been called a Government measure (and William Cowper told me the evening before the division that nobody could keep his place and vote for Ballot), and many have been induced to sacrifice their opinions or act against their professions upon the ground of the necessity of supporting the Government; many others in office, who were too deeply pledged to, or too much afraid of their constituents to vote against it, either voted with Grote, or, what is very nearly the same thing, absented themselves, and will have done so with impunity, for the Government cannot turn people out for voting or non-voting on such a question as this; the proscription would be too numerous as well as too odious. They are much too weak for any such stretch of authority and severity; besides, the Cabinet itself is probably neither unanimous nor decided in its opposition to the Ballot. John Russell had, however, spoken out with such determination, that his honor was irretrievably committed against it, and accordingly the most strenuous efforts were made, the most urgent entreaties and remonstrances were employed, to induce people to support him on this occasion, but with a success not at all commensurate with these exertions. Vivian offered to resign, but could not be prevailed on not to vote.[1] So disgusted was John Russell with the result of this division, that it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from resigning; and yesterday it was reported all over the town that he had resigned. It is remarkable that in contemplation of his resignation, Morpeth is the man talked of as his successor as leader of the House of Commons, a man young enough to be the son of half the Cabinet Ministers, and not in the Cabinet; but in such low estimation are all Lord John's colleagues, that not one of them is deemed capable of taking his place in the event of his giving it up. How-

[1] Vivian's Cornish petition was signed by 2,100 or 2,200 freeholders, the same number who had voted for him at the election, but of these there were 200 who had voted for Eliot.

ever, there is not much use in speculating about Lord John's successor if he secedes, for the whole concern would in that case inevitably fall to the ground. Indeed, it is not likely that it will, under any circumstances, go on much longer. When once the leader of the House of Commons has become thoroughly disgusted and dissatisfied with his position, either a change or a dissolution of the Government may be anticipated, and in this case any attempt at change can scarcely fail to break up this rickety firm.

The circumstances which enable them to go on at all I take to be these: the extreme repugnance of the Queen to any change, and the necessity in which Melbourne finds himself on her account to go on as long as he possibly can; and on the other hand, the reluctance of Peel to assault the Government in front. I know no more of Peel's opinions and designs than what I can gather from his conduct and what he is likely to entertain under present circumstances; but it must be his object to delay coming into office till he can do so as a powerful Minister, and till it is made manifest to Parliament and the country that he is demanded by a great public exigency, and is not marching in as the result of a party triumph. If the resignation of the present Government should take place under any circumstances which admitted of a reunion of the Whigs and the Radicals, and of the whole reunited party being held together in opposition to a Conservative Government, Peel would be little more secure, and not more able to act with efficiency and independence than he was in 1835, and this is what he never will submit to. It is also a great object to him that the Irish questions should be settled before he comes into office. Nothing would gladden his heart more than to have the Government in Ireland established on a footing from the practice of which he could not deviate, and that once effected up to a certain point (as far as the Whigs can go) he would be enabled to go a good deal farther; and as the man who covers in a building has always more credit and is considered the artificer more than he who lays the foundations, so Peel would obtain all the credit of measures which would in fact have been rendered easy or practicable by the long-continued toils and perseverance of others. His interest therefore (and consequently I suppose his design) is to restrain the impatience of his followers; to let the Government lose ground in public estimation gently and considerately, not violently

and rancorously; to assist in putting them in a contemptible or inefficient point of view; to render their places as uneasy as possible; and to give them time to crumble to pieces, so that his return to power may be more in appearance the act of the Whig Ministry than any act of his own. Then he may demand, and would probably obtain, as the condition of his acceptance of office, the support of a large proportion of the moderate of the Whig party, and the necessity of conciliating such men and of acquiring their support could afford him an excuse for adopting those Liberal maxims which, though far from palatable to the Conservatives, would be indispensable to the formation of a strong Government, as without their adoption no Whig could with honor and consistency support him. I care not who is Minister, but I want to see a strong Government, one which may have a power of free action and not be obliged to pick its steps through doubtful divisions, living from day to day, and compelled to an incessant calculation as to the probable success of every measure, whether of principle or detail, on which it ventures in the House of Commons. Things are not yet ripe for such a consummation, and before the fresh fusion of parties takes place which is necessary to bring it about, it must be made manifest that there is no other alternative, for there is always a considerable amount of party violence and selfish interest which reluctantly sacrifice themselves, no matter how desperate the position they hold or how great the good which may ensue. Though the adherents of Government put on as bold a front as they can, there is a very considerable impression that the days of the Whig Cabinet are numbered; however, I don't think they will go just yet.

February 20th.—I made no allusion to the death of Creevey at the time it took place, about a fortnight ago, having said something about him elsewhere. Since that period he had got into a more settled way of life. He was appointed to one of the Ordnance offices by Lord Grey, and subsequently by Lord Melbourne to the Treasurership of Greenwich Hospital, with a salary of £600 a year and a house. As he died very suddenly, and none of his connections were at hand, Lord Sefton sent to his lodgings and (in conjunction with Vizard, the solicitor) caused all his papers to be sealed up. It was found that he had left a woman, who had lived with him for four years as his mistress, his sole

executrix and residuary legatee, and she accordingly became entitled to all his personalty (the value of which was very small, not more than £300 or £400) and to all the papers which he left behind him. These last are exceedingly valuable, for he had kept a copious diary for thirty-six years, had preserved all his own and Mrs. Creevey's letters, and copies or originals of a vast miscellaneous correspondence. The only person who is acquainted with the contents of these papers is his daughter-in-law, whom he had frequently employed to copy papers for him, and she knows how much there is of delicate and interesting matter, the publication of which would be painful and embarrassing to many people now alive, and make very inconvenient and premature revelations upon private and confidential matters. . . . Then there is Creevey's own correspondence with various people, especially with Brougham, which evidently contains things Brougham is anxious to suppress, for he has taken pains to prevent the papers from falling into the hands of any person likely to publish them, and has urged Vizard to get possession of them either by persuasion or purchase, or both. In point of fact they are now in Vizard's hands, and it is intended by him and Brougham, probably with the concurrence of others, to buy them of Creevey's mistress, though who is to become the owner of the documents, or what the stipulated price, and what their contemplated destination, I do not know. The most extraordinary part of the affair is, that the woman has behaved with the utmost delicacy and propriety, has shown no mercenary disposition, but expressed her desire to be guided by the wishes and opinions of Creevey's friends and connections, and to concur in whatever measures may be thought best by them with reference to the character of Creevey, and the interests and feelings of those who might be affected by the contents of the papers. Here is a strange situation in which to find a rectitude of conduct, a moral sentiment, a grateful and disinterested liberality which would do honor to the highest birth, the most careful cultivation, and the strictest principle. It would be a hundred to one against any individual in the ordinary rank of society and of average good character acting with such entire absence of selfishness, and I cannot help being struck with the contrast between the motives and disposition of those who want to get hold of these papers, and of this poor woman who is ready to give them up. They, well knowing

that, in the present thirst for the sort of information Creevey's journals and correspondence contain, a very large sum might be obtained for them, are endeavoring to drive the best bargain they can with her for their own particular ends, while she puts her whole confidence in them, and only wants to do what they tell her she ought to do under the circumstances of the case.

General Evans's appointment as K. C. B. has made a great stir at the United Service Club, and is blamed or ridiculed by everybody. It is difficult to conceive why the Government gave it him, and if he had not been a vain coxcomb he would not have wished for it; but they say he fancies himself a great general, and that he has done wonders in Spain.[1]

We have had Brougham every day at the Council Office, more busy writing a review of Lady Charlotte Bury's book than with the matter before the Judicial Committee. He writes this with inconceivable rapidity, seldom corrects, and never reads over what he has written, but packs it up and dispatches it rough from his pen to Macvey Napier. He is in exuberant spirits and full of talk, and certainly marvelously agreeable. His talk (for conversation is not the word for it) is totally unlike that of anybody else I ever heard. It comes forth without the slightest effort, provided he is in spirits and disposed to talk at all. It is the spontaneous outpouring of one of the most fertile and restless of minds, easy, familiar, abundant, and discursive. The qualities and peculiarities of mind which mar his oratorical, give zest and effect to his conversational, powers; for the perpetual bubbling up of fresh ideas, by incapacitating him from condensing his speeches, often makes them tediously digressive and long; but in society he treads the ground with so elastic a step, he touches everything so lightly, and so adorns all that he touches, his turns and his breaks are so various, unexpected, and pungent, that he not only interests and amuses, but always exhilarates his audience so as to render weariness and satiety impossible. He is now coquetting a little with the Tories, and especially professes great deference and profound respect for the Duke of Wellington; his

[1] [Sir De Lacy Evans probably did as much in Spain as it was possible to do with the troops under his command. But in justice to him as an officer, it should be remembered that he commanded a division of the British army in the Crimea, long afterward, and showed considerable foresight and ability at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman.]

sole object in politics, for the moment, is to badger, twit, and torment the Ministry, and in this he cannot contain himself within the bounds of common civility, as he exemplified the other night when he talked of "Lord John this and Mr. Spring that" (on Thursday night), which, however contemptuous, was too undignified to be effective. He calls this "the Thomson Government" from its *least* considerable member.

February 25th.—Lord John Russell made a very paltry exhibition on Friday night, quite unworthy of the fame he had acquired and of the situation he holds. When Lord Maidstone threatened to bring before the House the language which O'Connell had used (about the perjury in Committees) in a speech at the "Crown and Anchor,"[1] and gave notice of a motion for that purpose, John jumped up and said, if he persevered in this motion he would call the attention of the House to an imputation against the Catholic members contained in a charge of the Bishop of Exter with reference to the oath required of them by the Relief Bill. Whether this was a sally of passion I know not, but it was puerile, imprudent, and undignified. This charge was delivered in 1836, and ought to have been animadverted upon at the time, if at all. It either is, or is not, a proper matter to bring before the House, but that propriety cannot be contingent upon some other proceeding of another person, quite unconnected with it. It was a poor *tu quoque* which has got him into a scrape, and will contribute to the down-hill impulsion of the Government; it is a fresh bit of discredit thrown upon them. John Russell too has been a personal antagonist of the Bishop of Exeter, and should have been the last man to attack him in this irregular way. Out of all this will spring much violence and personality, and that is what interests the members of the House of Commons more than any great political question.

February 27th.—It is difficult to conceive a greater quantity of folly crammed into a short space of time than has been displayed by all parties in the last three or four days, and which reached the climax last night in the House of Commons. It began with O'Connell's speech at the "Crown and Anchor," when he denounced the perjury of the Tory Election Committees in such terms as he usually

[1] [O'Connell had asserted, at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern, that "foul perjury was committed by the Tory Election Committees."]

employs. To recommend moderate language to O'Connell would, however, be about as reasonable as to advise him to drop his brogue ; but as he had ample notice that the matter was coming before the House of Commons, he might have been persuaded, and there should have been somewhere sense and prudence enough to persuade him, to soften his tone, and to make one of those explanations, partly exculpatory and partly apologetic, which are always accepted as a sufficient atonement for rash and violent language ; instead of which he brazened it out, and then John Russell came to his rescue in that foolish and unbecoming notice of his which compromised his dignity, committed his party,[1] and complicated all the difficulties in which the House itself was placed. The fools of his party (and on both sides they predominate in noise and numbers) vociferously cheered this ill-judged sally, and lauded it as a fine spirited retort. Not so, however, the more prudent of his friends, who perceived the dilemma in which he had placed himself. Nobody in the meantime had any clear notion of what would be done, what motions would be made or withdrawn, and how the whole thing was to end. But as the debate promised a great deal of personality, it was exceedingly attractive, and 517 members[2] went down to the House. Lord Maidstone moved that O'Connell's speech was a scandalous libel, and Lord Howick moved the order of the day. O'Connell made a very good speech and then retired ; John Russell spoke on one side, and Peel and Follett on the other, and on the division the Tories carried the question by nine : 263 to 254. They were of course in a state of uproarious triumph ; the Government people exceedingly mortified, and the tail in a frenzy. The scene which ensued appears to have been something like that which a meeting of Bedlam or Billingsgate might produce. All was uproar, gesticulation, and confusion. The Irishmen started up one after another and proclaimed their participation in O'Connell's sentiments, and claimed to be joined in his condemnation. They were all the more furious when they found that the conquerors only meant to have him reprimanded by the Speaker, and

[1] The notice was that *if* Lord Maidstone persisted in his motion, he would call the attention of the Crown to a charge delivered by the Bishop of Exeter (nearly two years ago), in which he had accused the Catholic members of perjury and treachery.

[2] Many more, I am told, for 517 voted, and several went away who would not vote.

that there was no chance of his or their being sent to Newgate or the Tower. At last "le combat finit faute de combattants," for John Russell and his colleagues first, and subsequently Peel and his followers, severally made their exits something like rival potentates and their trains in a tragedy, and when the bellowers found nobody left to bellow to, they too were obliged to move off.

In the House of Lords there had been an early, but very smart skirmish between Melbourne and Lyndhurst,[1] in which the former drew a contrast between what would have been the conduct of the Duke (who was absent) and that of Lyndhurst, and said that the Duke was a man of honor and a gentleman in a tone which implied that Lyndhurst was neither. Brougham stepped in and aggravated matters as much as he could by joining Lyndhurst and taunting Melbourne; but when Lyndhurst rose again to call Melbourne to account for his expressions, Brougham held him down with friendly violence, and (as he asseverates) was entirely the cause of preventing a fight between them, first by not letting Lyndhurst proceed to extremities,[2] and next by giving Melbourne time for reflection. However this may be, when Lyndhurst asked him, "if he meant to say he was not a man of honor," Melbourne made as ample a retractation of the offensive expressions as Lyndhurst could desire, and there the matter ended, not certainly much to the credit or satisfaction of the Ministers in either House. I think, however, that the Opposition have obtained a very mischievous and inconvenient triumph, and that they would have done much better to leave the question alone. O'Connell and John Russell made better speeches than Peel and Follett, and the latter seemed to be oppressed by a consciousness of the narrow, vindictive, and merely party, if not personal grounds on which the question was raised. They have dragged the House of Commons into a vote, which, if it acts consistently, it ought to follow up by an indiscriminate exercise of its authority and resentment upon all the writers and speakers

[1] The discussion arose out of a question Lyndhurst put about some young children who had been confined in the penitentiary, in solitary confinement, etc., *without notice*. Melbourne fired up at this in a very unnecessary rage, though Lyndhurst was clearly wrong in not giving notice. Much more was made of this omission than need have been.

[2] Lyndhurst was going out of the House to write a hostile note, but Brougham forced him down, and said, "I insist on my noble friend's sitting down," but though he boasts of having been the peacemaker, Lyndhurst told me he thought, but for Brougham, Melbourne would not have said what he did.

who have denounced the Committee system, and they have procured a resolution declaratory of that being libelous and scandalous which the public universally believes, and every member of the House well knows to be true.

February 28th.—I met Lyndhurst yesterday, and had a few minutes' conversation with him. He told me, as I had conjectured, that Peel was extremely annoyed at all these proceedings. I said, "Why, then, did not he stop them?" "Because the great misfortune of our party is that he won't communicate with anybody." So that this most inexpedient discussion was forced on by the precipitation and indiscretion of two or three men, against the convictions and the wishes of the wise and the moderate of all parties; and when a few words of prudence and conciliation might have stopped the whole proceeding, pride, or obstinacy, or awkwardness prevented those words being uttered. The only real consequence will be that public attention will be attracted to the Committee system, people will think a great deal about what they scarcely regarded before, and the characters of public men will suffer. If the vote of the House of Commons means anything, it means that these Committees are honorably and fairly conducted, and it will be compelled to follow up this vote by reforming them on the specific ground of enormous and intolerable abuses, the existence of which their vote will have denied; and all these results, the self-stultification of the House, and the damage to the moral reputation of its members, are brought about in order that the Tory geese may cackle, and that men like Jemmy Bradshaw and Sir John Tyrrell may wave their hats and their crutches in triumph.[1] It is curious enough that the Ministers had no notion the Tories really meant to press this matter. John Russell went down (Le Marchant told me so) fully sensible of his own folly on Friday night, resolved to drop his motion about the Bishop, and convinced that, as it was the interest, so it would be the determination, of the leading Tories to quash the discussion.

March 1st.—Another night (Tuesday) was wasted in a fresh discussion, brought on by a motion of Pendarves's to let the matter drop. In the morning Lord Howick told me that the Ministers did not mean to say or do anything more,

[1] Bradshaw stood up on the benches, huzzaing and waving his hat, and it was said Sir John Tyrrell (if it was he) did the same, having the gout, with his crutches.

and that their only object now was to put an end to the business as quickly as possible. But John Russell, who is as little communicative on one side as Peel is on the other, had in the meantime, and without consulting anybody, desired Pendarves to make this useless and abortive motion. This Le Marchant told me yesterday morning, adding how annoyed they all were at it. Yesterday the Speaker delivered the reprimand, and they all admitted that it was extremely well done. O'Connell made a violent speech in reply, but clever.

March 4th.—Brougham again in the House of Lords on Friday night. He attacked Pechell and Codrington for having attacked him[1] because he had abused the Navy in his Slavery speech, and was very violent, tedious, and verbose. He informed the House that he had written a remonstrance to the Speaker for not having called the two sailors to order, and he treated them with great contumely and abuse in his speech. Lyndhurst[2] made him very wroth by asking him "if he had any right to write to the Speaker," and Melbourne made a short, but very good reply, reminding him that, as he had chosen to publish his speech in the shape of a pamphlet, it was no breach of privilege to comment on its contents. He made a great splutter, but got the worst of this bout. In the meantime he continues to be the great meteor of the day; he has emerged from his seclusion, and is shining a mighty luminary among the Tory *ignes minores*. The Conservatives are so charmed with him, that they court his society with the liveliest demonstrations of regard, and he meets their advances more than half-way. They are very naturally delighted with his unrivaled agreeableness, and they are not sorry to pat him on the back as a *flagellifer* of the Ministers; but though they talk with expressions of regret of his having radicalized himself, and he would probably, if he saw an opening, try to wriggle himself out of Radicalism and into Toryism, they will take care, in the event of their return to office, not to let such a firebrand in among them. He calls his last Anti-slavery speech his *περὶ στεφάνου*, for he thinks it his greatest effort, and it was such an oration as no other man could have delivered.

[1] [In their speeches in the House of Commons.]

[2] [It was not Lord Lyndhurst who asked this question. Lord Brougham intimated that he had written a private letter on the matter to the Speaker, which he had a right to do.]

The Bishop of Exeter spoke for two hours and a half the other night on Catholic oaths, but the whole bench of Bishops, except Llandaff, stayed away, to mark their disapprobation of his agitation on the subject.

Nobody knows what the Tories are going to do on Molesworth's motion on Tuesday ;[1] they have kept an ominous silence, and it is believed that the great body of them are eagerly pressing for a division against the Government, while the leaders want to restrain them, and not meddle with the question. Care, however, has been taken to abstain from any expression of opinion or declaration of intention, and they are all ordered to be at their posts. The Whigs would desire nothing better, end as it might, than that the Tories should support Molesworth's motion, or move an amendment upon it, which might bring about the concurrence with themselves of the mover and the few Liberals (some say seven, some eleven) who will vote with him.

March 6th.—Great interest yesterday to know the result of the meeting at Peel's, when it was to be settled what course should be taken to-night. There were meetings at both Peel's and John Russell's. The decision of the Tories was deferred till Stanley's arrival in town, who had been detained by illness at Knowsley. In the morning there was a meeting of the Privy Council about municipal charters, when John Russell and Poulett Thomson told me they did not expect the Tories would give them battle ; but if there was a division, they thought Government would carry it by 20, a great majority in these days.

March 8th.—Sandon moved the amendment on Tuesday night, but so well had the Tories kept their secret that nobody knew what they were going to do till he got up in the House. As there were above 200 present at the meeting, and nearly 300 must have been in the secret, their discretion was marvelous. I was convinced that no amendment would be moved, and was completely mistaken. The debate on Tuesday was moderate ; Labouchere spoke well, Stanley middling, but he was not in force physically. Last night they divided at half-past two, and there was a majority

[1] [Sir William Molesworth moved a vote of censure on Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary of State, on the 6th of March, but withdrew it after two nights' debate in favor of an amendment moved by Lord Sandon, condemning the Canadian policy of the Government. On the division Ministers had 316, and their opponents 287 votes. The character and purport of this amendment are explained below.]

of 29 : all things considered, a great one, and which sets the Government on its legs for the present. Fourteen of the Conservatives were absent from illness or the death of relations, so that the strength of the party really amounts to 300 if it would all be mustered. There must always be some casualties, and probably there were some likewise on the other side.

On Tuesday night Brougham made another great Slavery speech in the House of Lords, as usual, very long, eloquent, powerful ; but his case overstated, too highly wrought, and too artificial. It was upon the Order in Council by which coolies were brought into Antigua from India. He made out a case of real or probable abuse and injustice, and his complaint was that the Government had not sufficiently guarded against the contingency by regulations accompanying the Order. He was followed by several of the Tory Lords ; but the Duke of Wellington refused to support him, provided Melbourne would agree to adopt certain rules which he proposed as a security against future abuses, in which case he said he would move the previous question. Melbourne agreed, and the Duke moved it. As he and the bulk of his followers joined with the Government, they had a large majority, but Ellenborough, Lyndhurst, Wharncliffe, the Bishop of Exeter, and a few more, voted with Brougham, and the whole party would have been very glad to do so if the Duke would have let them. Brougham was exceedingly disconcerted, and threw out all sorts of baits to catch the Duke's vote and support, but did not succeed, and he said that the Duke had again stepped in to save the Government. The *Times* yesterday morning made a very sulky allusion to what they consider his ill-timed moderation ; but he will not be a party to anything that has the semblance of faction, and to worrying and bullying the Government merely to show the power or to have the pleasure of doing so. In the present instance, although Melbourne gave way to the Duke (as he could not do less), it so happens that the Government would have been in a majority of three or four if the Duke had divided against them, for the Tories had taken no pains to bring their people down, and Brougham's great orations are not so attractive to the Lords as they are popular with the public. He will certainly gain a great deal of reputation and popularity by his agitation of the Anti-slavery question, for it is a favorite topic in the coun-

try. Wharncliffe told me he walked away with him from the House after the debate on Tuesday, and some young men who had been below the bar saluted him as he went by with "Bravo, Brougham!"

March 9th.—At the Council yesterday everybody was very merry and grinning from ear to ear, mightily elated with their victory, or perhaps rather their escape the night before, and at having got such a timely reprieve. The division has given them a new lease, but whether it will prove a long or a short one depends upon a thousand contingencies. The violent Tories were sulky and disappointed, though in the course of Wednesday they began to find out that Government would have a better division than either party had anticipated. I had been strongly of opinion that Peel would not fight the battle, and I thought it would be bad policy in him to do so; but any opinion contrary to his must be entertained with diffidence, so able as he is, and so versed in parliamentary and party tactics; and in order to form a correct judgment of the course which it was expedient for him to adopt, it was necessary to know both his own views as to office at the present moment and the disposition of the party he leads.

I had no communication with any of the Tories before the division, but yesterday I saw George Dawson, Peel's brother-in-law, and Francis Egerton. From them I learned, what I had all along supposed to be the case, that Peel was driven with extreme reluctance into fighting this battle; that it was difficult to take no part in the discussion raised by Molesworth's inconvenient resolution, and that he was continually urged and pressed by his followers to attack the Government, they persisting in the notion that the Ministers might be driven out, and always complaining that the moderation of the Duke and the backwardness of Peel alone kept them in their places. The discontent and clamor were so loud and continued that it became absolutely necessary for Peel, if he meant to keep the party together, to gratify their impatience for action, and he accordingly concocted this amendment in such terms as should make it impossible for the Radicals to concur in it, it being his especial care to avoid the semblance of any union, even momentary, between the Tories and them. Peel certainly never expected to beat the Government, nor did he wish it. There can be no doubt that he saw clearly all the results that would fol-

low his defeat, and thought them on the whole desirable. These results are, that there is an end for the present of any question of the stability of the Government. Peel has complied with the wishes of his party, and has demonstrated to them that they cannot turn the Government out, which will have the effect of moderating their impatience and induce them for the future to acquiesce in his managing matters according to his own discretion. On the other hand, he has exhibited a force of 317 Conservatives[1] in the House of Commons, not only by far the most numerous Opposition that ever was arrayed against a Government, but possessing the peculiar advantage of being united in principle—a compact, cemented body, all animated with one spirit, and not a mass composed of different elements and merely allied and conjoined in hostility to the Government. The relative strength of the two parties has been manifested by this division, and the Government have a majority of twenty votes, which, as their people attend better than the others, may be considered equal to a working majority of thirty.

This is sufficient to enable them to go on, but the majority consists of a combination of heterogeneous materials: of O'Connell and the Irish members, of Radicals and Whigs of various shades and degrees of opinions, all with a disposition, greater or less, but with different (and often opposite and inconsistent) views and objects, to support the present Government, and containing in itself all the seeds of dissolution from the variety and incompatibility of its component elements. But while this division has given present security to the Government, it has also made a display of Conservative power which will render it impossible for the Whigs to conduct the Government on any but Conservative principles; and while, on the one hand, Peel can say to the violent Tories that they have seen the impotence of their efforts, and ought to be convinced that by firmness and moderation they may do anything, but by violence nothing, on the other, Melbourne and John Russell may equally admonish the Radicals of the manifest impossibility of carrying out their principles in the teeth of such a Conservative party, besides the resistance that would be offered by all the Conservative leaven which is largely mixed up in the composition of their own. Thus there is a reasonable expectation that from the balance

[1] [The number of Conservatives who took part in the vote was 287; but thirty members of the party either paired or were absent.]

of party power moderate counsels may prevail, and that Conservative principle may extend and consolidate its influence.

The Queen was very nervous at the possibility there seemed to be that the Ministers might be beaten, for Lord John Russell had told her that he could not count upon a majority of more than fifteen, and she looked yesterday as cheerful as anybody else around her. With regard to the measure on the part of the Tories and the case of Canada, they were wholly unjustifiable in moving such a vote of censure, and there is nothing in the case (however in its details objections may be urged against Lord Glenelg's conduct) to demand so strong a proceeding. The best speeches were Sir George Grey's on one side, and Peel's on the other. The casualties in the division were, on the whole, unfavorable to the Tories; fifteen of their people were unavoidably absent, not above half as many of the Government. They contrived to delay the report of the Belfast Committee, unseating both the sitting members, till yesterday morning, by which means the Government got both their votes in the division; and one of them being paired off with Lord Ramsay, who was not there, the pair canceled by the call of the House, this alone made a difference of five votes.

March 11th.—I dined yesterday at the Palace, much to my surprise, for I had no expectation of an invitation. There was a very numerous party:—the Hanoverian Minister Baron Münchhausen, Lord and Lady Grey, the Chancellor, the Roseberys, Ossulston, Mahon, etc. We assembled in the round room next the gallery, and just before the dinner was ready the Queen entered with the Duchess of Kent, preceded by the Chamberlain, and followed by her six ladies. She shook hands with the women, and made a sweeping bow to the men, and directly went in to dinner, conducted by Münchhausen, who sat next to her, and Lord Conyngham on the other side. The dinner was like any other great dinner. After the eating was over, the Queen's health was given by Cavendish, who sat at one end of the table, and everybody got up to drink it; a vile, vulgar custom, and however proper it may be to drink her health elsewhere, it is bad taste to have it given by her own officer at her own table, which, in fact, is the only private table it is ever drunk at. However, this has been customary in the two last reigns. George III. never dined but with his family, never had guests, or a dinner *party*.

The Queen sat for some time at table, talking away very merrily to her neighbors, and the men remained about a quarter of an hour after the ladies. When we went into the drawing-room, and huddled about the door in the sort of half-shy, half-awkward way people do, the Queen advanced to meet us, and spoke to everybody in succession, and if everybody's "palaver" was as deeply interesting as mine, it would have been worth while to have had Gurney to take it down in short-hand. The words of kings and queens are precious, but it would be hardly fair to record a Royal after-dinner colloquy. . . . After a few insignificant questions and answers—gracious smile and inclination of head on part of Queen, profound bow on mine, she turned again to Lord Grey. Directly after I was (to my satisfaction) deposited at the whist-table to make up the Duchess of Kent's party, and all the rest of the company were arranged about a large round table (the Queen on the sofa by it), where they passed about an hour and a half in what was probably the smallest possible talk, interrupted and enlivened, however, by some songs which Lord Ossulston sang. We had plenty of instrumental music during and after dinner. To form an opinion or the slightest notion of her real character and capacity from such a formal affair as this, is manifestly impossible. Nobody expects from her any clever, amusing, or interesting talk, above all no stranger can expect it. She is very civil to everybody, and there is more of frankness, cordiality, and good-humor in her manner than of dignity. She looks and speaks cheerfully: there was nothing to criticise, nothing particularly to admire. The whole thing seemed to be dull, perhaps unavoidably so, but still so dull that it is a marvel how anybody can like such a life. This was an unusually large party, and therefore more than usually dull and formal; but it is much the same sort of thing every day. Melbourne was not there, which I regretted, as I had some curiosity to see Her Majesty and her Minister together. I had a few words with Lord Grey, and soon found that the Government are in no very good odor with him. He talked disparagingly of them, and said, in reference to the recent debate, that "he thought Peel could not have done otherwise than he did."

March 17th.—Went to the Royal Institution last night in hopes of hearing Faraday lecture, but the lecture was given by Mr. Pereira upon crystals, a subject of which he appeared to be master, to judge by his facility and fluency;

but the whole of it was unintelligible to me. Met Dr. Buckland and talked to him for an hour, and he introduced me to Mr. Wheatstone, the inventor of the electric telegraph, of the progress in which he gave us an account. I wish I had turned my attention to these things and sought occupation and amusement in them long ago. I am satisfied that, apart from all considerations of utility, or even of profit, they afford a very pregnant source of pleasure and gratification. There is a cheerfulness, an activity, an appearance of satisfaction in the conversation and demeanor of scientific men that conveys a lively notion of the *pleasure* they derive from their pursuits. I feel ashamed to go among such people when I compare their lives with my own, their knowledge with my ignorance, their brisk and active intellects with my dull and sluggish mind, become sluggish and feeble for want of exercise and use.

March 20th.—Met Croker on Sunday, who came to speak to me about the picture of the Queen's First Council on her accession which Wilkie is painting. He is much scandalized because the Lord Mayor is introduced, which he ought not to be, and Croker apprehends that future Mayors will found upon the evidence of this picture claims to be present at the Councils of future sovereigns on similar occasions. I wrote to Lord Lansdowne about it, and told him that it so happens that I caused the Lord Mayor to be ejected, who was lingering on in the room after the Proclamation had been read.[1]

It is a very trite observation, that no two people are more different than the same man at different periods of his life, and this was illustrated by an anecdote Lord Holland told us of Tom Grenville last night—Tom Grenville, so mild, so refined, adorned with such an amiable, venerable, and decorous old age. After Lord Keppel's acquittal there were riots, and his enthusiastic friends, with a zealous mob, attacked the houses of his enemies; among others they assaulted the Admiralty, the chiefs of which were obnoxious for their supposed ill-usage of him. The Admiralty was

[1] [It is a vulgar error, which it would scarcely be necessary to notice here except for the purpose of correcting it, that the Lord Mayor of London has some of the privileges of a Privy Councilor during his year of office. The mistake has probably arisen from his being styled "Right Honorable," but so are the Lord Mayors of Dublin and of York. But he has none of the rights of a Privy Councilor. He is, however, summoned to attend the Privy Council at which a new Sovereign is proclaimed, but having heard the Proclamation he retires before the business of the Council is commenced. See *infra*, March 27th.]

taken by storm, and Tom Grenville was the second man who entered at the breach!

March 23d.—On Wednesday I attended a Levée and Council. The Queen was magnificently dressed, and looked better than I ever saw her. Her complexion is clear, and has the brightness of youth; the expression of her eyes is agreeable. Her manner is graceful and dignified, and with perfect self-possession. I remarked how very civil she was to Brougham, for she spoke to him as much as to anybody. He was in high good-humor after it.

Yesterday we had a Judicial Committee, with a great judicial attendance: the Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, the Vice-Chancellor, Lord Abinger, Lord Langdale, and Tom Erskine, with the Lord President. It was to consider a petition of certain apprentices in British Guiana, who wanted to stay execution of the judgment of a Court there. Glenelg had it referred to the Privy Council Committee in order to shift the responsibility from himself. He expected that Brougham would get hold of the case and make a clatter about it; but at the Board Brougham treated it purely upon legal grounds, and was adverse to the prayer of the petition.

They had come (i. e., the Chancellor, Lyndhurst, and Brougham) from the House of Lords, where they had been reversing Lyndhurst's famous judgment in "Small *vs.* Attwood." Lyndhurst was very hoarse, having just made a long speech in support of his former judgment; but the Chancellor and Devon had spoken against, and Brougham was prepared to side with them. *Sic transit gloria!* It was this judgment which was so lauded and admired at the time, and upon which, more than upon any other, or even upon the general tenor of his decisions, Lyndhurst's great judicial fame was based; and now it turns out that, although it was admirable in the execution, it was bad in point of law.[1]

[1] [The main question in the celebrated case of Small *vs.* Attwood was whether the sale of certain iron-works in Staffordshire, by Mr. Attwood, to the British Iron Company, should be set aside for what, in the Courts of Equity, is termed fraud. Lord Lyndhurst, as Chief Baron of the Exchequer, held that an amount of misrepresentation had been practised by the vendor, which annulled the sale. The House of Lords was of opinion that if the purchasers had paid too much for the property, it was their own fault. This decision rested, of course, on the special circumstances of the case. It was argued with great ability by Sergeant Wilde and Mr. Sugden, who received fees in this case to an amount previously unknown to the Bar. It is remarkable that Lord Lyndhurst sat on the appeal from his own judgment and supported it; the fifth vote, which decided the case, was that of Lord Devon, who had never held a judicial office.]

March 25th.—Lady Cowper told me yesterday that the Queen said to Lord Melbourne, "the first thing which had convinced her he was worthy of her confidence was his conduct in the disputes at Kensington last year about her proposed allowance," in which, though he knew that the King's life was closing, he had taken his part. She considered this to be a proof of his honesty and determination to do what he thought right. Though she took no part, and never declared herself, it is evident that she, in her heart, sided with the King on that occasion. It is difficult to attribute to timidity that command over herself and passive obedience which she showed in her whole conduct up to the moment when she learned that she was Queen ; and from that instant, as if inspired with the genius and the spirit of Sixtus V., she at once asserted her dignity and her will. She now evinces in all she does an attachment to the memory of her uncle, and it is not to be doubted that, in the disputes which took place between him and her mother, her secret sympathies were with the King ; and in that celebrated scene at Windsor, when the King made so fierce an attack upon the Duchess's advisers, and expressed his earnest hope that he might live to see the majority of his niece, Victoria must have inwardly rejoiced at the expression of sentiments so accordant with her own. Her attentions and cordiality to Queen Adelaide, her bounty and civility to the King's children, and the disgrace of Conroy, amply prove what her sentiments have all along been.

March 27th.—Went yesterday to sit to Wilkie for the picture of the Queen's First Council. The likenesses are generally pretty good, but it is a very unfaithful representation of what actually took place. It was, of course, impossible to preserve all the details without sacrificing the effect, but the picture has some glaring improprieties, which diminish its interest, and deprive it of all value as an historical piece. There were ninety-seven Privy Councilors present on the occasion, and among them most of the conspicuous men of the time. He has introduced as many figures as he well could, but has made a strange selection, admitting very ordinary men, such as Lord Burghersh and Lord Salisbury, while Brougham and Stanley do not find places. He told me that great anxiety prevailed to be put into this picture, and many pressing applications had been made ; and as only vain and silly men would make them, and importunity gen-

erally prevails to a great extent, it ends in the sacrifice of the picture by substituting these undistinguished intruders in place of the celebrated persons who are so much better entitled to be there. Then he has painted the Lord Mayor of London and the Attorney-General, who, not being Privy Councilors, could not be present when the Queen was sitting in Council; but they both entreated to be put in the picture, and each asserted that he was actually present. Yesterday I remonstrated with Wilkie, who had no good reason to give; indeed, none, except that they both *said* they were present, and that the Attorney had described to him what passed. The fact was this: when the Lords assemble they order the Queen to be proclaimed, and when the Proclamation is read the doors are thrown open, and everybody is admitted. The Lord Mayor came in together with several Common Councilmen and a multitude of other persons. When this is over they are all obliged to retire, and I called out from the head of the table that "everybody except Privy Councilors would have the goodness to retire." It was necessary to clear the room before Her Majesty could hold her Privy Council. The people did retire, slowly and lingeringly, and some time afterward, espying the fur and scarlet of the Lord Mayor, I requested somebody (I forget whom) to tell him he must retire, and he did leave the room. Shortly after the Queen entered, and the business of the Council commenced. The impossibility of getting the summonses to two hundred and twenty Privy Councilors conveyed in time caused the greatest irregularity in the arrivals, and the door was continually opened to admit fresh comers. In such a scene of bustle and confusion, and in a room so crowded, it is extremely probable that the Lord Mayor and the Attorney-General smuggled themselves back into the apartment, and that they were (very improperly) spectators of what passed; but that forms no reason why they should be represented in an historical picture as actors in a ceremonial with which they had, and could have no concern. Wilkie was very anxious to have Lord Conyngham in the picture, but both he and Albert Conyngham decided that it would be improper, because not only he was not present, but according to etiquette could not be present, as it was his duty to remain in constant attendance upon the body of the late King up to the moment of his breaking his wand over his coffin.

Yesterday Brougham spoke for four hours and a half in the House of Lords upon the appeal of "Small *vs.* Attwood," concurring with the Chancellor in reversing Lyndhurst's judgment, and evidently bent upon making a display of judicial eloquence which should eclipse that of Lyndhurst himself. This judgment has made a great sensation in the world, especially in the commercial world. I met the Vice-Chancellor, who had come from the House of Lords, and who told me of Brougham's speech, and the final decree; he said he really knew nothing of the case, but from what he heard he was inclined to believe the reversal was right. Lyndhurst, however, persists in the correctness of his own judgment.

March 30th.—Lord Eliot's motion about Spain came to a ridiculous end on Wednesday. When the debate was resumed at five o'clock very few people were present; they were chattering and making a noise; nobody heard the Speaker when he put the question; and so they divided 72 to 60, the Ministers (or Minister, for none was present but John Russell) not knowing on which side there would be a majority. The Tories were very angry, and wanted to renew the discussion in another form, but, after a little wrangle, this project dropped. It was a foolish, useless motion, and deserved no better end.

On Wednesday afternoon I found Downing Street thronged with rival deputations of West Indians and Quakers, which had both been with Melbourne. Out of Brougham's flaming speeches on Anti-slavery a tempest has arisen, which threatens the West Indians with sudden and unforeseen ruin in the shape of immediate emancipation.[1] It is always easy to get up anti-slavery petitions and to excite a benevolent indignation against slavery in any shape, and Brougham has laid hold of this easy mode of inflaming the public mind in his usual daring, unscrupulous, reckless style, pouring forth a flood of eloquent falsehoods and misrepresentations which he knows will be much more effective than any plain matter-of-fact statements that can be urged on the other side. The West Indies had no notion they were in any danger, and were reposing under the shade of

[1] [Sir George Strickland moved, on the 30th of March, a resolution in favor of the termination of negro apprenticeship as established by the Emancipation Act of 1834, on the 1st of August of the current year. The motion was defeated by 269 to 205.]

Government protection and in undoubting reliance upon the inviolability of the great arrangement, when they find themselves overtaken all at once with the new question of immediate emancipation which has sprung up into instantaneous life and strength. Their terror is accordingly great. They went to Melbourne, who said he agreed with them, and that the Government was determined to support them, and so they might tell their people, but that he could not promise them to make it so much a Government question as to resign if they were beat upon it. The leaders of the Opposition equally took their part, but the question is whether the tails will not beat the heads. I never remember before to have seen any question on which so much uncertainty prevailed as to individual votes. More than one half the members of the House doubted, and probably are at this moment doubting, how they shall vote. The petitions are innumerable, and men are disposed to gratify their constituents by voting as they please on this question, not caring a fig either for the slaves or the West Indians, and reconciling it to their consciences to despoil the latter by assuming that they were overpaid with the twenty millions they got by the Emancipation Act.

April 2d.—My birthday. Another year has stolen over me, and finds me, I fear, little better or wiser than at the end of the last. How we wince at our reflections and still go on in the same courses! how we resolve and break our resolutions! It is a common error to wish we could recall the past and be young again, and swear what things we would do if another opportunity was offered us. All vanity, folly, and falsehood. We *should* do just the same as before, because we *do* actually do the same; we linger over and regret the past instead of setting manfully to work to improve the future; we waste present time in vague and useless regrets, and abandon ourselves to inaction in despair instead of gathering up what yet remains of life, and finding a compensation, however inadequate, in resolute industry for our losses. I wonder if anybody has ever done this. Many, after damaging their health, have become prudent and careful in restoring their shattered constitutions; many more have been extravagant and careless, and ended by being parsimonious and prudent, and so the first have grown strong and the second rich; but has anybody thoroughly wasted his time, frittered away his understanding, weakened the powers of judg-

ment and memory, and let his mind be bare and empty as the shelves of an unfurnished book-case, and afterward become diligent, thoughtful, reflective, a hater of idleness, and, what is worse, of indolence, and habitually addicted to worthy and useful pursuits? I do not think I can call to mind any instance of such a reformation.

I went to Newmarket on Saturday. Mutable as this climate is, the greatest variation I ever saw was between Friday and Sunday last. On Friday, S. W. wind, balmy air like June, and the trees beginning to bud; on Sunday the ground was completely covered with snow, not a particle of any color but white to be seen, a bitter N. E. wind, and so it continued till the sun melted away the thin coat of snow, which disappeared as suddenly as if it had been swept away.

The Ministers got a pretty good majority, all things considered, on Friday. Gladstone made a first-rate speech in defense of the planters, which places him in the front rank in the House of Commons, so Fazakerly told me; he converted or determined many adverse or doubtful votes, as did Sir George Grey the day before.

April 5th.—Lord Charles Fitzroy, Vice-Chamberlain, who had voted against Government on the Negro question, was turned out for his vote, not angrily and violently, but it was signified to him that he must go, and yesterday he came to Buckingham House, where there was a Council, to resign his key. They could not do otherwise, for Peel had sent a message to Lord John Russell to know whether Government did mean in earnest to oppose this motion with all their force and influence, because, if they did, he would support them with as many of his friends as he could bring to their aid; and the reply was that such was their intention. After this they could not pass over such a vote in one of their own household.

The night before last Government had the narrowest possible escape of being beaten upon a motion of Lord Chandos's about Lord Durham's expenses.[1] They carried it by two, and that only because Lord Villiers (Durham's first cousin, and whose brother is one of his aides-de-camp) stayed away, together with Dawson Damer, from motives of personal friendship; Castlereagh, because Durham and Lon-

[1] [Lord Chandos moved, on the 3d of April, that the expenditure on Lord Durham's mission should be limited to £12,000, the sum allowed to Lord Gosford. The resolution was rejected by 160 to 158 votes.]

donderry are knit together by the closest of all ties—a community of *coal* interest; and one of the Hopes, because he is going with his regiment to Canada, and did not choose to incur the personal animosity of the great man there; but for these secessions the question would have been carried. Durham would probably have refused to go, and it is not impossible the Government might have resigned. Nobody expected this close division, and the Secretary of the Treasury was greatly to blame in not securing a larger attendance of the Government people and guarding against all chances. However, in these days a miss is as good as a mile, and such a division, which in former times would have been fatal to a Government, does not signify a straw, except as an additional exhibition of weakness, and proof of their precarious tenure of office. Melbourne yesterday looked very grave upon it, and he had an unusually long audience of the Queen before the Council. Palmerston treated the matter with great levity. As generally happens, there is much to blame in the conduct of all parties. In the first place, the Colonial Minister should have made some arrangement upon his own responsibility, and not have produced the ridiculous correspondence with Durham, and nobody ever before heard of a Minister asking a Governor what establishment he intended to have. Then Durham might as well have laid aside his ostentation and grandeur, and have shown a determination to apply himself manfully to the work intrusted to him, without any desire for pomp and expense. He would have gone out more effectively, have acquired more reputation, and have avoided the odium and the ridicule which now in no small degree attach to his mission. On the other hand, the Opposition had no business to take the matter up in this way. In such a momentous affair it is immaterial whether there is a secretary more or less, and whether an establishment, which is only to exist for one year, costs £2,000 or £3,000 more or less, and to declare that the sum actually spent by Lord Gosford shall be the maximum of Lord Durham's expenditure, is so manifestly absurd that it proves the pitiful and spiteful spirit in which the motion was conceived. Suppose they had succeeded, and that after such a vote Durham (as he well might) had resigned the appointment. This must have been an enormous embarrassment to the public service, incurred without any object of commensurate importance. It is not the least curious part of this matter that

the Government were not at all sorry that the question of Durham's expenses was mooted in the House of Commons in order that his extravagance might be checked; while the Opposition had no expectation, and probably no desire, to carry a vote upon it against the Ministers.

April 8th.—It would have been well for Durham if he had started for Canada the day after he made his speech in the House of Lords, for he made upon that occasion a very favorable impression, and the world was disposed to praise the appointment. Since this his manifestation of a desire for pomp and grandeur, and an expensive display, has drawn ridicule and odium upon him. His temper has been soured by the attacks both in Parliament and in the press; he has been stung, goaded, and tormented by the diurnal articles in the *Times*, and he has now made himself obnoxious to universal reproach and ridicule by an act which, trifling in itself, exhibits an *animus* the very reverse of that which is required in the pacificator and legislator of Canada. He was engaged to dine with Bingham Baring on Friday last, but in consequence of his having voted in the minority the other night, on Chandos's motion, Durham chose to construe this vote into a personal offense toward himself, and sent an excuse saying that "he had no alternative." He wrote to Lady Harriet Baring a very civil note, and conveyed his motive by implication, but quite clearly. The note was, of course, handed about for the amusement of the company, and the story, subsequently, for that of the town.

April 12th.—Dined with Lord Anglesey yesterday, to meet Wolff, the missionary. I had figured to myself a tall, gaunt, severe, uncouth man; but I found a short, plump, cheerful person, with a considerable resemblance to the Bonaparte family, and with some to old Denon, with one of the most expressive countenances I ever saw, and so agreeable as to compensate for very plain features; eyes that become suddenly illuminated when he is warmed by his subject, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and power of intonation. He came prepared to hold forth, with his Bible in his pocket, and accordingly after dinner we gathered round him in a circle, and he held forth. It would be no easy matter to describe a discourse which lasted a couple of hours, or indeed, to say very precisely what it was about. It was a rambling, desultory reference to his travels and adventures in fluent and sometimes eloquent language, and not without

an occasional dash of humor and drollery. He illustrated the truth of the Scriptures by examples drawn from his personal observation and the habits, expressions, and belief of the present inhabitants of Palestine, and he spoke with evident sincerity and enthusiasm. He sang two or three hymns as specimens of the psalmody now in use at Jerusalem. The great fault of his discourse was its length and desultory character, leaving no strong and permanent impression on the mind. He subsequently gave us a second lecture upon the Millennium, avowing his belief that it is near at hand; he "hoped and believed that it would take place in 1847," and he proceeded to show that this was to be inferred from the prophecies of Daniel, and that the numbers in that book, rightly explained, bore this meaning. He told us that he had learned fourteen languages, and had preached in nine.

May 7th.—For three weeks past entirely engrossed by Newmarket, with the same mixed feelings of disgust at the nature of the occupation, and satisfaction at the success attending it. I won £2,000 by the two weeks, and if I meet with no reverse am rapidly acquiring the means of paying off my debts. Then I propose to live not for myself alone (as I earnestly hope), but that I may feel the desire of contributing to the enjoyments of others. I hope as I become rich (and if I get out of debt I shall be rich) I may not become grasping and avaricious, and acquire a taste for hoarding money merely for hoarding's sake. When I see how insensibly, and under what plausible pretexts, this passion steals upon others, I tremble lest I should become a victim to it myself.

I know of nothing in the world of politics. There has been much foolish chatter about the Coronation, and whether there should be a banquet or no; the Tories calling out for one because the Whig Government have settled that there should not be any. The Duke of Wellington, as usual, sensible, and above such nonsense; says it will all do very well, and that the Palace of Westminster having been destroyed by fire, a banquet and procession would not be feasible, as there exist no apartments in which the arrangements could be made. He rebuked his Tory Lords the other night when they made a foolish attack on Melbourne about M'Hale signing himself John *Tuam*. Every day he appears a greater man.

I have read hardly anything all this time but two reviews

in the *Edinburgh* — Brougham's most remarkable paper upon Lady Charlotte Bury's book, the composition of which I saw with my own eyes; the other is Stephen's review of Wilberforce's Life. Nothing can be more admirable than the characters which Brougham has given of the celebrated people of that day—George III., George IV., Eldon, Perceval, and others; and when I think of the manner in which they were written, with what inconceivable rapidity, and in the midst of what occupation—for his attention was perpetually divided between what he was writing and what the counsel was saying—it is an astonishing exhibition of facility and fertility. Stephen's review is as good as possible in a very different style, and his description of the end of Wilberforce's life strikes me as singularly eloquent and pathetic.

CHAPTER III.

A Ball at the Palace—Aspect of Foreign Affairs—Irish Tithe Bill—Debate on Sir T. Acland's Motion—Death of Prince Talleyrand—Death and Character of Lady Harrowby—Government defeated on Emancipation of Slaves—Dispute of Mr. Handley and Lord Brougham—Dinner at Lambeth—Arrangement of Irish Questions—Settlement of Irish Questions—O'Connell declines the Rolls—Naval Intervention in Spain—Duke of Wellington's Moderation—Marshal Soult arrives—Preparations for the Coronation of Queen Victoria—The Wellington Statue—The Coronation—Coleridge and John Sterling—Lord Durham's Mission to Canada—Lord Brougham contrasted with the Duke—Macaulay on his return from India—Soult in London—Duke of Sussex quarrels with Ministers—Lord Burghersh's Opera—High Church Sermons—Lord Palmerston and Mr. Urquhart—The Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill—The Duke's Dispatches—Macaulay's Plan of Life—Lord Durham's Canada Ordinance—Mr. Barnes—Canada Indemnity Bill—Lord Durham's Ordinance disallowed—Irish Corporation Bill—Review of the Session.

May 11th.—Last night I was at the ball at the Palace—a poor affair in comparison with the Tuileries. Gallery ill-lit; rest of the rooms tolerable. The Queen's manner and bearing perfect. She danced, first with Prince George, then young Esterhazy, then Lord FitzAlan. Before supper, and after dancing, she sat on a sofa somewhat elevated in the drawing-room, looking at the waltzing; she did not waltz herself. Her mother sat on one side of her, and the Princess Augusta on the other; then the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge and the Princess of Cambridge; her household, with their wands, standing all round; her manners exceedingly graceful, and, blended with dignity and cordiality, a simplicity and good-humor, when she talks to people, which

are mighty captivating. When supper was announced she moved from her seat, all her officers going before her—she, first, alone, and the Royal Family following ; her exceeding youth strikingly contrasted with their mature ages, but she did it well. I was struck last night for the first time with the great change in the Duke of Wellington's looks ; others have noted it before. He is no longer so straight and upright, and old age is taking possession of his features in a way that is distressing to see. He has lived long enough for his own renown, but he cannot live long enough for the good of his country, let what will happen and when it may. It is a fine sight to regard the noble manner in which he is playing the last act of his glorious life.

My brother writes me word from Paris that Leopold is deadly sick of his Belgian crown, and impatient to abdicate, thinking that it is a better thing to be an English Prince, uncle to the Queen, with £50,000 a year, than to be monarch of a troublesome vulgar little kingdom which all its neighbors regard with an evil or a covetous eye. Louis Philippe is in a mighty fright about it, and he is right, for Leopold's abdication would be almost sure to disturb the peace of Europe. Stanley thinks the peace of Europe will be disturbed, and that speedily, by the great antagonistic forces of religion growing out of the Prussian disputes between the Court of Berlin and the Archbishop of Cologne ; this he told me the other day, and said people were little aware of what a religious storm was brewing ; but his opinions are not to be trusted very confidently, especially when religion is concerned in them.

May 13th.—The world was astonished by Sir Thomas Acland giving notice of a motion, which comes on to-morrow, for expunging from the Journals the famous Appropriation Resolution which turned out Peel's Government.[1] It was doubted at first whether this was a spurt of his own or a concerted project, but it turns out to have been the latter. The Government think it a good thing for them, as they count upon a certain majority, and I am quite unable to see the use of such a motion as this, even as a party move. The Duke of Wellington said, at the end of last Session, that

[1] [Upon Lord John Russell bringing in a bill for settling the Irish Tithe question, Sir Thomas Acland moved, as a preliminary step to this discussion, that the celebrated resolution of the 8th of April, 1835, for the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church should be rescinded. Upon a division the Government proposal was carried by 317 to 298 votes.]

he wished to meet the Government half-way, and settle the Tithe question, and nothing can be less likely to promote an adjustment than this attack; but I understand *now* they do not wish to settle it, and that they prefer trusting to the operation of Stanley's Bill, and say there is no reason for accepting 75 per cent. for the clergy when they can eventually get the whole. But they had better settle the question if they possibly can, for experience might have shown them that if the spirit of resistance and hostility to the Church is again roused into action, the means of vexing and impoverishing the clergy will not be wanting, and the provisions of Stanley's Bill will only have the effect of making the landlords parties to the contest, who, if they find their own interests at variance with the interests of the Church, will not hesitate for a moment in sacrificing the latter. It is very surprising that Peel should consent to this motion, and the more so because his speech at the dinner yesterday is said to have been extremely moderate in all respects.

May 18th.—At Newmarket all the week past. Since I have been away there was the debate and division on Acland's motion. The Government talked of 23, and the Opposition of 15 majority, and it turned just between the two. It was a very ill-advised measure, and I have no doubt was forced on Peel against his judgment, and that it was not approved by the Duke; but the fact is, they cannot manage their party. Peel's speech was anything but good, and smacked of unwillingness; Stanley's was very poor; John Russell's was very good in facts, but ill-judged in some respects, and it is neither wise nor dignified, nor in good taste, to keep flinging at the Bishop of Exeter as he does; Morpeth's was the best, brilliant and effective. Peel said to him, when they were going out to divide, "I can appreciate a good speech when made against me as well as when it is for me, and I must tell you that yours was the best speech of the debate." This was becoming and judicious, and such courtesies soften the asperities of Parliamentary warfare. The Government had much the best of the argument, and the Tories contrived to afford them a triumph upon the Appropriation Clause, and at the same time enabled them to shake it off (onerous and inconvenient as it was) without further difficulty. There was some ingenuity in doing this. I cannot help thinking Peel likes to see his party defeated in this way. The Government think it has been a very great

thing for them, and no doubt it has done them service. Peel's speech at the banquet was somewhat didactic, and too much in the style of a political sermon; but it was very good, full of excellent sense, couched in excellent language, but it may be doubted if his moderation was palatable to the majority of his hearers.[1]

May 23d.—Talleyrand is dead. He died after a short illness some day last week. It would require a nice discrimination of character and intimate knowledge of the man to delineate his, a great deal more of both than I possess, therefore I shall not attempt it. During the period of his embassy in England I lived a good deal with him, his house being always open to me, and I dined there *en famille* whenever I pleased. Nothing could be more hospitable, nothing more urbane and kind than he was; and it was fine to see, after his stormy youth and middle age, after a life spent in the very tempest and whirlwind of political agitation, how tranquilly and honorably his declining years ebbed away. Still retaining his faculties unimpaired, and his memory stored with the recollections of his extraordinary and eventful career, and an inexhaustible mine of anecdotes, his delight was to narrate, which he used to do with an abundance, a vivacity, and a *finesse* peculiar to himself, and to the highest degree interesting and attractive. No name was once held in greater detestation in England than that of Talleyrand. He was looked upon universally as a sink of moral and political profligacy. Born at the end of Louis XV.'s reign, and bred up in the social pleasures and corruptions of that polite but vicious aristocracy, he was distinguished in his early youth for his successful gallantries, for the influence he obtained over women, and the dexterity with which he converted it to his advancement. A debauched abbé and bishop, one of the champions and then one of the victims of the Revolution, afterward (having scrambled through the perilous period of Terrorism) discarding his clerical character, he became the Minister of the Consulate and the Empire, and was looked upon all over Europe as a man of consummate ability, but totally destitute of principle in public or in private life. Disgraced by Napoleon, he reappeared after his fall, and was greatly concerned in the restoration of the Bourbons. For a short time only em-

[1] [A banquet was given to Sir R. Peel on the 12th of May, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, by 300 Conservative members of the House of Commons.]

ployed, but always treated by them with consideration and respect, the Revolution of July again brought Talleyrand prominently on the stage, and, to the surprise of all men, he accepted the embassy to London. The years he passed here were probably the most peaceful of his life, and they served to create for him a reputation altogether new, and such as to cancel all former recollections. His age was venerable, his society was delightful, and there was an exhibition of conservative wisdom, "of moderate and healing counsels," in all his thoughts, words, and actions very becoming to his age and station, vastly influential from his sagacity and experience, and which presented him to the eyes of men as a statesman like Burleigh or Clarendon for prudence, temperance, and discretion. Here therefore he acquired golden opinions, and was regarded by all ranks and all parties with respect, and by many with sincere regard. When he was attacked in the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington rose in his defense, and rebuked the acrimony of his own friends. Talleyrand was deeply affected at this behavior of the Duke. I regret much not having availed myself of the opportunities I might have had to listen to and record the talk of Talleyrand, but the fact is, he was so inarticulate, and I so deaf, that the labor would have been greater than I could go through for the object. The account which my brother has sent me of the circumstances which preceded his death, and of his reconciliation with the Church, are very curious.[1] He had always desired to die at Valençay, in order to avoid the scandal which he apprehended there might be in Paris from the severity of the Archbishop, but it was contrived to get everything quietly and decently settled, and he died in peace with the Church, and with all the absolutions and benedictions that she could have bestowed upon the most faithful of her sons.

May 27th.—Yesterday, at two o'clock, died, after a week's illness, of a low bilious fever, Lady Harrowby,[2] the oldest and most intimate of my friends, and the woman in the world for whom I had the greatest respect and regard. My intercourse with her had been much diminished for many years past; such changes take place in our social habits

[1] [These particulars are now published in the "Leaves from the Journals of Henry Greville," selected by his niece, the Viscountess Enfield.]

[2] [Susan, Countess of Harrowby, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and wife of Dudley Ryder, first Earl of Harrowby, died the 26th of May, 1838.]

without any cause except those which the lapse of time, different pursuits, ties, and habits, bring about. There is a melancholy satisfaction in dwelling upon the noble qualities which death has extinguished, and the excellence of Lady Harrowby demands a brief tribute of affection and admiration from those who, having best known her virtues, have the greatest reason to deplore, and are best able to appreciate, her loss. She had a mind of masculine strength united with a heart of feminine softness; for while she was resolute and determined, and had firmness and courage to bear up against the heaviest afflictions, she had no coldness or insensibility in her temperament, but was endowed with the tenderest and warmest affections. She was not by nature imaginative, but her understanding was excellent and utterly devoid of lumber and affectation. She had the sound practical sense of a vigorous and healthy mind, without a particle of vanity or conceit; she never attempted to plunge out of her depth, or to soar beyond the level of her comprehension and her knowledge. Her conversation therefore was happily described by an old and attached friend and very competent judge, when he said of it that "her talk was so *crisp*."[1] She had an even flow of animal spirits, was never capricious or uncertain, full of vivacity, with a constant but temperate enjoyment of society; never fastidious or exclusive, tasting and appreciating excellence without despising or slighting mediocrity; attentive, affable, and obliging to all, and equally delighting all, because her agreeableness was inseparable from her character, and was an habitual and unceasing emanation from it, rather than the exertion of a latent power only drawn forth by the attraction of corresponding intellectual energies; perfecly natural both in manner and character, honest, straightforward, sincere, and true, but with a genuine benevolence which made her sensitively shrink from the infliction of pain. Delivered altogether from "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," she was ever inclined to extenuate the faults, to pardon the errors, and to put the best construction on the motives of others; no mean jealousy ever entered her mind, no repining at the prosperity, however unmerited, of other people. She drew pleasure from the purest of all sources, from the contemplation of the success, the happiness, and the welfare of her friends and acquaintance. With an exquisite tact,

[1] Mr. Luttrell.

without the slightest appearance of art, frank without severity, open without imprudence, always negligent of self and considerate of others, all her thoughts, impulses, and actions were regulated by the united influence of the highest principles, the clearest judgment, and the kindliest feelings. Thus blessed in her own happy disposition, she was a blessing to all around her. She was the ornament and delight of society, the comfort, support, and joy of her own family. The numerous friends who admired and esteemed her will sincerely deplore her loss; the world, in which she never made an enemy, will render its tribute of justice to her merit in a transient but general expression of regret; but to the grief of her children, the bitterness of which time alone can assuage, time itself can afford but an imperfect consolation, for so entirely was she associated with the interests, the habits, and the pursuits of their existence, that every passing day and hour will bring something to remind them of the loss they have sustained. But although it has not been permitted to them to see her days extended to the ordinary term of human life, and to be engaged in the tender office of "rocking the cradle of her declining age," for herself it is no unhappy or unenviable lot to have closed a useful, an honorable, and a prosperous career in the unimpaired possession of her faculties, without mental disquietude or bodily pain, and surrounded by all the dearest objects of her interest and her love.

June 1*st*.—Nothing has happened of any importance during the last week but the defeat of Government upon the Slave question (Sir E. Wilmot's motion for immediate emancipation), on Tuesday last, and this happened by an accident. Nobody expected an early division, and people were scattered all over the town. Ben Stanley[1] was dining at the Hollands'. In the meantime Lord Stanley persuaded Rice that it was better to have no debate, and that it was neither necessary nor desirable that they should speak. Rice acquiesced, and so they went to a division, but unfortunately before a sufficient number of their people had arrived. It was embarrassing, but Lord John Russell has taken measures to set the matter right before the West Indian mail goes out. The Abolitionists, however, are determined to do as much mis-

[1] [The Right Hon. Edward John Stanley, afterward second Lord Stanley of Alderley, then Secretary of the Treasury. He was familiarly called "Ben" Stanley by his friends.]

chief as they can, and though they know perfectly well that Government (and Parliament, for the Tories are in the same intention) are resolved not to consent to alter the law, and that the Bill for protecting the apprentices is gone out, they are resolved to agitate as violently as they can, and, if possible, to stir up the negroes to insurrection. These men of peace would prefer a violent commotion in the West Indies, attended with every sort of mischief to the slaves as well as to the planters, rather than abandon their own schemes and notions, in which there is much more of vanity and the love of meddling than of benevolence and charity. The whole conduct of Sir Eardley Wilmot, who is only the organ of a party, proves this; for, though well aware he could take no advantage of his resolution, and that if nothing was done to correct the effect of it, a great deal of excitement would be produced in the colony, he nevertheless tried to shirk the question when asked by John Russell to say distinctly what he meant to do, and showed that his only object was to create a difficulty, whatever might be the consequences, and to exhibit himself to the country as the successful asserter of a principle.

On Friday, at Exeter Hall, while engaged in the same cause, Brougham got a severe rap on the knuckles from Mr. Handley—one of those rebuffs to which, with all his talents, he exposes himself, from his tricks and his violence, and, above all, his want of truth. Brougham made a speech, in which he belabored the Ministry generally, and many of them by name, with his usual acrimony. Handley, who had a resolution to move, said he regretted to see the chairman prostitute the cause for which they were assembled by making it the vehicle of abuse of the Government, and thus venting his spite, disappointed ambition, and mortified vanity; on which Brougham rose in a great rage, and said he did not know who the gentleman was who, coming at the eleventh hour, attacked him, who had been a laborer in the cause for thirty years; to which the other retorted that he did not know what he meant by his coming at the eleventh hour, that he had been for many years in Parliament, and had voted against the grant of twenty millions, and for immediate emancipation, in opposition to the apprenticeship system, both of which Brougham had been a party to proposing.

I dined yesterday at Lambeth, at the Archbishop's public

dinner, the handsomest entertainment I ever saw. There were nearly a hundred people present, all full-dressed or in uniform. Nothing can be more dignified and splendid than the whole arrangement, and the dinner was well served and very good. The Archbishop is a very meek and quiet man, not dignified, but very civil and attentive. It is excessively well worth seeing.[1]

On Friday night the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley) stood up and fought the Bishop of Exeter, in the House of Lords, with great success, upon the Irish education question.

June 3d. — On Tuesday last all was harmony in the House of Commons. Peel made a speech, in which he announced his disposition to come to a compromise, and settle all the Irish questions. Lord John answered in a corresponding strain of conciliation, and it was generally understood that everything should be quietly settled, not, however, to the satisfaction of the Tory tail, much growling being heard, both in the newspapers and among the low retainers of the party. (Stanley told somebody, who told me, that he thought this the best speech he ever heard Peel make.) But on Friday night this serene sky was overcast with clouds, and all is thrown into doubt and difficulty again. They are quarreling about the qualification, and angry words were bandied about.[2] O'Connell and Sheil were abusive, though Peel and Lord John both kept their tempers. It is supposed that the Tory party have been so urgent, that Peel is obliged to take up this ground. When they have gone so far toward a settlement, it is probable that some mode will be hit upon for arranging the difficulty. The mob of Tories would be rejoiced to see everything fall to the ground. "Thank God," said one the other night, after the renewal of hostilities, "there is an end of compromise." I am disposed on the whole (but very imperfectly informed) to think that John Russell is right and Peel wrong, and that the former has made all the concessions that ought to be required of him and that he can afford to make.

June 7th.—Walked with Mulgrave[3] (whom I met at

[1] [These archiepiscopal dinners were public: any one could go who thought proper to put down his name, which, of course, nobody did without some claim to be there. The practice ended with Archbishop Howley.]

[2] [The measure before the House was the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill.]

[3] [Lord Mulgrave, afterward Marquis of Normanby, was at this time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.]

Brooks's), and asked him to tell me candidly who was in the right about the qualification, John Russell or Peel? He said, "Talking openly to you, I don't mind saying both are a little in the wrong; but the fact is, the other party do not know what would be the practical effect of the qualification they require, and when that is made clear to them, in Dublin particularly" (and he mentioned some numbers and details I don't exactly recollect), "I think they will see the necessity of altering their opinions." He then talked of the political effect of settling these questions as clearing away the obstacles which now stand in Peel's way, and said he thought it would eventually end in some sort of amalgamation of parties. This I was surprised to hear from him, and told him that it appeared to me quite impossible. But it is clear enough that it is the intention of the Government, at all events, to settle the questions, and if the Opposition will not give way, they will. They are quite right, for it is a great thing to get the principle admitted and to have corporations established; and if upon trial it is found that there is an undue preponderance cast into either scale, it will be good ground for proposing an alteration of the law.

June 16*th.*—At Hillingdon, for Ascot races, from Tuesday to Friday. A great concourse of people on Thursday; the Queen tolerably received; some shouting, not a great deal, and few hats taken off. This mark of respect has quite gone out of use, and neither her station nor her sex procures it; we are not the nearer a revolution for this, but it is ugly. All the world went on to the Royal Stand, and Her Majesty was very gracious and civil, speaking to everybody.

June 21*st.*—O'Connell has declined the Irish Rolls (mastership of the Rolls). He says that it has been the object of his ambition all his life, but that at this moment he cannot accept it; that the moderate course which the Government is pursuing (the abandonment of the Appropriation Clauses, etc.), and his support of that course have already given great umbrage to the violent party in Ireland, and his acceptance of office would be considered as the result of a bargain by which he had bartered the principles he has always maintained in order to obtain this place; that his influence would be entirely lost; a ferment produced in Ireland which he would be unable to suppress, and the Government would be placed in great difficulty. He therefore thinks himself

bound to refuse the Rolls, and to continue to exert his influence to keep matters quiet, and enable the Government to accomplish the settlement of the pending questions, hoping that at some future time an opportunity may occur of raising him to the Bench, of which he may be able to avail himself. Lord Tavistock, who told me this, says no one could behave better than he has done about it, and he gives him credit (as the whole party do) for sincerity and purity of motive. Taking his recent conduct generally in connection with this refusal, I am disposed to believe that his motives are good, and that he is really desirous of aiding in the compromise which is about to take place, and promoting the great work of Irish pacification, not probably without some personal views and objects; and if the present Government remains in, his present act of self-denial will be "reculer pour mieux sauter," and find its reward in the Chief Justiceship whenever Lord Chief-Justice Bush retires, of which there is already a question.

The debate in the House of Lords the night before last, on Londonderry's Spanish motion, elicited from Lord Minto a curious fact (that is, the fact was asserted and not denied) that orders had been sent from hence to our ships of war to prevent by force any aid being given to Don Carlos by the ships of other nations, and that a Sardinian frigate had actually been forcibly prevented. It has made a great sensation here among the diplomatists.

Another thing much talked of is the speech which Lord Anglesey made at the Waterloo dinner when he gave the Duke's health. He said that "it was superfluous to talk of his military achievements, but that he must express his admiration of his conduct in civil matters, especially in the House of Lords during the present session, when he had shown how superior he was to all party considerations and purposes, and when he had given his support to a Government in which it was well known he placed no confidence, because he thought that the national honor and interest required that they should be supported." Of course, a speech reported at second or third hand is not very correctly given, but this was the gist of it, extremely well done by all accounts, not perhaps palatable to all who heard him, but which gave great pleasure to the Duke himself. Anglesey said that the Duke, when he sat down, squeezed his hand hard and long, and said to him, "I cannot tell you what

pleasure you have given me." The Queen sent the Duke a gracious message, desiring he would bring the whole of his party to her ball, which gratified him very much, and he wrote a very grateful and respectful answer. The French were exceedingly annoyed at the ball being given on that particular night (the 18th), and begged to be excused from attending, not angrily, however. It was unfortunate that this day was chosen for the ball, but it was accidental, and not intended as a celebration.

Soult arrived yesterday.[1] Croker meets him with an offensive article in the *Quarterly*, brought out on purpose, and emanating from his spiteful and malignant temper, just the reverse of the Duke, who has made Gurwood keep back the eleventh volume of the Dispatches, in which the battle of Toulouse appears, because some of the details are calculated to be annoying to Soult—a piece of delicacy which is very becoming. It is a sad thing to see how the Duke is altered in appearance, and what a stride old age has made upon him. He is much deafer than he was, he is whiter, his head is bent, his shoulders are raised, and there are muscular twitches in his face, not altogether new, but of a more marked character.

June 24th.—Lord Anglesey gave me his speech at the Waterloo dinner to read, and very good it is.[2] I wanted him to let me send it to the *Times*, and he told me I might do as I liked. I resolved to consult Tavistock, who was (on the whole) against publishing, for fear it should be displeasing to the Duke, so I give up the idea. What he said about the Duke was this, after alluding to his military glory, etc. :—

[1] [The preparations for the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria were now actively going on. Marshal Soult arrived in London as the Ambassador Extraordinary of the King of the French, and was received with the highest distinction and respect, to which Mr. Croker's article in the *Quarterly Review* on the battle of Toulouse was the solitary and disgraceful exception.]

[2] The impression which Lord Anglesey's speech made was not such as his own report of it was calculated to make. A word makes a difference, and he was supposed to have said that the Duke had "separated" himself from faction, which implied censure on others and made it a *political speech*, and though Anglesey says the Duke was so pleased, Gurwood told me that in reply he merely said, "He believed every man present would have done, in his place, what he had done," and he afterward asked Gurwood if he had said anything in his reply that could *annoy* Lord Anglesey, which looks as if he was not so highly pleased as the former supposed him to be. Gurwood said, "We were all on thorns when he talked of faction, and the Duke replied, 'Poor man, he was suffering very much, and he is not used to public speaking, so that he did not know what he was saying.'" If Anglesey could hear this!

"But there is a subject on which I wish to say a word, and it shall be only a word. I allude to the noble, the generous, the disinterested, the truly patriotic conduct of the noble Duke in his Parliamentary course. At the opening of the session the country was involved in difficulty, and under very considerable embarrassment; the spirit of faction had crossed the Atlantic; the demon of discord was abroad; one of the most favored and interesting of our colonies was in revolt. The noble Duke saw this, and seemed at once to decide that it would require all the energies of the mother-country to crush the Hydra at its birth. Accordingly, when any measure was brought forward tending to support the dignity, to uphold the honor, and to secure the integrity of the empire, the noble Duke invariably came forward and nobly supported those measures. But the noble Duke did not stop there: spurning the miserable practices of party spirit, he upon many occasions offered his sage and solid counsel to a Government which he had not been in the habit of supporting. Gentlemen, I declare to you that this conduct has made a deep impression on me. It appears to me that this is the true character and conduct of a real patriot; such conduct is, in my estimation, beyond all praise."

June 27th, 1838.—There never was anything seen like the state of this town; it is as if the population had been on a sudden quintupled; the uproar, the confusion, the crowd, the noise, are indescribable. Horsemen, footmen, carriages squeezed, jammed, intermingled, the pavement blocked up with timbers, hammering and knocking, and falling fragments stunning the ears and threatening the head; not a mob here and there, but the town all mob, thronging, bustling, gaping, and gazing at everything, at anything, or at nothing; the park one vast encampment, with banners floating on the tops of the tents, and still the roads are covered, the railroads loaded with arriving multitudes. From one end of the route of the Royal procession to the other, from the top of Piccadilly to Westminster Abbey, there is a vast line of scaffolding; the noise, the movement, the restlessness are incessant and universal; in short, it is very curious, but uncommonly tiresome, and the sooner it is over the better. There has been a grand bother about the Ambassadors forming part of the Royal Procession. They all detest it, think they ought not to have been called upon to assist, and the poor representatives of the smaller Courts do not at all

fancy the expense of fine equipages, or the mortification of exhibiting mean ones. This arrangement was matter of negotiation for several days, and (the Lord knows why) the Government pertinaciously insisted on it. Public opinion has declared against it, and now they begin to see that they have done a very foolish thing, odious to the Corps Diplomatique and unpleasing to the people.

The Duke and Soult have met here with great mutual civilities, and it is very generally known that the former did everything he could to stop the appearance of Croker's article. Gurwood told me that he begged the Duke to write to Croker and request he would keep it back. The Duke said, "I will write because you wish it, but I tell you that he won't do it. When a man's vanity or his interest is concerned he minds nobody, and *he* thinks himself a cleverer fellow than anybody." The Duke knew his man, for he flatly refused, and intimated that though the Duke might be a better judge of military matters, he (Croker) was the best of literary.

A great squabble is going on about the Wellington memorial,[1] in which I have so far been concerned that Lord Tavistock got me to write the requisition to the Duke of Rutland to call another meeting of the committee, to reconsider the question of the selection of the artist. It is a gross job of Sir Frederic Trench's, and has been so from the beginning, the Duke being a mere cat's-paw of that impudent Irish pretender. The Duke of Wellington himself thinks it a great job, and would be very glad to see it defeated; but he said that "his lips were sealed, he could take no part, the Duke of Rutland had been so personally kind to him, but that it was the damnedest job from the beginning."

June 29th.—The Coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was

[1] [This refers to the subscription for a memorial to the Duke of Wellington, which led eventually to the strange erection of the equestrian statue of the Duke, placed *upon* the arch at the top of Constitution Hill and in front of Apsley House. Sir Frederic Trench took an active part in the promotion of the affair, in the selection of Wyatt for the artist, and finally in the placing of the statue, which appeared to most people who knew all the facts at the time, to be a scandalous job and an enormous absurdity. In the year 1883 the arch was moved from its former position and the statue taken down, to be transported to the camp at Aldershot and erected there.]

beautiful, particularly the benches of the Peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The entry of Soult was striking. He was saluted with a murmur of curiosity and applause as he passed through the nave, and nearly the same as he advanced along the choir. His appearance is that of a veteran warrior, and he walked alone, with his numerous suite following at a respectful distance, preceded by heralds and ushers, who received him with marked attention, more certainly than any of the other Ambassadors. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoiled by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the Lords and others going before her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the Archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;" and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?" "Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the

Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.[1] It is, in fact, the remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, good nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected Queen in the world. The procession was very handsome, and the Extraordinary Ambassadors produced some gorgeous equipages. This sort of procession is incomparably better than the old ceremonial which so much fuss was made about, for the banquet would only have benefited the privileged few and the rich, and for one person who would have witnessed the procession on the platform five hundred enjoyed a sight of this. In fact, the thing best worth seeing was the town itself, and the countless multitudes through which the procession passed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told me that he had been informed £200,000 had been paid for seats alone, and the number of people who have flocked into London has been estimated at five hundred thousand. It is said that a million have had a sight of the show in one way or another. These numbers are possibly exaggerated, but they really were prodigious. From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, by the way they took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people; the seats and benches were all full, every window was occupied, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well dressed, and, from the great space through which they were distributed, there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no room for violence or ill-humor. In the evening I met Prince Esterhazy, and asked him what the foreigners said. He replied that they admired it all very much: "Strogonoff and the others don't like you, but they feel it, and it makes a

[1] She sent in the evening to inquire after Lord Rolle.

great impression on them ; in fact, nothing can be seen like it in any other country." I went into the park, where the fair was going on ; a vast multitude, but all of the lower orders ; not very amusing. The great merit of this Coronation is, that so much has been done for the people : to amuse and interest *them* seems to have been the principal object.

July 1*st.*—This morning hit upon this stanza in Coleridge's "Ode to Tranquillity":—

> "Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine
> On him but seldom, power divine,
> Thy spirit rests ! Satiety
> And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
> Mock the tired worldling. Idle hope
> And dire remembrance interlope
> To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :
> The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind."

My own thoughts about myself. Mr. Sterling, whom I met at dinner the other day (son of Sterling, of the *Times*[1]), said that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats were all greater poets than Dryden, that they had all finer imaginations. He compared "The Vision of Kubla Khan" to "Lycidas" for harmony of versification ! !

July 3*d.*—I was at the ball at Court last night to which hundreds would have given hundreds to go, and from which I would have gladly stayed away : all was very brilliant and very tiresome.

July 4*th.*—A great exposure of Durham in the House of Lords on Monday night,[2] Brougham chuckling over it yesterday morning. The impression left by Melbourne's speech was, that Durham had actually assured him he had no intention of appointing Turton, and it was either so, or Melbourne had desired him not to do so, and he went off without sending any answer. The former discussion about Turton took place while Durham was at Portsmouth. Every-

[1] [This was Mr. John Sterling, whose life has been written by Thomas Carlyle, and again by Julius Hare, though it was a short and uneventful one. Few men left a deeper mark upon his own contemporaries, not less by the grace and purity of his character than by the vigor of his intellect. It is hard to think that of so bright a promise of life and thought so little remains after him. Sterling was sometimes paradoxical, and he worshiped Coleridge, which may account for the incident related in the text.]

[2] [Lord Durham took with him to Canada, on his staff, besides Mr. Charles Buller (an unexceptionable appointment), Mr. Turton, of the Calcutta Bar, and Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, gentlemen against whose private character much had been not unjustly said. Some of these appointments were strongly objected to in Parliament.]

thing blows over, so probably this will, but it is calculated to produce a very bad effect both here and in Canada, and to deprive Durham of all the weight which would attach to him from the notion of his being trusted and trustworthy; besides, the bitter mortification to his pride (by receiving this rap on the knuckles at the outset of his career) will sour his temper and impair his judgment. Brougham says that if he finds his difficulties great and his position disagreeable, he will avail himself of Melbourne's speech and resign. It is universally thought that he must send Turton home, whatever he may do himself.

July 8th.—Lord Duncannon told me yesterday that Melbourne went to Lord Durham when he heard he was going to take out Turton, and told him that the odium of such an appointment would be so great that it was impossible he could consent to it, and it must not take place. Durham sulked over it for two days, but finally acquiesced, and engaged that Turton should only go out as his private friend. Duncannon added that Durham was much mistaken if he thought Melbourne would endure this disobedience and breach of engagement. Durham had made his entry into Quebec on a white long-tailed charger, in a full general's uniform, surrounded by his staff, and the first thing he did was to appoint Sir John Doratt (his doctor, whom he had got knighted before he went) Inspector-General of Hospitals, superseding all the people there.

July 14th.—At Newmarket all this past week. Nothing of consequence occurred here except the debate in the House of Lords upon Brougham's motion for the production of naval instructions about Sardinian ships, which was only lost by the numbers being equal. The Duke of Wellington, according to his custom, refused to be factious, and when Melbourne said that it would be highly inconvenient to produce any instructions, he declared against the motion and left the House. Brougham was furious, and many of the high Tories greatly provoked. Brougham said, "Westminster Abbey is yawning for him." Ellenborough, Mansfield, and Harewood stayed and voted, Aberdeen went away. After all their fury, however, the Tories are beginning (as I was told last night) to come to their senses. The Duke was quite in the right; there is no doubt that some very unwise and improper instructions have issued from the Admiralty, and their purport has got abroad by the indiscretion of

somebody, but we only know, or rather suspect from public rumor, that such is the case; they have never been acted upon if they do exist; no overt act has been done, and the production of this document might be attended with very seriously inconvenient consequences. Brougham cares for nothing but the pleasure of worrying and embarrassing the Ministers, whom he detests with an intense hatred; and the Tories, who are bitter and spiteful, and hate them merely as Ministers and as occupants of the places they covet, and not as men, are provoked to death at being balked in the occasion that seemed to present itself of putting them into a difficulty. The Duke, whose thoughts are steadily directed to the public good, and to that alone, will lend himself to no such vexatious purposes; he looks at the position of the Government in relation with foreign powers, and deals with it as a national and not as a party question. It is in this spirit that he constantly and inflexibly acts, though not failing to give Ministers a pretty sharp lecture every now and then. His forbearance has annoyed his own supporters to such a degree that they keep up a continual under-growl, and are always lamenting the decay of his faculties, and if they dared and knew how, they would gladly substitute some other leader for him. The "ardor prava jubentium" has, however, no effect whatever on him: it neither ruffles his serenity nor shakes his purpose. The Whigs laud him to the skies, which provokes the Tories all the more, nor does their praise spring in all probability from a purer or more unselfish source than the complaints of their adversaries, for they are more rejoiced at finding so often this plank of safety than struck with admiration at his magnanimity. Wise, moderate, and impartial men of all parties view the Duke's conduct in its true light, and render him that justice the full measure of which it is reserved for history and posterity to pay. No greater contrast can be displayed than between the minds of the Duke of Wellington and Brougham. It is a curious and an interesting study to examine and compare their powers, faculties, attainments, the moral and intellectual constitutions of the men, their respective careers, their results, and the judgment of the world upon them.

Yesterday morning I met Macaulay,[1] and walked with

[1] [Mr. Macaulay returned to England from his official residence in India, in June, 1838.]

him for some time. He talked of the necessity of a coalition between the Parliamentary leaders, which might be effected, provided they would lay aside personal feelings and jealousies; that Lyndhurst might be the greatest obstacle; he thought a strong Government ought to be formed, one that should not live as this does from hand to mouth, and by no means but by a coalition could this be effected. The Radicals, he said, were clearly extinct, being reduced, as far as he could learn, "to Grote and his wife;" that he had not been prepared for the tranquillity and contentment that he found on his return to England; that he was as great a Radical as anybody, that is, that if ever the voice of the nation should be as clearly and universally pronounced for reform of the House of Lords, or any other great change, as it had been for the Reform Bill, he should be for it too, but that now he did not think it worth while to give such projects a thought, and it no more occurred to him to entertain them in this country than it would to advocate the establishment of a representative government in Turkey, or a monarchy and hereditary peerage in America. I told him that I did not see how a coalition was feasible, or how conflicting pretensions could be adjusted. He said it seemed to be a matter of course that Peel must lead the House of Commons. I said that the other alternative the Government had was to get rid of some of its lumber, and take in him, Morpeth, and Sir George Grey, and so present a more respectable front—to which he said nothing.

It is really curious to see the manner in which Soult has been received here, not only with every sort of attention and respect by persons in the most respectable ranks in life, members of all the great trading and commercial bodies, but with enthusiasm by the common people; they flock about him, cheer him vociferously, and at the review in the park he was obliged to abandon both his hands to be shaken by those around him. The old soldier is touched to the quick at this generous reception, and has given utterance to his gratitude and his sensibility on several occasions in very apt terms. It is creditable to John Bull, but I am at a loss to understand why he is so desperately fond of Soult; but Johnny is a gentleman who generally does things in excess, and seldom anything by halves. In the present instance it is a very good thing, and must be taken as a national compliment and as evidence of national good-will toward

France, which cannot fail to make a corresponding impression in that country. But the French will not meet us cordially and frankly and with an equally amicable spirit; they are not such good fellows as the English; they have more vanity and jealousy, and are not so hearty; still it will not be without effect.

July 18th.—The Duke of Sussex has quarreled with the Government on account of their refusal to apply to Parliament for an increased allowance, and his partisans are very angry with Melbourne, and talk of withdrawing their support. The Duke began by requesting Melbourne to bring the matter before the Cabinet, which he did, and the result was that they informed his Royal Highness it could not be done. He was very angry, and the rest of the Royal family (glad to make bad blood between him and the Whigs) fomented his discontent. The Duke of Cambridge went to Melbourne and begged that he might not stand in the way of his brother's wishes, from its being supposed that if they were complied with, his own claims could likewise be urged. The Duke, finding he could do nothing with the Government, determined to do what he could for himself, and began to canvass and exert all the influence he possessed among Members of Parliament, and (as he thought) with such success, that he counted upon 250 votes in his favor. He then employed Mr. Gillon to move the matter in the House of Commons, having previously conveyed to Melbourne his intention to do what he could for himself, but not making any communication to Lord John Russell, and directing his confidants to conceal from him what it was intended to do. Accordingly John Russell paid very little attention to the motion of Mr. Gillon, which he saw entered on the Order Book, and when it came on, he opposed it. Peel pronounced a very warm eulogium upon John Russell's conduct, and the motion was rejected by ninety to forty, the Duke's anticipated supporters having dwindled away to that paltry number. Bitter was his mortification and violent his resentment at this result. He wrote an angry letter to John Russell, to which John sent a temperate and respectful reply, but his Royal Highness has since informed Melbourne that he shall withdraw his support from the Government, and the Duke of Cleveland has likewise given notice that the conduct of Government to the Duke "makes the whole difference" in his disposition to support them. The Duke's friends gener-

ally have expressed so much dissatisfaction, that it is matter of considerable embarrassment and annoyance to the Government, and if this was to be carried to the length of opposition, or even neutrality, it might be productive of serious consequences, weak as they are. But as this session is about to close, means will probably be found of pacifying them before the opening of the next. Much of the mischief has arisen from the want of communication and understanding between the parties. It seems strange that Lord John Russell should have been ignorant of the Duke's intention when Melbourne had been apprised of them, and the latter ought to have imparted to the former all he had learned with regard to them. Lord John Russell says that they seldom communicate except with regard to matters which come before the Cabinet, and that if he had learned that Lord Radnor or any other peer was going to make some such motion in the House of Lords, he should not have thought of speaking to Melbourne about it, each managing his matters in his own way in the House to which he belongs. But though he makes this excuse for Melbourne, it was great *laches* in the latter, after what had passed, not to tell Lord John what was in preparation, when some communication with the Duke's friends might have prevented the discussion. On the other hand, it was very bad policy in the Duke not to be more open with the leader of the House of Commons and to attempt to carry his object by force. But he had buoyed himself up with the notion that his popularity was so great that there would be a Parliamentary demonstration in his favor sufficient to compel the Ministers to yield, and he now sees how much he overrated it, and miscalculated the support he fancied he had secured. What he complains of with the greatest bitterness is the conduct of Lord Howick in having asked Mr. Hawes to oppose this grant: "That the son of the man whose administration I made only a few years ago should have canvassed others to oppose me is the deepest wound that ever was inflicted on me." He fancies (it seems) that *he made* Lord Grey's administration!

The Duke has some sort of claim, under all the circumstances. When King William came to the throne, he told him he was anxious to do what he could for him, and would therefore give him the best thing at his disposal, the Rangership of Windsor Park, £4,000 a year; but immediately after came Lord Grey's economical reforms, which swept this

away. The King then gave him Bushey; but it was found necessary to settle a jointure house on the Queen Dowager, and Bushey was taken from him for this purpose. At last they gave him the Rangership of Hyde Park, and he had actually drawn for the first quarter's salary, when the salary was done away with, so that he has been three times disappointed, and he really is over head and ears in debt. It is now more difficult than ever to do anything for him, because all parties are committed, and there is a vote of the House of Commons recorded against the grant. In his dudgeon, he talks of withdrawing from politics, and of selling by public auction all his personal property, library included.

July 23d.—I went the other night (Friday) to Burghersh's[1] opera at Braham's theatre. A vast deal of fine company, and prodigious applause; tolerable music, moderately sung, but a favorable audience. When it was over they insisted upon his appearing, and, after some delay, he thrust his head out from an obscure pit-box in which he had been sitting and bowed and smiled; but this was not enough, and they would have him on the stage; so a great clapping and shouting went on, among the most vociferous being the Duke of Wellington, who enjoyed the fun like a boy, laughing and beckoning to Burghersh, and bawling "Maestro! Maestro!" till at last, vanquished by the enthusiasm of the audience and the encouragement of his friends, he appeared at a corner of the stage; then came a shower of bouquets, which were picked up by Mrs. Bishop and the other women and presented to him, and so ended the triumphant night.

July 24th.—High Church has been recently reading lectures to Her Majesty the Queen in the shape of two sermons preached at the Chapel Royal by Mr. Perceval and Mr. Hook.[2] The Bishop of London was cognizant of Mr. Perceval's intention, and he preached himself for several Sundays, probably for the purpose of keeping him out of the pulpit; but, the Bishop having had a fall from his horse and broken his collar-bone, Mr. Perceval found his opportunity. The Bishop, however, previously warned the Queen

[1] [John, Lord Burghersh, afterward eleventh Earl of Westmoreland, served in the army with distinction, and afterward in the diplomatic service of the Crown. He was devotedly fond of music, and composed both for the orchestra and the stage, not without success. He died in 1859.]

[2] [Afterward Dean of Chichester, and author of the "Lives of the Archbishops."]

that she must expect a very *strong* sermon, which naturally excited her curiosity, and when she heard it it did not appear to her so strong as she had expected. The Bishop's advice or his own reflection may have induced Mr. Perceval to soften it. He made an attack upon Peel (that is, upon somebody whom they concluded to be Peel), reproaching him with sacrificing his conscience to political objects in consenting to Catholic emancipation, not *totidem verbis*, but in words to this effect. Hook's sermon appears to have been the stronger of the two. He told the Queen that the Church would endure let what would happen to the throne. On her return to Buckingham House, Normanby, who had been at the chapel, said to her, "Did not your Majesty find it very hot?" She said, "Yes, and the sermon was very hot too."

July 28th.—The letters between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Urquhart which appeared two days ago in the *Times*, have made a very great sensation, and thrown the friends of the former into great alarm. Urquhart's letter is so enormously long, so overlaid with matter, and so stuffed with acrimonious abuse, that it is difficult to seize the points of it; but that to which general attention is directed is the positive assertion of Lord Palmerston that he had nothing to do with the "Portfolio," and the announcement of Urquhart that in consequence of such denegation he will demonstrate that Palmerston had everything to do with it. He is said to make exceedingly light of it, and asserts that he can clear himself of all the imputations Mr. Urquhart seeks to cast upon him. He has, however, committed a great blunder in entering into a paper war at all. In his letter he correctly lays down the principle of the irresponsibility and omnipotence of a Secretary of State in relation to his agents, and there he ought to have stopped, and, acting on that principle, have declined any controversy; but he entered into it, and descended from his pedestal; and, though his letter is clever and well written, there are some very weak points in it, and some things which incline one to doubt his veracity. Who, for example, can believe that when Strangways[1] gave

[1] [The Hon. William Strangways, afterward Earl of Ilchester, was at this time Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Strangways was an old and intimate friend of Prince Adam Czartoryski, by whom the papers were brought to England which afterward appeared in the "Portfolio," and it was through this Polish connection that Mr. Urquhart was introduced to the notice of the Under-Secretary. Lord Palmerston was at that time (about 1834) strong-

him a letter from Urquhart containing (as he informed him) a statement of his conduct, which conduct he thought so reprehensible that he had desired Strangways to admonish and caution him, he should have put this letter in his pocket, and not even have broken the seal till a long time after? The Government people are evidently in great consternation, and it is very remarkable that not a line of contradiction has appeared in any of Palmerston's papers. No less than three men (Labouchere, Morpeth, and Le Marchant) spoke to me about it yesterday, full of doubt and anxiety, and very curious to know "what people said."

Le Marchant told me that Palmerston was a strange mixture of caution and imprudence; that as long as he did not commit himself *on paper* he thought himself safe; that he would see any newspaper editor who called on him, and often communicate to such persons matters of great delicacy; yet, at the very time he would do this, he demurred to a request that was made to him to communicate freely with him (Le Marchant) and Drummond, who were managing the press on the part of Government; and this reserve was exercised toward him when he was Brougham's private secretary, cognizant of all that Brougham knew (which, of course, was everything), and frequently employed to communicate verbally between the Chancellor and his colleagues on the most confidential matters.

The history of Urquhart is this: William IV. was nearly mad upon the subject of Russia, and Sir Herbert Taylor[1] either partook of his opinions or ministered to his prejudices. Urquhart, who had been in the East, published a violent anti-Russian pamphlet, which made some noise and which recommended him to the notice of Taylor, and through him to that of the King. His Majesty took up Urquhart, and recommended him to Palmerston. Palmerston was not sorry to have an opportunity of gratifying the King, with whom

ly anti-Russian, and was perfectly cognizant of several undertakings which originated with Prince Adam Czartoryski, and his more energetic nephew, Count Ladislas Zamoyski, who had very much the ear of the English Government at that time. These undertakings were the publication of the "Portfolio," Mr. George Bell's expedition to the coast of Circassia in the "Vixen," which was seized there, and the attempt to establish a Consulate in the then Free-Town of Cracow. But after having encouraged and promoted these objects for some time in conjunction with Mr. Strangways, Lord Palmerston suddenly became violently opposed to them, and disclaimed all knowledge of those whom he had employed. See *infra*, January 30, 1839.]

[1] [King William's Private Secretary.]

the Ministers were never on cordial terms, and probably he was not *then* disinclined to act (as far as he dared) upon Urquhart's views. Accordingly he appointed him—a very extraordinary appointment it was thought at the time—Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. There can be no doubt that Urquhart considered himself appointed to that station on account of the opinions he professed, and for the express purpose of giving them effect. He was very likely told so by the King, and left to infer as much by Palmerston. The letter of Strangways, which has appeared in the course of the correspondence, shows that the communications from the Foreign Office were in this spirit. At the same time Palmerston took care not to commit himself in writing. When the death of the King was approaching, Palmerston foresaw that he would have to change his tone with regard to Eastern politics, and consequently that it would be convenient to throw over Urquhart, which he proceeded to do. This man, first his tool and then his victim, turned out to be bold, unprincipled, and clever, and finding his prospects ruined and his reputation damaged, he turned fiercely upon him whom he considered as his persecutor and betrayer. It is fortunate for Palmerston that the matter has broken out at the end of the Session when people are all on the wing and there is not time to sift anything to the bottom, but still the charges are so grave, and they involve such serious consequences and considerations, that it is absolutely necessary the truth should be manifested one way or another.[1] The Foreign Ministers all believe that Palmerston is guilty. Dedel told me last night that Pozzo had said to him, "Quant à moi, je ne dirai pas un mot; mais si tout cela est vrai, il faut aller aux galères pour trouver un pareil forfait." Graham said to me that he was sincerely sorry for it, inasmuch as he had personally a regard for Palmerston; that no man was ever a better, more honorable, or kinder colleague, more anxious to smooth differences and adjust disputes; that *he* could not attack him in the House of Commons, neither would Stanley; that Peel, who hated him, would not dislike doing so, but that he was too cautious to trust implicitly to Urquhart's assertions, and to commit himself by acting on them; that there was nobody else capable of dealing with the sub-

[1] The truth never was manifested, the matter blew over, very little ever was said about it in the newspapers, Urquhart's revelations never appeared, the public forgot it, and the whole affair died a natural death.—January 6th, 1839.

ject well, and that Canning[1] ought not, for the same reasons (only much stronger in his case) that restrained himself and Stanley.

The bishops were at loggerheads in the House of Lords the other night on the Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill. Exeter (Phillpotts), in a most venomous speech, attacked the Archbishop, whose mildness was stimulated into an angry reply; but Exeter gained his point, for both Brougham and the Duke were for postponing the Bill. Phillpotts would have made a great bishop in the days of Bonner and Gardiner, or he would have been a Becket, or, still better, a Pope either in the palmy days of papal power or during the important period of reaction which succeeded the Reformation. He seems cast in the mold of a Sixtus.

August 3d.—The following panegyric on the sixth volume of the Duke's Dispatches, evidently written by no common hand, was given by Dr. Ferguson to Edward Villiers,[2] the Doctor not knowing the author:

"The sixth volume appears to me among the most extraordinary of human productions, ancient or modern. It is not the mere power of sagacity, vigilance, acute, and comprehensive reasoning, or, in short, the intellectual perfection of the book, various and wonderful as it is, which affects my mind most deeply: it is the love of justice, the love of truth, the love of humanity, the love of country, the fine temper, the tolerance of error, the mildness of reproof, the *superb morality* of the great and masculine spirit displayed throughout it, which it is impossible for an honest man to observe without affection and admiration."

August 8th.—James Stephen yesterday was talking to me about Macaulay. He came to him soon after his return from India, and told him that when there he used to get up at five every morning (as everybody else did), and till nine or ten he read Greek and Latin, and went through the whole range of classical literature of every sort and kind; that one day in the Government library he had met with the works of Chrysostom, fourteen Greek folios, and that he had taken home first one volume and then another, till he had read the whole through, that is, he had not read every word, because he had

[1] [Sir Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was at this time a member of the House of Commons.]

[2] [The Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers, a younger brother of Lord Clarendon, filled at this time the office of Clerk of the Clergy Returns to the Privy Council.]

found that it contained a great deal of stuff not worth reading, but he had carefully looked at every page, and had actually read the greater part. His object now is to devote himself to literature, and his present project, to write a History of England for the last 150 years, in which Stephen says he would give scope to his fine imagination in the delineation of character, and bring his vast stores of knowledge to the composition of the narrative, and would, without doubt, produce a work of astonishing power and interest. Macaulay says if he had the power of recalling everything he has ever written and published and of destroying it all, he would do so, for he thinks that his time has been thrown away upon *opuscula* unworthy of his talents. This is, however, a very preposterous squeamishness and piece of pride or humility, whichever it may be called, for no man need be ashamed of producing anything perfect in its kind, however the kind may not be the highest, and his reviews are perfect in their way. I asked Stephen by what mental process Macaulay had contrived to accumulate such boundless stores of information, and how it was all so sorted and arranged in his head that it was always producible at will. He said that he had first of all the power of abstraction, of giving his undivided attention to the book and the subject on which he was occupied; then, as other men read by syllables or by words, he had the faculty, acquired by use, of reading by whole sentences, of swallowing, as it were, whole paragraphs at once, and thus he infinitely abbreviated the mere mechanical part of study; that as an educated man would read any number of pages much more quickly than an uneducated man, so much more quickly would Macaulay read than any ordinary man. Therefore it is first and foremost the power of abstraction, that faculty of attention and of rendering up his mind to the matter before him, which makes all his reading profitable, and leaves nothing to be wasted and frittered away. Then the acquired habit of devouring at a glance a vast surface of print, so that, like the dragon of Wantley, to whom

> Houses and churches
> Were like geese and turkeys,

he can discuss a Greek folio while an ordinary man is dawdling or boggling over a pamphlet or a newspaper.

Nature has certainly cast the mind of Macaulay in a different mold from that of common men. There is no more

comparison between his brain and such a one as mine than between a hurdy-gurdy in the street and the great organ at Haarlem; but it is probably not true that *nature* has made all the difference or the greatest part of it. If the hurdy-gurdy was kept in constant tune and the great instrument was never played upon, and its barrels and tubes allowed to grow rusty, the former would at length discourse the more eloquent music of the two. No care or cultivation indeed could have made me what Macaulay is, but if he had wasted his time and frittered away his intellects as I have done mine, he would only have been an ordinary man; while if I had been carefully trained and subjected to moral discipline, I might have acted a creditable and useful part.

August 10*th.*—Lord Durham[1] has got into a fine scrape with his Ordinance, which is clearly illegal. Brougham brought it forward on Tuesday night in an exulting speech, or rather in many exulting speeches, one of which contained some eloquent passages. He was transported with joy at having, as he said, "got them at last." The Duke supported Brougham, but with more temper and dignity; the Ministers made but a poor defense, if defense it could be called. Durham's appointments canceled and his proclamations declared illegal will neither sweeten his temper nor exalt his character in Canada.

August 11*th.*—Brougham introduced his Bill of Indemnity (a Declaratory Bill) in an admirable speech, dignified, calm, and ably reasoned. Melbourne was imprudent enough to talk of "a trap having been laid for Durham," at which the Duke was very angry, and made a strong speech. Last night they announced that they mean to let this Bill pass, for that there is a necessity for some such Bill. It certainly admits of a doubt whether Durham's Ordinance is illegal, except as relates to transporting people to Bermuda, but it is inexcusable that he should not have been better advised and more cautious than to make any such blunder. We

[1] [Lord Durham had passed an Ordinance enacting that Papineau and the leaders of the Canadian rebellion should be transported to Bermuda, and that if any of them returned to Canada they should suffer death. This was done before trial and without authority or law. It was consequently attacked with great vehemence by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, on the 30th of July, and again on the 5th of August, and he brought in a Bill declaring the true meaning and intent of the Canada Act. The second reading was carried against the Government by a majority of eighteen, and Ministers were compelled to disallow the Ordinance, the legality of which could not, indeed, be defended.]

were told that Turton's indifferent moral character was to be overlooked in favor of his great legal capacity, and now it appears that his law is not a jot better than his morals.

Yesterday I met Mr. Barnes at dinner for the purpose of being introduced to him: an agreeable man enough, with evidently a vast deal of information, but his conversation bears no marks of that extraordinary vigor and pungency for which the articles in the *Times* are so distinguished.[1]

August 12th.—Lord Melbourne agreed to the Indemnity Bill, but with many complaints of the bad effect the discussion would have in Canada. Brougham was triumphant, the Duke moderate and conciliatory. No doubt Brougham, in hitting this blot, was animated with nothing but the delight of firing a double shot into Durham there and the Ministry here, and as to the consequences he cared not a straw; but I am unable to perceive how it would have been possible to pass the Ordinance *sub silentio*, its illegality being clear, and, so far from its being dangerous to discuss the matter in Parliament, it is fortunate that the case occurred before Parliament broke up, so that the necessary Acts may pass to secure Durham and all others acting under his authority from the consequences which might have arisen from a later discovery of the irregularity of his proceedings; for what might not have happened if this Ordinance had been published during the recess and pronounced illegal by high legal authority, and taken up by the press? The Government must have confirmed it on their own responsibility, or disallowed it by their own authority; they would not have dared do the first, and their disallowance would have been fraught with as serious consequences as a parliamentary condemnation. By Melbourne's own showing, and for the reasons which he says induced him to agree to the Bill—namely, that one part of the Ordinance is clearly illegal, and that it is impossible to take one part and to reject another—he ought himself to have come to Parliament for an Indemnity Bill and a Declaratory Act. The question resolves itself into this: what power would the Colonial Legislature have had if the Act had not passed by which the constitution was suspended? and would it have been competent to do what Durham has done? Upon this point authorities differ, but everybody agrees that, whatever the Colonial Legislature

[1] [Mr. Barnes was then chief editor of the *Times*. Mr. Greville had long been in correspondence with him, but this was the first time they met.]

could have done, Durham (with his Council) can do. If, however, Parliament did not think fit to define his power, and great doubts exist as to its extent, the reasonable, indeed the indispensable, course seems to be that those doubts should be as speedily as possible removed, and the amount of his authority clearly and expressly ascertained.

August 13th.—At a Council to-day to disallow Durham's Ordinance. Nothing was sent from the Colonial Office, and I did not know what it was for till I saw Lord Lansdowne. He told me, and then I wrote the Order for the Queen to approve, and he took it in to her. Presently Glenelg arrived, and announced that nothing could be done, for the authenticated copy under the Great Seal of the Colony was not arrived. Then a consultation was held: Lord Lansdowne was for not minding about the Great Seal, and Melbourne chuckled and grunted, and said, "Why, you knock over his Ordinances, and he won't care about the form, will he?" I said, "If there is no precedent, make one," and accordingly the Order passed. They are very angry with the House of Lords, and Lord John said they had behaved very ill, and ought to have waited till the whole case was before them; but I think it *was* all before them.

August 20th.—At Stoke on Saturday, where Lord Sefton is sinking to the grave in a miserable state of depression and mental debility. Up by the railroad and dined at Holland House for the first time for above a year; sat next to Lord FitzGerald at dinner, who lamented to me the loss of the Corporation Bill; he said he would not have consented to the lesser qualification, but would have agreed to all the other clauses if he had had his own way. The continuance of the trusts in the hands of the old Corporation he thought unwise, calculated to offend feelings and prejudices, and inconsistent with their own opinion of the corporators themselves. Wharncliffe, on the other hand, told me some time ago that he did not care about the qualification, but he defended, though feebly, the trusts. This shows how dissatisfied the moderate and sensible of the party are with their own proceedings.

August 23d.—In looking back at the past Session, unexampled in duration, the first thing that occurs to one is how uneventful it has been, and how precisely the political state of affairs has ended as it began. The characters of certain conspicuous men have manifested themselves in a very strik-

ing manner, but that is all; the Government are still in their places, not a jot stronger than they were, and the Opposition maintain their undiminished phalanx without being at all nearer coming into power. The House of Commons uniformly supports the Government, the House of Lords frequently opposes it, but the difference between the two Houses seldom swells to a dispute; it is languidly carried on and carelessly regarded, the country at large not seeming to mind who are in or who are out. The great meteor of the year has been Brougham, who, by common consent, has given proofs of the undiminished force of his wonderful capacity, and who has spoken with as much, if not with greater eloquence than at any previous period of his life. But while he has excited no small degree of wonder and admiration, he has not raised his reputation for wisdom or honesty. He has exhibited such an unbridled rage against the Government, he has appeared to be animated with so much spite and malice, without a particle of public spirit, but only with a vindictive determination to punish them for having rejected him, that the world has only regarded him and his performances as they would look at a great actor on the stage. So bent has he been upon worrying the Ministers, so determined his enmity to them, that he has sought to ally himself with the most extreme sections of opposition, congregating with the Roebucks, Wakleys, and Leaders in the morning, contriving and concocting with them measures of ultra-Radicalism, then hugging Lyndhurst, bowing down to the Duke, courting the Tory lords, and figuring, flirting, and palavering at night at the routs of the Tory ladies. In the House of Lords, Lyndhurst was well content to hunt in couples with him; but the Duke has kept him at arm's length, and though always on civil, would never be on intimate terms with him. Far different has been the Duke's own career, for he has, throughout the Session, displayed a dignity, candor, and moderation, without any tameness or indifference or inactivity, which raise him to the highest rank as a statesman and a patriot, and show him equally mindful of his own honor and his country's good. He alone has moderated the rancor of Lyndhurst, kept in check the violence of Brougham, and restrained the impetuosity and impatience of his party. His abstinence from opposition exceedingly provoked his followers, for, with the exception of the question of the appointment of magistrates by the Chancellor, upon

which he treated the latter with considerable asperity, and blamed his conduct severely, he displayed uniform leniency and forbearance ; at the end of the Session, indeed, he supported Brougham in his attack upon Durham, though not by any means joining in it with the same *animus*. Melbourne, very soon after the commencement of the Session, openly, avowedly, and intentionally quarreled with Brougham and set him at defiance. However unequal to him on the whole, he came off tolerably well in the little skirmishes which constantly took place between them, and he derived a strength and security from the Duke's forbearance or support, which enabled him to jog on without sustaining any material damage from Brougham's terrible assaults. None of his colleagues were of much use to him, and Glenelg got so cruelly mauled at first, that he had afterward no mind to mingle more than he could help in the fray.

In the House of Commons the debates have been much less interesting and exciting than in the House of Lords. John Russell has continued steadily to advance in public estimation as a speaker and political leader, and Morpeth and Sir George Grey have taken higher places, while Rice and Thomson have lost ground, and Hobhouse has sunk into utter insignificance. Peel has, throughout the Session, acted a moderate, cautious part, and Stanley and Graham have said and done little or nothing, both parties, as if by common consent, keeping each other at bay, and alike conscious that their relative strength is too equal to admit of any great triumph on either side. This balance of parties keeps the Ministers in place, but keeps them weak and nearly powerless either for good or for evil. It has not, however, had the effect of exalting the third party (the Radical), which has, on the contrary, sunk in numbers, reputation, and influence. The conduct of the ultra-Radicals in the House of Commons, on the outbreak of the Canadian insurrection, revealed their real disposition and disgusted the country, and, *for the present*, nothing can be lower than the Radical interest, or more feeble and innocuous than the revolutionary principle. The great mass of the Tories are always fretting and fuming at the Whigs retaining possession of office, and are impatient to assault them in front, and indignant that they do not of their own accord resign, but the wiser and the cooler know that however weak the Whigs may be as a Government, and however insufficient

their power to execute all they would like to do, they are fortified in their places by certain barriers which their adversaries are still more powerless to break through; for they have the cordial, undoubted support of the Queen, they are the Ministers of her choice, and they have a majority (a small but a clear and a certain majority) in the House of Commons. A great Tory principle therefore coalesces with a great Whig principle to maintain them in office; for the Tories—who were indignant at what they considered an invasion of the King's prerogative in 1835, when the House of Commons would not let him choose his own Ministers, or, which is the same thing, so continually thwarted the Ministers of his choice as to compel them to resign, and left him no alternative but that of taking back those whom he had dismissed—the Tories could not with any consistency deny to the Queen the exercise of the same authority sanctioned by the support of the House of Commons, which they claimed for King William even against the declared opinion of the House. Nothing is left for them, therefore, but a sulky acquiescence in the present state of things; but they indemnify themselves by placing the House of Lords in the new position of an assailant of the Queen's Government, and the Peers, without daring to assert any co-ordinate authority with the House of Commons as to the choice of Ministers, evince their disapprobation of that choice by frequently thwarting their most important measures. It is curious that none of them—not even Lyndhurst himself, perhaps not the Duke of Wellington—seems to perceive that in the midst of their horror of innovation and dread of great constitutional changes, they have themselves made a great practical change in the constitutional functions of the House of Lords; that it is a departure from the character and proper province of that House to array itself in permanent and often bitter hostility to the Government, and to persist in continually rejecting measures recommended by the Crown and passed by the Commons. When the House of Lords opposed and thwarted the Ministers during the last two years of King William's reign, they may have justified themselves on their own Tory principle, and (assuming as a fact that the King was in the hands of a faction, from whose bondage he could not release himself) that they were only supporting the Crown when they opposed the Ministers whom the House of Commons had forced upon him, and therefore, both as Tories

and as Conservatives, they were taking a consistent, constitutional, and prudent course; but even if this was true then, it is certainly not true now, and it is, I believe, the first time that there is no party in the House of Lords supporting the Crown, nor any individual acting upon that principle, but all are either Whigs or Tories arrayed against each other and battling for power.

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen and Lord Melbourne—The Battersea Schools—A Council at Windsor—A Humble Hero—Lord Durham's Resignation—Duke of Wellington's Campaigns—The Grange—Lord Durham's Return—Death of Lord Sefton—Lord Durham's Arrival—His Reception in the Country—Position of the Radicals—A Visit to Windsor Castle—Lord Brougham's "Letter to the Queen"—Lord Durham repudiates the Radicals—A Lecture at Battersea—Dinner at Holland House—Curran and George Ponsonby—Prospect of the New Year—The Petition of the Sergeants-at-Law—Reconciliation with Lord Durham—Murder of Lord Norbury—The Corn Laws attacked—Lord Palmerston and the "Portfolio"—The Sergeant's Case—Brougham and Lyndhurst "done up"—Opening of the Session—Resignation of Lord Glenelg—State of Parties—Lord Durham's Report—Lord Glenelg's Retirement—Lord Normanby, Colonial Minister—Corn Law Repeal—Sir Francis Bond Head—Gore House—Lady Blessington.

September 7th, 1838.—Nothing to record of any sort or kind: London a desert; I went to-day to Windsor for a Council, was invited by the Queen (through Melbourne) to stay and dine, but made an excuse on the score of business, and luckily had a plausible one to make.

September 12th.—George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me he had been exceedingly struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him: his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She is continually talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady-in-waiting, which necessarily places him next her, the etiquette being that the lady-in-waiting sits next but one to the Queen. It is not unnatural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love. It is become his province to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind

and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honorably, and conscientiously. There are, however, or rather may be hereafter, inconveniences in the establishment of such an intimacy, and in a connection of so close and affectionate a nature between the young Queen and her Minister; for whenever the Government, which hangs by a thread, shall be broken up, the parting will be painful, and their subsequent relations will not be without embarrassment to themselves, nor fail to be the cause of jealousy in others. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behavior, that he is admired, respected, and liked by all the Court.

Yesterday I went to Battersea and dined with Robert Eden, the Rector,[1] and he took me before dinner to see his lions, and introduced me to scenes very different from those which I am used to see. We went to different manufactories, a saw-mill, a pottery, to the lunatic asylum, to the workhouse, and we visited several poor people at their cottages, when he inquired into the circumstances of the sick or the indigent; but what struck me most forcibly was the school (upon Bell's system) and the extraordinary acquirements of the boys. Eden examined them, and invited me to do so, in arithmetic, geography, English history, and the Bible, and their readiness and correctness were really surprising. I doubt whether many of the children of the rich, who are educated at a vast expense at private or public schools, could pass such an examination as these young paupers who are instructed at the cost of about one guinea a year. The greatest punishment that can be inflicted on one of these boys is to banish him from school, such delight do they take in acquiring knowledge. He gave me a curious account of the state of his parish: there is no middle class of tradesmen in good circumstances; they are divided between the extremes of wealth and of poverty, masters and operatives; but among the latter there is a considerable amount of knowledge, though their minds are ill-regulated and their principles perverted. When first he came there the place abounded in disciples of Carlile, pure atheists, and when Carlile was in prison he was supported by their contribu-

[1] Afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells.

tions; but though totally without religion they were not immoral, and among these men were some of the best husbands and fathers in the place, so much so that when Carlile told them that men might indulge in polygamy and take two wives, they were scandalized and disgusted, and began immediately to abandon him. Some were reclaimed and came to church, but the greater part, who required some powerful excitement, sought it in politics, and became deeply imbued with the most pernicious principles of hatred against all institutions, against the highest orders, and against property. The fountain from which they draw their opinions is a Sunday paper called the *Watchman*, which is universally and greedily read: it is cleverly written, accommodated to their taste, and flatters all their worst propensities. Few people know these things and are aware of the poison that is thus circulating through the veins, and corrupting the blood, of the social mass. The desire for instruction and knowledge seems very general among the lower orders. Eden, with some others, has established evening lectures upon various subjects, which are crowded by anxious and attentive listeners of all ages and callings, who frequently hurry from their daily occupations, impatient to partake of the instruction which Eden and his curates, and often some of the better informed inhabitants of the place, are in the habit of dispensing.

September 15th. — Yesterday again at Windsor for a Council. I had made up my mind not to stay if invited, and meant to hasten away; but before I could do so Melbourne came after me and said, "You will stay here? the Queen desired me to ask you." I said I had no evening dress, had come by the railroad, and walked from Slough; could not assume that I should be asked, and did not know what to do. He said, "She meant it as a civility, and thought you would like it." There was a sort of reproach conveyed in the tone, and that induced me to say, "So I should if I had only known of it, but as it is I can send for my things if you like." He ended by desiring I would do what I liked best myself, promised that he would take care the Queen was not offended, and that nobody else would know anything of the matter. I accordingly resolved to go, and went away with Lord Albemarle. My mind misgave me, and I had a great mind to stay, especially as Lord Albemarle told me they did not mean to turn me out after dinner, but that sleeping

there was a matter of course. Then I was sorry I had not stayed, which I might just as well have done, for I had nothing else to do. At these Councils we meet in common morning dress, which we used not to do.

London, October 26th.—A blank month : to Newmarket, to Buckenham, back to Newmarket, to Cromer (fine, wild, bleak coast), Buckenham again, Newmarket, London, Norman Court, and here again ; heard nothing, learned nothing, altogether unprofitable, Durham's resignation[1] the only event, the *dénouement* of which nobody can guess. The Ministers ought never to have sent him, knowing what he was, and this has not been their only fault. Norman Court[2] is a very enjoyable place ; close to it was (for it has lately been pulled down) the house from which Lady Mary eloped with Mr. Wortley. There I met the doctor who attended young Sam Day (who won the St. Leger for me on Mango) after the fall of which he died, and he gave me a striking account of the deathbed scene, the actors in which, albeit of an humble and unpolished class, displayed feelings not the less intense from the simplicity of their expression, and the total absence of that morbid or conventional sensibility which gives a sort of dramatic dignity to the grief of the great ones. The boy himself died like a hero, with a firmness, courage, and cheerfulness which would have been extolled to the skies in some conspicuous character on whom the world has been accustomed to gaze, but which in the poor jockey boy passed unheeded and unknown, and it is only the few as obscure as himself who witnessed his last moments who are aware that wherever his bones rest—

> in that neglected spot is laid
> A heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

November 8th.—At Newmarket, and at Euston for a day (probably for the last time), and to London on Monday. The stillness of the political atmosphere has been rudely broken in upon by Lord Durham's astounding Proclamation : for once the whole of the press has joined in a full chorus of disapprobation, and this may be considered conclusive as to public opinion. Indeed, there can scarcely be two opinions on the

[1] [Upon the receipt of the intelligence of the Declaratory Act, Lord Durham at once announced in Canada his determination to resign. The disallowance of the Ordinance and his official recall crossed this intimation on the road.]

[2] [Norman Court was at that time the seat of Mr. Baring Wall. After his death it passed to Mr. Thomas Baring.]

subject, for such an appeal to the people of the Colony over whom he is placed from the acts of the Government and the legislature of the mother-country is as monstrous as it is unexampled.[1] It seems incredible that he should not have been deterred by the men who are about him, who are not deficient in capacity, from taking this desperate step ; but as there is little doubt that Turton advised him not to issue the Ordinances, and got into disgrace with him for so doing, it is possible that they none of them were consulted, or if consulted did not dare, or did not choose, to give him any advice whatever. The dignity of the Government now demands that his insolence and misconduct should be visited with the severest expression of disapprobation and reproof, and the harshest measures, even an impeachment, would be fully warrantable, if harsh measures did not generally defeat their own object. But, if the Government mince matters with him, and evince any fear to strike, if they do not vindicate their own authority, and punish his contumacy with dignity and spirit, their characters are gone, and they will merit all the contempt with which their opponents affect to treat them.

November 18th, Wolbeding. — Came here to-day and brought Lord Fitzroy Somerset[2] with me, who told me a great deal about the Duke and their old campaigns. He never saw a man so cool and indifferent to danger, at the same time without any personal rashness or bravado, never putting himself in unnecessary danger, never avoiding any that was necessary. He was close to the Duke, his left arm touching the Duke's right, when he was shot in the arm at Waterloo, and so was Lord Anglesey when he received his wound in the leg. When Lord Anglesey was shot he turned to the Duke and said, "By G—, I have lost my leg!" The Duke replied, "Have you? by G—!" The only time the Duke ever was hit was at Orthez, by a spent ball, which struck him on the side and knocked him down. He and

[1] [Lord Durham's conduct was arrogant and highly injudicious. On the 9th October he issued a Proclamation in Canada, in which he censured the conduct of the Home Government. It is printed in the "Ann. Reg." for 1838, Chron. p. 311. In fact his vanity was wounded, and his mission, of which so much was expected, had failed. But it will be seen further on that the first impression produced by his violence was considerably mitigated. Mr. John Stuart Mill defended his policy in the *Westminster Review*, and a certain amount of reaction took place in his favor.]

[2] [Afterward Lord Raglan. He lost his arm at Waterloo, and commanded the British army in the Crimea, where he died in 1855.]

Alava were standing together, having both dismounted, and they were laughing at a Portuguese soldier who had just passed by saying he was "offendido" . . . when the Duke was struck down, but he immediately rose, and laughed all the more at being "offendido" himself. During the battles of the Pyrenees, Cole proposed to the Duke and his staff to go and eat a very good dinner he had ordered for himself at his house in the village he occupied, as he could not leave his division. They went and dined, and then the Duke went into the next room and threw himself upon a bed without a mattress, on the boards of which he presently went to sleep, with his dispatch-box for a pillow. Fitzroy and the aides-de-camp slept in chairs or on the floor, scattered about. Presently arrived, in great haste and alarm, two officers of artillery, Captain Cairne and another, who begged to see the Duke, the former saying that he had just brought up some guns from the rear, and that he had suddenly found himself close to the enemy and did not know what to do. They went and woke the Duke, who desired him to be brought in. The officer entered and told his story, when the Duke said, very composedly, "Well, sir, you are certainly in a very bad position, and you must get out of it in the best way you can," turned round, and was asleep again in a moment.

Lord Fitzroy gave me an account of the battle of Salamanca, exactly corresponding with that which the Duke himself gave me last year at Burghley, but with some additional details. They were going to dine in a farm-yard, but the shot fell so thick there that the mules carrying the dinner were ordered to go to another place. There the Duke dined, walking about the whole time, munching, with his field-glass in his hand, and constantly looking through it. On a sudden he exclaimed, "By G—, they are extending their line; order my horses!" The horses were brought and he was off in an instant, followed only by his old German dragoon, who went with him everywhere. The aides-de-camp followed as quickly as they could. He galloped straight to Pakenham's division, and desired him immediately to begin the attack. Pakenham said, "Give me your hand, and it shall be done." The Duke very gravely gave him his hand, Pakenham shook it warmly, and then hastened off. The French were attacked directly after.

He also told me another anecdote I had never heard before. During the retreat from Burgos, on this very day

twenty-six years ago, when the weather was dreadful and the roads very nearly impassable, the Duke *lost his army* for several hours. They had to cross a river near a place called Rodrigo, and the Duke had ordered the army to march in three columns, of which one, composed of the Spaniards, was to cross by the only bridge there was, and the other two by fords and by another route. He had assigned the easiest line to the Spaniards, because they were likely to have more stragglers than the British. Arthur Upton, the Quarter-master-General of one of the divisions, had dined at head-quarters the night before, and the Duke had sent by him written orders for the march. The next morning at two o'clock the Duke was on the high-road on purpose to see the troops pass by. Cavalry came, but no infantry, and to the inquiries the Duke made, they all replied that they had not seen anything of the infantry. Presently the Duke galloped off, and Fitzroy, having missed him soon after, set off to see if he could discover what was become of the infantry. It was not till several hours after that he joined the Duke, who had at last found out the cause of the non-appearance of his infantry. The three generals commanding the divisions, Clinton, Stewart, and Lord Dalhousie, had thought fit to disobey his orders, and, as a great deal of rain had fallen in the night, they had settled that it would be better to direct the whole of the infantry on the bridge instead of moving them by the roads prescribed by the Duke, and though they knew he was only seven or eight miles off, they never advised him of their having made this change in the movements he had ordered. The enemy did not discover what had occurred; if they had, the consequences might have been very serious, and a great loss have ensued. Fitzroy asked the Duke what he had said to them, and he replied, "Oh, by G—, it was too serious to say anything!" It was too late then to restore the original order of march, and the whole army crossed by the bridge. No further allusion was made to what had occurred.

December 2d.—Went from Wolbeding to the Grange, last Friday week—Henry Taylor and George Cornewall Lewis there—and came to town on Sunday. The Grange is a beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture, bought by Lord Ashburton of that extraordinary man Henry Drummond, a man so able and eccentric as to be treading on the very edge of the partition which divides wit from madness.

Lord Durham arrived at Plymouth some days ago, but was not able to land (on Thursday last) owing to the violence of the storms. Great curiosity prevails to see what sort of a reception he gets from Ministers and the Queen, and what his relations are to be with Government. Nothing they say can exceed the astonishment which he and his court feel, or will feel, at the sensation excited in the country by his conduct. Gibbon Wakefield, the first who arrived, said he had never been so amazed in the course of his life, and owned that they had all expected to make a very different impression, and to be hailed with great applause. Brougham, who is sitting at the Judicial Committee, is in high spirits and looking forward with exceeding zest and eagerness to the fun he is to have in the House of Lords.

While I was in the country, Lord Sefton's long illness came to a close, but not before he was reduced to a state of deplorable imbecility, so that his death was a release from misery to himself as well as to all about him. He was a man who filled a considerable space in society, and had been more or less conspicuous from the earliest period of his life. He was possessed of an ample fortune, which he endeavored to convert into a continual source of enjoyment in every mode which fancy, humor, or caprice suggested. His natural parts were excessively lively, but his education had been wholly neglected, and he never attempted to repair in after-life the deficiencies occasioned by that early neglect. He had therefore not the slightest tincture of letters, his mind was barren of information, and he not only took no interest in intellectual pursuits, but he regarded with aversion, and something like contempt, those who were peculiarly devoted to them. On the other hand, he was an acute man of the world, eagerly entering into all the interests, great and small, of his own time, sufficiently acquainted with the mushroom literature of the day for all social purposes, and, partly from the authority which his wealth and position gave him, partly from his own dexterity, he contrived to turn conversation aside from those topics in the discussion of which he was incapable of mixing, and to promote that sort of half-serious, half-ludicrous talk, in which he was not only fitted to play a prominent part, but in which he exhibited a talent quite peculiar to himself. Never was there so great a master of what is called *persiflage*—of that boisterous, droll and pungent banter which, if not the most elevated species

of wit, is certainly that which is most exhilarating and provocative of laughter. In this he was unrivaled, and it was heightened by the adjuncts of a voice, face, and manner irresistibly comical. As the most opposite characters owned the fascination of this exciting talent, he was enabled to gratify his inclination for every variety of social excellence, and to number among his friends and companions many of the most eminent and accomplished men of his time. From his earliest youth he had always lived in what was considered the very best society, and as he eschewed the idea of growing old and retiring from the stage, he was continually making new acquaintances, falling into fresh pursuits, and adapting himself to the prevailing tastes and habits of the day. His father had stamped upon him his hideous form, but with it his sharp and caustic wit; he found himself at the outset a member of that brilliant society of which Hatfield and Cashiobury were the temples, and Lady Salisbury, Lady Essex, and Mrs. St. John the presiding divinities. After these had flourished and decayed, Sefton struck into fresh paths of social enjoyment, and having successively sought for amusement in hunting, shooting, racing, gaming, "besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking," he plunged with ardor into politics, and though he had no opinions or principles but such as resulted from personal predilections, and had none of that judgment which can only be generated by the combination of knowledge with severe mental discipline, he was enabled by the force of circumstances and an energetic will to acquire political intimacies, and to a certain degree to play a political part: of this his friendship with Brougham was the primary cause. Brougham had been his counsel in some important cause at Liverpool, and that professional connection subsequently ripened into a close alliance, Sefton being naturally delighted with his brilliant conversation, while Brougham was always highly diverted with the peculiar humor and drollery of Sefton. So intimate therefore did they become, and such influence was Sefton supposed to possess over his mind, that he was employed by Lord Grey, on the formation of the Whig Government in 1830, to settle the conditions of Brougham's accession to office, and to appease the wrath which had been stirred up in his mind by the offer of being made Attorney-General. His addiction to politics had, however, very little influence on his habits, except to extend and diversify the

sphere of his occupations and amusements. His Parliamentary attendance never abridged the hours or nights which were devoted to Crockford's, and his friendships with Brougham, Lord Grey and Lord Holland, Talleyrand, and all the most distinguished people in the country did not alienate him from the company of the idle, gay, and dissolute frequenters of clubs and race-courses, congenial spirits from whom he extracted their several contributions of entertainment. The one thing needful to him was excitement, and so fixed and rooted was his habit of seeking it, that there was a sort of regularity in the very irregularities of his existence. In regard to his moral attributes he was governed by an intense selfishness, but of that liberal and enlightened character which throws a partial veil over the vice itself, and leaves the superficial observer unconscious of its existence. He was a devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, a despot (though it was a beneficent despotism) in his own family, a courteous, cordial, and obliging host; he cared for money only as a means of enjoyment, but it formed no part of his scheme of happiness to employ it in promoting the pleasures or relieving the necessities of others, except in so far as such pleasures were connected with his own gratification. He was absolutely devoid of religious belief or opinions, but he left to all others the unquestioned liberty of rendering that homage to religion from which he gave himself a plenary dispensation. His general conduct was stained with no gross immorality, and as he was placed far above the necessity of committing dishonorable actions, his mind was habitually imbued with principles of integrity. They sat, however, lightly and easily upon him as regarded the conduct of others, not so much from indifference as from indulgence in those particular cases where a rigid and severe application of high principle would have interfered with his own convenience or enjoyment. Such was Sefton, a man who acted too conspicuous a part on the stage of the world to be passed over without notice, whom I knew too well to delineate in more flattering terms, but to whom I must acknowledge a debt of gratitude for a long and undeviating course of kind and cordial hospitality experienced for many years.

December 6th.—If notoriety upon any terms could satisfy anybody, Lord Durham would have ample reason for contentment, as his name is in everybody's mouth, and the chief

topic of every newspaper and political periodical. He was detained by the storms on board his ship for a day or two, and met on his landing by a Devonport address, to which he returned a rather mysterious answer (talking of the great disclosures he had to make), with a reference to his Glasgow speech in which in '34 he announced his Radical tendency. The most interesting question is how he and the Ministers will go on together, what they ought to do, and how he will take their usage of him whatever it may be. He has been in no hurry to come to town, and has reposed himself at Plymouth as long as it suited him ; but he is expected to-day. Brougham, who is sitting every day at the Privy Council, is always growling at him sarcastically, and was much pleased when news came of the fresh outbreak in Canada, and his disappointment was equally evident when he heard it was so rapidly quelled. He was reading the newspaper in my room before the Court opened, when Denman came and announced that he had just met Charles Wood, who had told him that young Ellice was released, and the insurrection suppressed. Brougham did not take his eyes off the paper, and merely muttered, "It will soon break out again." He is all day long working sums in algebra, or extracting cube-roots ; and while he pretends to be poring over the great book (the cases of the parties) before him, he is in reality absorbed in his own calculations. Nevertheless, he from time to time starts up, and throws in a question, a dictum, or a lecture, just as if he had been profoundly attentive.

December 10*th.*—Nothing can exhibit more strikingly the farcical nature of public meetings, and the hollowness, worthlessness, and accidental character of popularity, than the circumstances of Durham's arrival here. He has done nothing in Canada, he took himself off just as the fighting was going to begin, his whole conduct has been visited with universal disapprobation, and nevertheless his progress to London has been a sort of triumph ; and he has been saluted with addresses and noisy receptions at all the great towns through which he passed. His position here is extraordinary enough, and his relations with the Government stand upon a strange footing. They have made no communication to him since his arrival. Upon the receipt of his Proclamation they wrote to him and expressed their disapprobation, but those letters never reached him, as he quitted Canada before they could have arrived. They now, it seems, consider that silence is

token sufficient of their displeasure at his abrupt return; but, though no doubt he fully understands them, they ought to have conveyed their sentiments openly and distinctly. There is an appearance of pusillanimity in this reserve which does them great harm, and brings them into discredit. They ought to have told him temperately, but firmly, that they were entirely dissatisfied with his proceedings, and having so done they should have called upon him to afford them all the explanations and all the information he has to give; but they have done none of this, for they have taken no notice of him, nor he of them. He has not seen one of the Ministers, nor even his own brother-in-law Howick, nor any of the underlings, except Ben Stanley, who found Durham in high dudgeon, and saying, that "as Government attacked him he must defend himself." What he means by "attacking him" is, that certain articles reflecting on his conduct have appeared in the *Globe*, for in no way have Government said or done anything about him; on the contrary, they have been only too reserved and forbearing.

The conduct of Durham throughout the whole business, from his first legislative act in Canada (the Ordinance) down to his arrival in London, is perfectly inexplicable, and presents a series of blunders tricked out in plausible language, invested with the dignity of pompous phraseology, mysterious allusions, threats and promises, and the affecting complaints of injured innocence and ill-requited virtue. But still, such is the effect of notoriety, so dearly do ordinary mortals love to play a part and "make the capable," that in spite of his blunders and his faults he has contrived to excite a certain amount of interest, to make an impression, though not a very deep or wide one, and to raise a vague expectation as to his promised disclosures. His speeches in reply to the addresses are most extraordinary performances, unbecoming in tone, contradictory, inconsistent, and inflated; for as to disclosures he has none to make of any sort or kind. He had the finest game to play in Canada that could be placed in his hands, for the proceedings here gave him a legitimate grievance, and would have enabled him to claim double credit for success, and exemption from any blame or discredit from failure; but temper, uncontrollable and unreflecting, hurried him into the irretrievable follies he committed, and he is now without any alternative but that of renewing the Radical connection from which a short time

ago he evinced a disposition to keep aloof, and he has nothing left for it but to accept the post that is offered him of leading a party which, in its composition, principles, and objects, is as uncongenial as possible to his real character and disposition. For it is not a little curious that this leveling democratic faction, to whom the aristocracy are an abomination, are not only wild to have a lord for their leader, but must have that lord who is the especial incarnation of all those odious qualities which they ascribe most unjustly to the order of which he is a member: and he who is brimful of pride and arrogance, and of an overweening sense of his greatness and his rank, is content to associate with men whose chief recommendation is the profuseness with which they pander to his vanity, and to seek personal distinction and power by lending himself to the promotion of schemes the success of which no man would more earnestly deprecate than himself. The greatest enigma is how Durham has ever come to be considered of such importance, and what is the cause of the sort of reputation he has acquired; for, whatever may be his intrinsic value, he certainly fills a considerable space, attracts a great share of public attention, and is a personage of some consequence in the political world. He is a clever man, can both write and speak well, but he has not been in the habit of *saying* much, and he has never *done* anything whatever. He is known to the world by no specific act, and he has taken part very rarely and occasionally in the debates in Parliament. All that is known of his embassy to Russia is, that he was completely bit by the Emperor Nicholas, and gave up the question of the "Vixen;" still, by dint of being perpetually cried up by a particular party, and by doing well the little he has occasionally done in public, he has succeeded in making himself pass for a man of high pretensions and uncommon endowments, and in the present state of parties his arrival may be productive of important effects.

The Radicals, that is, the English ones, are extremely exasperated againt the Government, and many of them are anxious to terminate the Whig reign, from which they think it vain to expect anything after John Russell's declaration, and to try their chance with the Tories: not that they expect to find the Tories squeezable, but they fancy that a Tory Government will fail, and, after its failure, that recourse must be had to them. The wiser heads of the party

know that these notions are quite chimerical, and are for trusting to the chapter of accidents and letting the present Cabinet remain in. The consequence is, that there is great dissension and vast difference of opinion among them; they have no leader, and there is no individual who influences the determinations of the whole body. On the other side of the water, O'Connell has likewise threatened to insist upon ballot as the condition of his support to Government; but nobody pays any attention to his harangues or the menaces they contain, and his support may be pretty well depended on. But it would not be enough for Government that the English Radicals should abstain from going against them in a body, because so slender is the majority on which they can count, that if any considerable number were to oppose Government on some vital question, it would be sufficient to overthrow them. Of this they are aware, as well as of the probability of such defection, and the consequent precariousness of their situation, and many among them are beginning to be very tired and disgusted with such a tenure of office. It is difficult to believe that Melbourne would not be more so than anybody, if it were not that he is bound by every sentiment of duty, gratitude, and attachment to the Queen to retain the Government as long as he can with honor and safety, and to stretch a point even, to spare her the pain and mortification of changes that would be so painful to her. The Tories, who see the accumulating difficulties of the Government, and who are aware of the immense importance of letting it dissolve of itself, or be broken up by the defection and opposition of its own supporters, are disposed to be patient and moderate; that is, the more sagacious of them are; but they are always in danger of being prematurely urged on by the violence and impetuosity of their tail. Such is the state of parties at the present moment, and it would puzzle the most sagacious observer and most experienced actor in political life to predict the result of the ensuing session. There is quite enough, however, in the general aspect of affairs both at home and abroad to moderate the rancor of mere party violence.

December 15*th.*—Went on Wednesday to a Council at Windsor, and after the Council was invited to stay that night; rode with the Queen, and after riding Melbourne came to me and said Her Majesty wished me to stay the next day also. This was very gracious and very considerate, be-

cause it was done for the express purpose of showing that she was not displeased at my not staying when asked on a former occasion, and as she can have no object whatever in being civil to me, it was a proof of her good nature and thoughtfulness about other people's little vanities, even those of the most insignificant. Accordingly I remained till Friday morning, when I went with the rest of her suite to see the hounds throw off, which she herself saw for the first time. The Court is certainly not gay; but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality; where some ceremony, and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no real pleasure. The Queen is natural, good-humored, and cheerful, but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very up-hill work. This, however, is the only bad part of the whole; the rest of the day is passed without the slightest constraint, trouble, or annoyance to anybody; each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which makes the agreeableness of an English country house; there is no room in which the guests assemble, sit, lounge, and talk as they please and when they please; there is a billiard-table, but in such a remote corner of the Castle that it might as well be in the town of Windsor; and there is a library well stocked with books, but hardly accessible, imperfectly warmed, and only tenanted by the librarian: it is a mere library, too, unfurnished, and offering none of the comforts and luxuries of a habitable room. There are two breakfast-rooms, one for the ladies and the guests, and the other for the equerries; but when the meal is over everybody disperses, and nothing but another meal reunites the company, so that, in fact, there is no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little resource or amusement.

The life which the Queen leads is this: she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is em-

ployed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry in waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord in waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take in to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all however very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over the Duchess of Kent's whist-table is arranged, and then the round table is marshaled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day: she orders and regulates every detail

herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle, she really has nothing to do with anybody but Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tête-à-tête* yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together besides.[1] He is at her side for at least six hours every day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court. But it is more peculiarly inexpedient with reference to her own future enjoyment, for, if Melbourne should be compelled to resign, her privation will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affect her health, and upon one occasion during the last session she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out. It must be owned that her feelings are not unnatural, any more than those which Melbourne entertains toward her. His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him, and of her lively taste for his society, but not marked by any unbecoming familiarity. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified, and touched as he must be by the confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvelous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine: of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations

[1] The Duke of Wellington says that Melbourne is quite right to go and stay at the Castle as much he does, and that it is very fit he should instruct the young Queen in the business of government, but he disapproves of his being always at her side, even contrary to the rules of etiquette; for, as a Prime Minister has no precedence, he ought not to be placed in the post of honor to the exclusion of those of higher rank than himself.

and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language interlarded with "damns" is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, labored, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.

December 19*th*.—Dined with Brougham the day before yesterday, with whom I am on mighty intimate terms just now. Sat next to Bellenden Ker (who drew up his Privy Council Bill), who told me that Brougham said he was writing sixteen hours a day, and about to bring out two more volumes of his Paley,[1] and I found the explanation of his calculations at the Council Board in the fact that he was working out some problems for the purpose of proving the form of the structure of honeycombs. In the mean time he has put forth a pamphlet in the shape of a letter to the Queen, which he half acknowledges, and of which nobody doubts that he is the author, as in fact nobody can who is acquainted with the man or his writings. It make a prodigious noise in the world and is read with avidity, but, though marked with all his cleverness, it is a discreditable production. The tone of it is detestable, the object mischievous, though by no means definite or clear. After stripping it of all its invectives and ribaldry, there is no proposition which can be extracted from it except that of giving universal suffrage, for, although he does not say so, his argument cannot be arrested short of such a consummation. It is a bitter, brilliant, wayward satire and philippic, and, as Johnson said of Junius, "if you extract from its wit the vivacity of impudence, and withdraw from its efficacy the sympathetic favor of plebeian malignity, if you leave it only its merit, I know not what will be its praise." It is, however, marvelously characteristic of the man, and illustrative of the state of his mind. His present political conduct, if political it can be called, is curious enough, for he is doing all he can to keep up his connection with the Radicals, and at the same time courting the Tories, his only fixed idea being to worry the Government. It is clear to me that he was jealous and displeased at the notion of Durham's being put at the head of the Radical party, and it was with evident glee that he told me on Monday how grievously Durham had

[1] Paley's "Natural Theology," illustrated by Lord Brougham, was published soon afterward.

offended them by his reply to the Westminster Association, which they very correctly took to themselves. Brougham called on Leader on Sunday, where he found Trelawny, and one or two more Radicals whose names I have forgotten, when Leader expressed these sentiments to him: he said there was no sort of necessity for Durham's writing them such a letter, and that he had evidently seized the opportunity of addressing *them* in that shape, and of course there was an end of any possibility of a connection between him and them. This is very true, for the fact is that Durham—who since his arrival has had time and opportunity to find out in what a miserable position he has placed himself, how feeble and inefficient the Radical party is as a party, and how entirely he would destroy himself by becoming their leader, and who moreover has been exceedingly disgusted at the way in which he was taken up by Molesworth, and provoked to death at being taken under his protection at Devonport—desires earnestly to retrace his steps and to disavow the alliance they have offered him, and which they have so prematurely and ostentatiously proclaimed. He now wants to put himself in a neutral and, if he can, a dignified position. Yesterday he had an interview with Lord Wellesley, whom he asked leave to call upon, and it is not at all unlikely that it will end in his meeting Brougham at Lord Wellesley's as their common friend. Brougham told me that their quarrel was at an end, and that it was now only a question which should first speak to the other, and that Durham had said he was not at all angry at the part he had taken in the House of Lords, and owned he could not, consistently with the conduct he had pursued with respect to Canada, have acted differently. All this proves that he is ready enough to make it up with Durham; in fact he will ally himself with anybody who is likely to join him in attacking the Government. What Brougham told me about the Radicals was confirmed last night by Fonblanque, who said that Durham's return had been positively serviceable to Government, for if he had remained in Canada there were fourteen or fifteen of that party who would most certainly have gone into Opposition; but his return having led to the expectation of his joining them, and that having been frustrated, there was every probability of their doing what they had done before and supporting the Government, however sulkily and reluctantly, rather than throw open the door for

the return of the Tories. He said the slightest concession to them from the Government would secure them, but I told him none would be made, and he was aware of it.

I met Sheil at dinner yesterday at Poulett Thomson's, who, to my suprise, is a candidate for the office of Judge Advocate, and he expects, if Macaulay refuses it, to be appointed. He begged of me to let him know as soon as Macaulay's answer came, and he said, Normanby had strongly urged it, and Melbourne was well disposed toward him.

December 24th.—Went on Friday to Battersea to hear Robert Eden deliver a lecture in the school-room—one of a course he is delivering upon anatomy, or rather upon different parts of the human body—and demonstrating the utility of cleanliness, the danger of drunkenness, and mixing precept with information for the benefit of as mixed an audience as ever was assembled, but who seemed much interested and very attentive. There were many of the gentry of Battersea, male and female, the tradespeople, workmen, the boys of the school, and a rough, ragged set of urchins, laborers on the railroad—in all about 300 people. The lecture, which was upon the arm, was very fluently given ; the lecturer is not sufficiently master of his subject to make his explanations very lucid and perfectly intelligible, but he conveys good general notions, and introduces such a mixture of anecdote and illustration as makes it sufficiently entertaining. The undertaking is highly laudable ; it is carried on with great zeal and spirit, very considerable ability, and, as far as it has gone, with complete success.

Dined yesterday at the Hollands' : Normanby, Melbourne, and Luttrell ; pretty good talk. Melbourne, rather paradoxical, asserted that "men with quick feelings were always the worst men ; that he could not work out the proposition metaphysically then, but that he should do." It was the assertion of Brougham's having quick feelings which elicited the saying, though certainly Brougham is not the *worst* of men : far from it, nor did he mean to say so. Brougham denies this pamphlet, and says he cannot be the author for this reason : the pamphlet reasserts something about Melbourne which he had asserted in one of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. Melbourne, when he read that article, wrote to Brougham, and told him that as he was sure he did not wish to misrepresent him, he informed him that he had never entertained the opinions nor given the vote there

ascribed to him. Brougham replied, admitting his error, and promising to correct it, offering to do so at Melbourne's option in another number of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *in some other work* (I forget what). Melbourne wrote back, in rather a jocular strain, that he thought it would be preferable to have the correction in the same publication as the statement, to which Brougham sent a good-humored answer, and there it ended. After this, he says that he could not by possibility repeat the very same thing in another work that he had already engaged to recall, and this is certainly strong. At the same time there are things in it which no other man could have written. Just before it came out he was preparing something for the printer, for he came into my room with a parcel of proof-sheets in his hand, which I fancied were for me to frank to Macvey Napier, and I said so; when he replied, "Oh no, they are going to the printer here." It is after all not improbable that it was a joint production—his and Roebuck's—Roebuck making the pudding, and Brougham putting in the plums. Melbourne was talking of Brougham's indignation and mortification at being deprived of his pre-eminence in the House of Lords, and of a letter he wrote in great bitterness of spirit, in which he said, "Do you mean to deprive me of my lead in the House of Lords? Why don't you say as you did when you took the Great Seal from me, 'God damn you, I tell you I can't give you the Great Seal, and there's an end of it'?"

They spoke of Curran, his wit, and of his quarrel with Ponsonby. When the Whigs came in in 1806, Ponsonby was made Irish Chancellor.[1] There had been some previous communication with Curran, who had assented to Ponsonby's being promoted to the highest place; but he expressed his expectation that he should have the next, and he wanted to be Attorney-General. Fox was very desirous of making him Attorney, but Lord Grenville would not hear of it; he had been so concerned with the rebels that it was thought impossible, besides that it led directly to the Bench, for which he was disqualified by temper and character. When Ponsonby became Chancellor, Curran wrote to him to know if he was to be Attorney; and Ponsonby sent him a pompous answer, that "his lips were sealed with the seals of office";

[1] [Right Hon. George Ponsonby, who resigned the office in the following year. Curran held the office of Master of the Rolls in Ireland from 1806 to 1814, when he retired on a pension of £3,000 a year. He died in 1817.]

which affronted Curran. Eventually, they determined to buy out the Master of the Rolls and put Curran in his place, and they arranged with the Master that he should have £600 a year out of the place (a monstrous job). Accordingly Curran was informed that he was to be the Master of the Rolls, but *after* this notification (as he asserted), it was intimated to him that he was to have this rider upon his place. He said, he had been no party to such an agreement and he would not pay it, nor did he. Ponsonby was highly indignant, said Curran was a great rogue, and never would speak to him again; and he paid the £600 a year out of his own pocket as long as Curran lived. As a specimen of Curran's wit, one day when Lord Moira had been making a speech in his usual style full of sounding phrases and long words, Curran said, "Upon my word his lordship has been airing his vocabulary in a very pretty style to-day."

Lord Holland gave me an account of Fox's death, with all the details of the operations (he was thrice tapped), and his behavior; and till then I was not entirely aware that Fox was no believer in religion. Mrs. Fox was very anxious to have prayers read, to which he consented, but paid little attention to the ceremony, remaining quiescent merely, not liking, as Lord Holland said, to refuse any wish of hers, nor to pretend any sentiments he did not entertain.

January 1, 1839.—Another year gone, taking along with it some particles of health, strength, and spirits, but it is to be hoped making us something wiser and better, and giving an increased power of passive resistance to bear up against the accumulating ills or sorrows of life. But I will not—here at least—plunge into a moralizing strain. As to public matters the year opens in no small gloom and uncertainty. On the surface all is bright and smooth enough; the country is powerful, peaceful, and prosperous, and all the elements of wealth and power are increasing; but the mind of the mass is disturbed and discontented, and there is a continual fermentation going on, and separate and unconnected causes of agitation and disquiet are in incessant operation, which create great alarm, but which there seems to exist no power of checking or subduing. The Government is in a wretched state of weakness, utterly ignorant whether it can scramble through the session, unable to assume a dignified attitude, to investigate with calm deliberation the moral and political condition of the country, and to act upon its convictions

with firmness and resolution, tottering and staggering between one great party and one fierce faction, and just able to keep on its legs because both are, for different reasons, willing to wound but afraid to strike. It does not fulfill the purpose of a Government, and brings the function itself into contempt by accustoming men to look at it without any feeling of attachment or respect. Wild notions of political grievances and political rights have been widely disseminated among the masses, and these are not engendered or fostered by the prevalence of distress or that want of employment which not unnaturally turns the thoughts of the idle and unoccupied to the most desperate expedients for bettering their condition, but they are the mere aspirings of a fierce democracy who have been gradually but deeply impregnated with sentiments of hatred and jealousy of the upper classes, and with a determination to "level" all political distinctions and privileges, and when this is accomplished to proceed to a more equal distribution of property, to an agrarian experiment; for it is idle to suppose that men of this stamp care anything for abstract political theories, or have any definite object but that of procuring the means of working less, and eating and drinking more. The accounts of the Chartists (as they are called), at and about Manchester, represent them to be collected in vast bodies, associations of prodigious numbers, meeting in all the public-houses, collecting arms universally, and constantly practising by firing at a mark, openly threatening, if their demands are not complied with, to enforce them by violence. In the mean time there is no military force in the country at all adequate to meet these menacing demonstrations; the yeomanry have been reduced, and the magistracy are worse than useless, without consideration, resolution, or judgment. There is every reason to suppose that they have got into a scrape with their arrest of Stephens, the great Chartist orator, and that there is no case against him sufficient for a conviction.[1] The magistrates completely lost their heads, and between their fears and their folly have blundered and bothered their proceedings miserably, and so as to afford an ultimate triumph to this mischievous fellow and his followers.

[1] [One Stephens, formerly a Wesleyan preacher, and one of the most violent agitators against the New Poor Law, was apprehended near Manchester on December 27th. He had used most incendiary language, but was liberated on bail, and soon afterward addressed a meeting of 5,000 people at Ashton-under-Lyne. There seems to have been no case against him.]

January 11th.—A great field-day at the Council Office yesterday to hear the Petition of the Sergeants against the order of the late King opening the Court of Common Pleas to all barristers. It was Brougham's order.[1] The Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, three Chiefs, all the Puisne Judges who are Privy Councilors, Lushington, Wynford, and Brougham sat. Follett and Charles Austin were counsel for the Sergeants, and the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals ordered to attend, and seated at a table in court. Follett spoke for four hours, and Austin for two, and did not finish. A vast deal of historical research was displayed, but it was not amusing nor particularly well done. The Sergeants were present (the five petitioners), and Wilde prompting Follett all the time. There seemed no difference of opinion among the Judges, at least with those I talked to, and the King's mandate (for such it was to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and under the sign manual, though countersigned by nobody) will be declared waste paper, and matters be replaced on their ancient footing till Parliament may otherwise determine. Brougham appeared considerably disconcerted, and though he tilted occasionally with the counsel, he was on the whole quieter than usual and than I expected he would have been. This order was one of those things he blurted out in that "sic volo sic jubeo" style which he had assumed, and without consideration, probably without consultation with anybody, or he might easily have avoided the commission of such a blunder.

January 18th.—Durham has come down from his high horse, and has at last condescended to see Howick and Duncannon, the latter through the mediation of John Ponsonby, who hopes by bringing them together to pave the way, if not to a reconciliation, to a state of things less hostile and bitter in feeling and intention between him and the Government. They are both anxious to avoid blows if possible, but it is so difficult to avoid mutual inculpation and accusation, although only professing exculpation, that it will be very strange if the matter does (as many think it will) blow over lightly. The personal question between Melbourne and

[1] [The Sergeants-at-Law had enjoyed from time immemorial the exclusive right of practising in the Court of Common Pleas. Upon the advice of Lord Brougham, then Chancellor, King William IV. had issued a written mandate to the court to open their bar to the whole profession. No doubt the act was quite illegal and a nullity. The Sergeants now petitioned the Queen in Council to set it aside. But the court was subsequently opened by Act of Parliament.]

Durham about Turton appears the most difficult to settle; but if there is a will there will be a way, and it is easy enough to imagine the sort of civil, complimentary assurances from one to the other, that though there had been a great misunderstanding, it was no doubt unintentional, and all that sort of palaver which is so familiar to old stagers and parliamentary squabblers.

The murder of Lord Norbury[1] has made a great sensation because the man is so conspicuous; for there seems no reason for believing that he was murdered from any religious or political motive, but that it was only another of the many prædial enormities that are from time to time committed in Ireland. At present this event only serves to exasperate angry passions, to call forth loud blasts of the never silent trumpet against Romanism and the Irish population, and it does not lead men's minds *immediately* to a conviction of the necessity of calmly investigating, and if possible applying a remedy to, a social condition so full of crime and misery, and so revolting to every feeling of humanity, as that of Ireland. But the death of this poor man will conduce to this end, for it is only through long processes of evil and after much suffering that good is accomplished.

The case of the Canadian prisoners has been argued before the Court of Queen's Bench,[2] but it has not excited much interest. They give judgment on Monday. Roebuck is said to have spoken very moderately.

January 24th.—Duncannon found Durham in a very complacent mood, and he entered with him fully into the subject of Canada and their quarrels. With respect to Turton's affairs, Durham denies he ever said, or authorized anybody else to say, that the appointment had Melbourne's consent, and he admits that Melbourne did put his veto upon Turton's appointment to office, but says he considered this veto applicable only to offices *under Government*, and that the place to which he appointed him was not *under Government*, but one at his own disposal, and for which he was wholly and solely responsible. This is his excuse, and a very bad one it is. It won't go down in the House of Lords, I imagine.

[1] [The Earl of Norbury was shot near his own house at Kilbeggan, in the county of Meath. The assassin was never discovered.]

[2] [Twelve Canadian prisoners having landed at Liverpool were brought up on *habeas corpus* before Lord Denman and the Court of Queen's Bench. The court upheld the committal of the prisoners.]

As the time draws near for the meeting of Parliament the probability of ousting the Government grows fainter; we hear no more of disunion and Radical hostility, and things promise to continue pretty much as they have heretofore been. The question of absorbing interest is now the repeal or alteration of the Corn Laws, and the declaration of war against them on the part of the *Times* has produced a great effect, and is taken as conclusive evidence that they cannot be maintained, from the rare sagacity with which this journal watches the turn of public affairs; besides that, its advocacy will be of the greatest use in advancing the cause which it already had perceived was likely to prevail. The rest of the Conservative press, the *Morning Herald*, *Post*, and *Standard*, support the Corn Laws, and the latter has engaged in a single combat with the *Times*, conducted with a kind of chivalrous courtesy, owing to the concurrence of their general politics, very unusual in newspaper warfare, and with great ability on both sides.

January 30th.—After four months or more from the time when he threatened further disclosures, and when it appeared as if the whole matter had blown over, how or why nobody could tell, Urquhart has published a fresh set of letters which passed between himself and Backhouse,[1] for the purpose of proving that the latter was a party to the publication of the "Portfolio." Backhouse, who was at Liverpool when these came out, wrote to desire judgment might be suspended till certain notes omitted by Urquhart had been also published, and to-day they appeared; but, instead of making the case better, they have made it rather worse. It is altogether a dirty transaction, and mortifying to those who care about the character of public men, and who have some feeling of national pride and vanity in the super-eminence of English statesmen for integrity and high-mindedness. It is not very difficult to extract the truth from the mass of verbiage and contradictory assertions in which it is involved, and it appears that Urquhart, having got hold of the papers, communicated them to Palmerston, offered to publish them, and was encouraged by him to do so. Urquhart, who was appointed secretary of embassy at Constantinople while this publication was going on, took every opportunity of consulting the Foreign Office, and of trying to make Palmerston

[1] [Mr. Backhouse was at this time permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He filled this office from 1827 till 1842.]

and his under-secretaries *participes criminis*, in order that they might share the responsibility and stand committed with him. Against this they fought, and while they took good care that Urquhart should understand that they wished the publication of the "Portfolio" to be continued, they kept shifting and shirking in hopes of not committing themselves materially. It is pretty clear that Backhouse really disliked the whole thing, had no mind to meddle with the "Portfolio," or mix himself up with Urquhart, and it was only the official obligation that was imposed upon him by Palmerston's wishes which induced him very reluctantly to engage in the business even so far as he did, and it is very painful to see his early struggles to keep clear of it, and his present abortive attempts to wriggle out of his concern with the publication. It is Palmerston on whom the blame ought to rest, and on whom it will rest, only nobody seems to take the least interest in the dispute, and he brazens it out in a very unblushing manner. I am more particularly struck with the meanness here exhibited, from having just been reading Lord Chatham's correspondence, in which his noble and lofty character, so abhorrent of everything like trickery, shabbiness, and underhand dealing, shines forth with peculiar lustre. It is animating and refreshing to turn to the contemplation of this really great and noble mind, even more remarkable I think for dignity of sentiment and purity of motive than for eloquence and capacity.

February 6th.—Last Friday the Serjeants' case came on again before the Privy Council. The Attorney and Solicitor made a sort of reply to Austin, but acknowledged that the mandate was not binding on the Court of Common Pleas; in fact, that it was illegal. Brougham was very angry, and kept battling with counsel or with Wynford, Abinger, or others of the Lords, though not violently. They were anxious to get rid of the question if possible, and to avoid making a report to the Queen. The conclusion (pretty nearly unanimous) to which they came was, that the order was illegal, but that it was neither expedient that matters should return to their former, nor remain in their present state; and they agreed to adjourn the consideration of the question. They then separated with an understanding that a Bill should be brought in directly to settle the dispute, and they don't intend to meet again upon it till this Bill has been passed. Thus they will avoid making any report at all.

Brougham and Lyndhurst came to a Patent case the day before, both in high spirits. After it was over Lyndhurst came into my room, when I said, "You look in high force." "Oh no," said he, "I am quite *passé*, entirely done up." Just then Brougham came in, when I said to him, pointing to Lyndhurst, "He says he is quite *passé* and done up." "Just like me," he said; "I am quite *passé* too." "Then," I said, "there can be no use in two such poor worn-out creatures as you two going to the House of Lords." "Do you hear him?" cried out Brougham: "A capital suggestion of the Clerk of the Council: we won't go to the House of Lords at all; let us go together to *Hamble*."[1] And then he seized Lyndhurst's arm, and off they went together chuckling and laughing and brimful of mischief.

He came out the night of the Address with a very brilliant speech, and with a fierce and bitter philippic against O'Connell for having insinuated that Lord Norbury had been shot by his own son. Last night, O'Connell retaliated in the House of Commons, and, denying that he had even thought of, or insinuated any such thing, he hurled back an invective still fiercer, bitterer, more insulting, and very powerful too. Very little discussion grew out of the Queen's Speech, all parties being agreed to defer the consideration of great questions till brought regularly on. There was a pretty strong demonstration in the House of Commons in favor of the Corn Laws, so as to render it improbable that anything will be done. The only thing which seems to threaten the Government at present is, the hatred that has sprung up between the English Radicals and the Irish, and the animosity which prevails among the former against O'Connell. If this is carried to the length of inducing the English Radicals to keep aloof on some important question, Ministers may find themselves in a minority, and resign thereon; and this is what the Tories are looking to as their best chance.

February 10th, Sunday.—On Friday, Lord Glenelg announced in the House of Lords that he had resigned,[2] though it would have been more correct to have stated that he had

[1] Hamble is the country seat of Sir Arthur Paget, who was present with Brougham.

[2] [Lord Glenelg had held the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies since the formation of Lord Melbourne's second Administration in 1835. He was succeeded in the Colonial Office by the Marquis of Normanby, who had filled up to this time the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

been turned out. He said very little, but that little conveyed a sense of ill-usage and a mortified spirit; none of the Ministers uttered a word. Many wonder that they ventured to make any changes in such a rickety concern, and that, if they were resolved to do so, they did not have everything settled before Parliament met. However, the Cabinet appears to have been unanimous in determining that Glenelg could not remain Colonial Minister, and they gave him a sort of hint some time ago, by offering him Sir John Newport's place (for whom an arrangement was to be made), which he refused; so on Tuesday last the blow was struck, and they proposed to him to be Privy Seal, which he declined in some dudgeon. It certainly was difficult so to gild the pill he was asked to swallow as to disguise its bitterness and make it tolerably palatable, for in whatever polite periphrasis it might be involved, the plain English of the communication was, that he was incompetent to administer Colonial affairs.

By venturing upon these changes the Government evidently think they can scramble on, and on the whole it is probable that they may, though never did a Government hold office by so frail and uncertain a tenure, and upon such strange terms. A pretty correct analysis of the House of Commons presents the following result: 267 Government people, including the Irish tail; 66 Radicals, 5 doubtful, and 315 Conservatives; 4 vacant seats, and the Speaker. If, therefore, at any time, one half the Radicals should stay away (they need not vote against), when danger threatens the Government, it would be at an end; and, if they do not do so, it is because most of them are still unconvinced that it would be better and more conducive to the ultimate success of their objects to let the Tories in, and not from any love to the present Ministers, whom, on the contrary, they hate a good deal and despise a little. The Irish band appear to be dependable, but there is no knowing what might be the consequence of a change, and the withdrawal of all the personal influence which Normanby had obtained over them. It has often happened that a coalition of very opposite parties has turned a Government out; but never before, that I remember, kept one in, and for such a length of time. The Conservatives are completely united, ably led, and count in their ranks the most powerful men in the House of Commons; they are by far the most numerous of any of the

parties, one-third more than the Whigs (without the Irish), nearly five times more than the Radicals, and within twenty of all combined ; and yet they are as effectually excluded as they were just after the passing of the Reform Bill, for all that appears to the contrary.

Lord Durham's enormously long Report[1] appeared in the *Times* on Friday last, before being laid on the tables of the two Houses, whereat he rose in his place and expressed much surprise and displeasure, all of which was very ridiculous and superfluous, for he had two thousand copies of it printed, and distributed them to the right and left, to anybody who came to see him, to Foreign Ministers and others, so no wonder that the document found its way into the *Times*.[2] He sent a copy to Easthope, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, but with an injunction not to publish it, and Easthope told him he wished he had kept his copy to himself, for he could have obtained one elsewhere which he should have been at liberty to publish if he had not accepted his with the prohibition.

February 14th.—Lord Normanby was not acquainted with the intention of dismissing Glenelg, nor was the thing settled when he was here ; on the contrary, he had made every preparation for the Dublin season, and is put to serious inconvenience by being thus suddenly sent for. Glenelg continues to discharge the official duties, but he is deeply hurt at the treatment he has experienced. It is the more remarkable because at this moment his official correspondence with

[1] [This was the celebrated Report on the Administration of Canada, which bore the name of Lord Durham, but was in fact written by Mr. Charles Buller, and embodied the opinions of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield and Sir William Molesworth on Colonial policy. It is not too much to say that in the course of the next twenty years this Report changed the Colonial policy of the Empire, and the principles laid down in it certainly converted Canada from a revolted colony into one of the most loyal dependencies of the British Crown. What would have been the result if the Ministers of George III. had treated the complaints of the American colonies in 1774 with equal wisdom ?]

[2] [The copy which appeared in the *Times* was sent to that journal by Mr. Hanson, who was one of the persons attached to Lord Durham's mission. He afterward became Sir Richard Davies Hanson, Chief-Justice of South Australia. This gentleman gave the following account of the transaction. The whole report was written by Charles Buller, with the exception of two paragraphs on Church or Crown lands, which were composed by Gibbon Wakefield and Mr. Hanson. After the Report was presented to the Colonial Office, the Government wished these last two paragraphs to be modified. This Lord Durham was inclined to do. Wakefield resented this, and, in order to prevent any change, he got Hanson to send a copy of the Report to the *Times*, where it appeared the next day. These particulars have been communicated to me by a gentleman to whom Sir Richard Hanson related them.]

Durham is published, in which he displays firmness, dignity, and sense, so that the world can discern no good cause why he should be so unceremoniously turned off. Melbourne urged him to retire when his brother (Sir Robert Grant) died; but Glenelg thought this was from kindness and consideration, and was so touched that he deemed it the more incumbent on him to remain at his post. Normanby will probably do much better, for, though he has nothing like the natural abilities of his predecessor, he has the knack of succeeding in whatever he undertakes; he has application, courage, and sense, and all this in spite of a frivolous exterior. In Ireland, however obnoxious to the Orangemen, his government has been successful, and I know of no error that he has committed, except that of too often releasing prisoners and commuting punishments without the sanction and concurrence of the Judges. Nothing is so dangerous and imprudent as to tamper with justice, and John Russell himself has upon several occasions been rash and flippant in this respect. It is not long ago that a man was tried and found guilty, at the Sessions, of destroying a will with a fraudulent intent. I forget what the punishment was, but a petition for mercy was handed up to the Secretary of State's office—got up by the clergyman of the parish, and signed by many names. Without consulting the magistrates who had convicted the man, he reduced the punishment to two months' imprisonment, and it turned out that the clergyman was himself a man of indifferent character, who had been promoted at the instance of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the rest of the subscribers to the petition were ignorant people who had signed it at his instigation; the object was unworthy of the indulgence which was carelessly and improperly extended. These things exasperate the magistracy, whom Lord John is apt to regard with aversion and suspicion; but the Judges are deeply offended when their sentences are arbitrarily set aside, as they have sometimes been.

The Corn Law question, which appeared so formidable before Parliament met, has lost much of its terrors; and an error committed by one of its champions, Mr. Wood of Preston, greatly assisted to damage it. Peel turned against him certain admissions which he made of the prosperity of trade, with extraordinary dexterity and effect. The Anti-Corn-Lawites were so enraged and mortified that they punished their blundering advocate by dismissing him from his

post of President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; and his constituents invited him to resign. This, and the strong demonstration in favor of the existing system the first night, the divided opinions and indifference of the Government, and the diversion made by the Chartists, have placed the Corn Laws in perfect security for this session at least. It is curious to see the conduct of the *Times:* just before Parliament met it thought the time was come when something must be done, and it accordingly took up the cudgels against the Corn Laws; but, now that it finds the time is not come, it has dropped the subject altogether, and relapsed into silence.

There seems very little probability of any discussion about Canadian affairs till Government introduces some legislative measure, and the expected personalities and recriminations will silently pass away. Brougham and Durham are reconciled after a fashion; Ministers and Durham mutually desire to sheathe their swords. The correspondence which has just appeared at the tail of the Report exhibits a grand specimen of arrogance and vanity on Durham's part, not unmixed with talent, albeit his letters are intolerably prolix. Glenelg has, however, much the best of the controversy as soon as they begin to cross their weapons, and his dispatch conveying the Queen's disapprobation of his Proclamation is very dignified and becomingly severe. It is impossible to conceive anything more galling to a man so puffed up with pride and vanity, and who fancied himself to be placed upon a pinnacle far above the sphere of official obligation and responsibility.

It is curious to see the different measure that was dealt out to Durham and to Head,[1] the latter an able, though not always a prudent man, who really did good service in his government, and extricated himself boldly and successfully from a very difficult situation. He had dismissed a Judge for certain reasons, part of which he explained to the Colonial Office, and for the rest, he told them that he must, in the difficult position he was in, draw upon their confidence to support and confirm his act. They said this was not enough, and insisted on his restoring the Judge. Upon this he tendered his resignation, which they instantly accepted; and when he came home they took no notice of him whatever, and at the same time they were flattering and lauding

[1] [Right Hon. Sir Francis Bond Head, who was Governor of Upper Canada at the time of the outbreak of the insurrection.]

and trying to cajole Durham, and begging and praying him to stay, in the midst of his blundering acts and insolent language, and while he was addressing the Government in the most contumelious terms. Head has behaved very well about the publication of his dispatches; for when he asked Melbourne's leave to publish, and the latter refused, he promised that nothing should appear, and that he would discourage any Parliamentary attempt to elicit them. Now that Durham's Report has come forth, containing strictures on Head's conduct, he assumes a right to publish, for his own vindication, and he has asserted this in a pettish letter to Melbourne; whereas, if he had again asked permission on this express ground, it would not have been refused. The motto of this Government, however, seems to be—

parcere superbis et debellare subjectos,

and their besetting sins are pusillanimity, indifference, and *insouciance*. On a discussion the other night about speaking on petitions, when the Speaker laid down the practice, which Lord John Russell supported with great earnestness, and which was opposed on Radical grounds by the Radicals, Stewart of the Treasury, and Vernon Smith, marched off and would not vote; and, instead of being reprimanded, Vernon Smith will probably be made Under-Secretary of State.

February 17th.—I dined at Lady Blessington's yesterday, to meet Durham and Brougham; but, after all, the latter did not come, and the excuse he made was, that it was better not; and as he was taking, or going to take (we shall see), a moderate course about Canada, it would impair his efficacy if the press were to trumpet forth, and comment on, his meeting with Durham. There was that sort of strange *omnium gatherum* party which is to be met with nowhere else, and which for that reason alone is curious. We had Prince Louis Napoleon and his A. D. C.[1] He is a short, thickish, vulgar-looking man, without the slightest resemblance to his Imperial uncle, or any intelligence in his countenance. Then we had the ex-Governor of Canada, Captain Marriott, the Count Alfred de Vigny (author of "Cinq Mars," etc.), Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and a proper sprinkling

[1] [The first mention of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., who was an *habitué* of Gore House, and well known to all who frequented it. The A. D. C. was M. de Persigny, who accompanied the Prince everywhere.]

of ordinary persons to mix up with these celebrities. In the evening, Forster, sub-editor of the *Examiner;* Chorley, editor of the *Athenæum;* Macready, and Charles Buller. Lady Blessington's existence is a curiosity, and her house and society have at least the merit of being singular, though the latter is not so agreeable as from its composition it ought to be. There is no end to the men of consequence and distinction in the world who go there occasionally—Brougham, Lyndhurst, Abinger, Canterbury, Durham, and many others; all the *minor* poets, *literati*, and journalists, without exception, together with some of the highest pretensions. Moore is a sort of friend of hers; she *has been* very intimate with Byron, and *is* with Walter Savage Landor. Her house is furnished with a luxury and splendor not to be surpassed; her dinners are frequent and good; and D'Orsay does the honors with a frankness and cordiality which are very successful; but all this does not make society, in the real meaning of the term. There is a vast deal of coming and going, and eating and drinking, and a corresponding amount of noise, but little or no conversation, discussion, easy quiet interchange of ideas and opinions, no regular social foundation of men of intellectual or literary calibre insuring a perennial flow of conversation, and which, if it existed, would derive strength and assistance from the light superstructure of occasional visitors, with the much or the little they might individually contribute. The reason of this is that the woman herself, who must give the tone to her own society, and influence its character, is ignorant, vulgar, and commonplace.[1] Nothing can be more dull and uninteresting than her conversation, which is never enriched by a particle of knowledge, or enlivened by a ray of genius or imagination. The fact of her existence as an authoress is an enigma, poor as her pretensions are; for while it is very difficult to write good books, it is not easy to compose even

[1] [Lady Blessington had a good deal more talent and reading than Mr. Greville gives her credit for. Several years of her agitated life were spent in the country in complete retirement, where she had no resources to fall back upon but a good library. She was well read in the best English authors, and even in translations of the classics; but the talent to which she owed her success in society was her incomparable tact and skill in drawing out the best qualities of her guests. What Mr. Greville terms her vulgarity might be more charitably described as her Irish cordiality and *bonhomie*. I have no doubt that her "Conversations with Lord Byron" were entirely written by herself. It is true that, writing, as she did, to make money, many of her other books were exceedingly worthless.]

bad ones, and volumes have come forth under her name for which hundreds of pounds have been paid, because (Heaven only can tell how) thousands are found who will read them. Her "Works" have been published in America, in one huge folio, where it seems they meet with peculiar success; and this trash goes down, because it is written by a Countess, in a country where rank is eschewed, and equality is the universal passion. They have (or some of them) been likewise translated into German; and if all this is not proof of literary merit, or at least of success, what is? It would be not uninteresting to trace this current of success to its source, and to lay bare all the springs of the machinery which sustains her artificial character as an authoress. The details of course form the mystery of her craft, but the general causes are apparent enough. First and foremost, her magnificent house and luxurious dinners; then the alliance offensive and defensive which she has contrived (principally through the means of said house and dinners) to establish with a host of authors, booksellers, and publishers, and above all with journalists. The first lend her their assistance in composition, correction, or addition; with the second she manages to establish an interest and an interchange of services; and the last everlastingly puff her performances. Her name is eternally before the public; she produces those gorgeous inanities, called "Books of Beauty," and other trashy things of the same description, to get up which all the fashion and beauty, the taste and talent, of London are laid under contribution. The most distinguished artists and the best engravers supply the portraits of the prettiest women in London; and these are illustrated with poetical effusions of the smallest possible merit, but exciting interest and curiosity from the notoriety of their authors; and so, by all this puffing and stuffing, and untiring industry, and practising on the vanity of some, and the good-nature of others, the end is attained; and though I never met with any individual who had read any of her books, except the "Conversations with Byron," which are too good to be hers, they are unquestionably a source of considerable profit, and she takes her place confidently and complacently as one of the literary celebrities of her day.

CHAPTER V.

Opening of the Session—Lady Flora Hastings—Bulwer's "Richelieu"—Changes at the Colonial Office—Attack on Lord Normanby's Irish Administration in the Lords—General Aspect of Affairs—The *Morning Chronicle*—Death of Lord de Ros—Precarious Position of the Government—Views of Lord John Russell—A doubtful Question—Conciliatory Conversation with Sir James Graham—Attitude of the Whig Party—Peel's cold Reception of the Proposal—Result of the Debate—Attitude of Lord John Russell—Language of the Radical Party—Conciliation—Change of Feeling in the Country—Duke of Newcastle dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy—Lord John Russell's Letter—Jamaica Bill—Defeat of the Jamaica Bill—Resignation of Ministers—The Queen retains the Ladies of her Household—Conduct of the Whigs—End of the Crisis—The Truth of the Story.

London: February 24th, 1839.—Hitherto the proceedings in Parliament have been sufficiently languid and uninteresting. The debate on the Corn Laws, which was expected to occupy two or three nights, went off in one, and a great majority against hearing evidence, followed by no sort of sensation, has set the question at rest for the present. Lord Winchilsea brought on the Turton case in the House of Lords, when Durham made a blustering, and Melbourne a prudent, moderate, and satisfactory explanation. He had remonstrated against the appointment, when Durham had replied that his honor was concerned in it and he could not cancel it; and Melbourne said, he did not think he should be justified in hazarding the great objects of Durham's mission for such an object as Turton's removal. Durham threatened, if anything more was said on the subject, to bring forward the cases of all those who had been guilty of a similar offense, and had afterward held office. He did not say what he had to say well, for he might have exposed the cant of all this hubbub, and have asked Winchilsea, who talked of sense of duty and so forth, and that he should have done the same by his dearest friend, whether he had thought it necessary to make a similar stir when Sir George Murray was appointed Secretary of State; and, besides this *argumentum ad hominem*, he might have asked, whether in point of fact it was an admitted principle that those who had committed heavy offenses against the laws of morality should be therefore disqualified from serving in a civil capacity. However, the question is at an end, and has gone off smoothly enough, all things considered.[1]

[1] [Sir George Murray had run away with Lady Louisa Erskine, whom he afterward married. But Turton's breach of morality was of a more serious character. Mr., or as he afterward became Sir Thomas, Turton had

After much difficulty about filling up Sir George Grey's place at the Colonies,[1] Labouchere has very handsomely volunteered to take it, though lower in rank and pay, and far more laborious than that which he before held. They did not venture to ask him, but it was thrown out by Le Marchant that he would be the most eligible successor to Grey; when he said immediately, that if Government thought he could be of use to them and to the public, and he was satisfied the measures to be proposed would be such as he could conscientiously support, he would take the office without hesitation. They took him at his word, and he was installed *instanter;* had he not taken it, Ben Stanley would have gone there. These changes have so much disconcerted Stephen that he has proposed to resign, and it is still a question whether he does or not; but they will hardly let him go, for his knowledge and powers of wielding the business cannot be dispensed with, particularly by two men perfectly new and inexperienced in Colonial affairs.

March 2d.—The whole town has been engrossed for some days with a scandalous story at Court, and although of course great exaggerations and falsehoods are grafted upon the real case, and it is not easy to ascertain what and how much is true, enough is known and indubitable, to show that it is a very discreditable transaction. It appears that Lady Flora Hastings, the Duchess of Kent's lady, has been accused of being with child. It was at first whispered about, and at last swelled into a report, and finally into a charge. With whom it originated is not clear; but the Queen appears to have been apprised of the rumor, and so far to have entered into it as to sanction an intimation to the lady that she must not appear at Court till she could clear herself of the imputation. Medical examination was either demanded by her or submitted to, and the result was satisfactory to the virtue

been guilty of an intrigue with his sister-in-law, which led to the dissolution of his marriage. On this ground Lord Melbourne had objected to his going out to Canada with Lord Durham in a public capacity; but Lord Durham, with very bad taste, took him out in what he was pleased to call a private capacity. The public, as this was a question of morals, were slow to accept this distinction.]

[1] [Sir George Grey, who had been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was made Judge Advocate and a Privy Councilor on the 1st of March, 1839. Mr. Labouchere, who had been Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint since 1835, very handsomely consented to take the inferior office at the Colonies. Mr. Labouchere, however, returned to the Board of Trade as President on the 29th of August, 1839. Mr. Stephen was the permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies.]

of the accused damsel. Then naturally exploded the just indignation of insulted honor. Her brother, Lord Hastings, came up to town, saw Melbourne, who is said to have endeavored to smother the affair, and to have tried to persuade Lord Hastings to do so; but he was not at all so inclined, and if he had been, it was too late, as all the world had begun to talk of it, and he demanded and obtained an audience of the Queen. I abstain from noticing the various reports of what this or that person did or said, for the truth of which I could not vouch; but it is certain that the Court is plunged in shame and mortification at the exposure, that the palace is full of bickerings and heart-burnings, while the whole proceeding is looked upon by society at large as to the last degree disgusting and disgraceful. It is really an exemplification of the saying, that "les Rois et les Valets" are made of the refuse clay of creation, for though such things sometimes happen in the servants' hall, and housekeepers charge still-room and kitchen-maids with frailty, they are unprecedented and unheard of in good society, and among people in high or even in respectable stations. It is inconceivable how Melbourne can have permitted this disgraceful and mischievous scandal, which cannot fail to lower the character of the Court in the eyes of the world. There may be objections to Melbourne's extraordinary domiciliation in the palace; but the compensation ought to be found in his good sense and experience preventing the possibility of such transactions and *tracasseries* as these.[1]

At Court yesterday to appoint Ebrington Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland: they all looked busy and *affairés*, and the Queen seemed very grave.

March 8th.—I went last night to the first representation of Bulwer's play "Richelieu:" a fine play, admirably got up, and very well acted by Macready, except the last scene, the conception of which was altogether bad. He turned Richelieu into an exaggerated Sixtus V., who completely lost sight of his dignity, and swaggered about the stage, taunting his foes, and hugging his friends with an exultation quite unbecoming and out of character. With this exception it was a fine performance; the success was un-

[1] [I insert this passage on a painful transaction which had better be consigned to oblivion, because it contains nothing which is not to be found in the most ordinary books of reference; but I shall not enter further on this matter.]

bounded, and the audience transported. After Macready had been called on, they found out Bulwer, who was in a small private box next the one I was in with Lady Blessington and D'Orsay, and were vociferous for his appearance to receive their applause. After a long delay, he bowed two or three times, and instantly retreated. Directly after he came into our box, looking very serious and rather agitated; while Lady Blessington burst into floods of tears at his success, which was certainly very brilliant.

March 12th.—The Government have offered Canada to Lord Clarendon,[1] who is coming home to give his answer in person. They are resolved to make *maison nette* at the Colonial Office, and want to oust Stephen; but the publication of Sir Francis Head's extraordinary book[2]—in which he is denounced as a Republican, and as the author of all the mischievous policy by which our Colonial possessions have been endangered, and his dismissal is loudly demanded—makes it impossible for Stephen to retire, or for Government to invite him to do so. Stephen cannot vindicate himself, except by divulging official secrets, which he considers it would be a grievous breach of trust and duty to do; but he declares to me that he has abundant means of vindication in his hands if he chose to avail himself of them. The world believes that each Secretary of State (Glenelg particularly) has been a mere puppet in his office, and that it is Stephen who has moved all the strings; but the fact is, there have been three parties—Stephen, Glenelg, and the Cabinet; and though the first may have exercised a great influence over the second, it has often happened that both have been overruled by the last, and neither Head nor anybody else can do more than conjecture what has really been the secret history of our Colonial policy. Glenelg, however, was evidently feeble, and his faculties seem to have been entirely benumbed ever since the flagellations he got from Brougham in the beginning of last Session. His terror of Brougham is so intense that he would submit to any humiliation rather than again expose his back to such a merciless scourge.[3]

[1] [Sir George Villiers, then Minister at Madrid, succeeded to the title of Earl of Clarendon on the 22d of December, 1838. He shortly afterward resigned his diplomatic appointment in Spain and returned to England.]

[2] [Whatever credit for discretion Sir Francis Bond Head might previously have enjoyed was more than effaced by the extraordinary indiscretion of "A Narrative of Recent Events in Canada," which he published at this time.]

[3] They became great friends again at a subsequent period. Brougham has been always throwing off and whistling back his friends.

March 25th.—Laid up with the gout for these ten days, in which time the only occurrences of moment have been the great (and final) debate on the Corn Laws, and the hostile vote in the House of Lords,[1] followed by John Russell's declaration in the House of Commons, and appeal to that House from the vote of the Lords. The Corn debate was extremely long and dull, and the House more than usually clamorous and impotent. The only speech was Peel's, said to have been exceedingly able; the division was better for the Corn-ites, and worse for their antagonists, than had been expected; the decision received with great indifference, and the question put on the shelf for some time.

The other affair is much more interesting, because more personal, and involving the existence of the Government. There seems to have been an abundance of angry feeling and a great lack of discretion and judgment on all sides: first of all in the House of Lords thus lightly and somewhat loosely pressing this vote, and going the length of appointing a Committee; and why the Duke of Wellington consented to it is difficult to see, unless it be that his mind is a little enfeebled, and his strong sense no longer exercises the same sway. They hardly seem to have intended what they did, for they made no whip up, and Lord Wicklow went away without voting. As it was, Government had better have rested upon their old declaration, that as long as they were supported by the House of Commons they should disregard the opposition of the House of Lords; and so in fact they would have done, if the next day Normanby had not flared up so violently and insisted on resignation or reparation. At the Cabinet there was a long discussion whether they should resign or not, and the Speaker, Ellice, and others of their friends, were strongly for their taking this opportunity of retiring with all their strength, and upon a question which would have rendered it next to impossible for their successors to go on if they took their places. The result, however,

[1] [On the 18th of March Mr. Charles Villiers's motion for a Committee to take into consideration the duties on corn was defeated in the House of Commons by 342 to 195 votes. I know not why Mr. Greville styles it the "final" debate, which it certainly was not.

On the 21st of March Lord Roden carried in the House of Lords, by a majority of five, a motion for a Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland since 1835. This motion was directed against Lord Normanby's Administration. Shortly afterward this motion was met by a resolution of Lord John Russell's in the House of Commons approving the Irish policy of the Government, which was carried by 318 to 296.]

was the declaration of John Russell, and their determination to try their strength in the House of Commons. If the Radicals support them they will get their usual majority of from fifteen to twenty; but it does not appear that they will gain much by that, for the Lords will go on with their Committee and put Normanby on his trial without caring for the vote of the Commons.

With regard to the merits of the case, Normanby's Government was no doubt on the whole carried on in a very good spirit; but as it was in an Irish spirit, it was of course obnoxious to the old dominant party. There is not the slightest suspicion that in his exercise of the prerogative of mercy he was ever influenced by any improper motives or showed any partiality; though Lord Wellesley said, that "he dramatized royalty, and made mercy appear blind instead of justice." But the system is of very questionable propriety, and on some occasions he probably was rather too free with it, and went a little further than in strict prudence he ought to have done. Generally speaking, however, on this point as well as on the other grounds on which he has been attacked, he has defended himself with great vigor and success. The night after the debate, he gave Brougham a heavy fall, and exposed his glaring inconsistency and falseness. Brougham is said to have appeared more annoyed and crestfallen than ever he did before. He certainly made a very poor and inefficient reply.

Nothing would be more unfortunate than a change of Government as the result of this blow aimed by the House of Lords, and under the auspices of Roden, the leader of the Orangemen. Ireland is the great strength of the present Government as it is the weak point of the Tories; and if they went out, and Peel came in upon Ireland, and the principle on which he should govern that country, he would never keep his place, and nobody could tell what troubles might not ensue. It is Peel's interest that Irish questions should assume such a shape, and make such a progress, before he returns to office, as should render their final adjustment inevitable. If things were left alone, and time and the hour permitted us to run through the present rough days, it would be impossible to prevent great changes taking place before long. The country is beset with difficulties on all sides, if not with danger; besides the ever-rankling thorn of Ireland, there are the Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law agitators, to

say nothing of minor reformers in England, and the whole of our Colonial Empire in a most unsettled, precarious, and difficult state, requiring the utmost wisdom and firmness in dealing with Colonial interests, and our relations with America demanding firmness, temper, and sagacity. But, while the country has thus urgent need of all the ability and experience which can be enlisted in her service, from the curious position of parties in the House of Commons, and the mode in which power is distributed, we have at once a Government miserably weak, unable to exercise a will of its own, bolstered up by the interested and uncertain support of men more inimical than friendly to them; while the most distinguished statesmen and the men who are admitted to be the fittest to govern, are effectually excluded from office. While we have a Cabinet in which there is not one man who inspires confidence, and in which, with the exception perhaps of John Russell (who is broken in health and spirits), there is not one deserving to be called a statesman—to this Cabinet is committed the awful task of solving the many difficult questions of domestic, colonial, and foreign policy which surround and press upon us; while the Duke of Wellington and Peel are compelled "to stand like ciphers in the great account." The great characteristic of the present time is indifference; nobody appears to care for anything; nobody cares for the Queen, her popularity has sunk to zero, and loyalty is a dead letter; nobody cares for the Government, or for any man or set of men. If there was such a thing as a strong public opinion alive to national interests, intent upon national objects, and deeply sensible to the necessity of calling to the national councils all the wisdom and experience that the crisis demands, its voice would be heard, the two parties would cease to hold each other at bay, there would be either a great change or a fusion in some reasonable spirit of compromise, and we should see a Government with some energy, independence, and power, and this is what we want. But Melbourne seems to hold office for no other purpose but that of dining at Buckingham House, and he is content to rub on from day to day, letting all things take their chance. Palmerston, the most enigmatical of Ministers, who is detested by the *Corps Diplomatique*, abhorred in his own office, unpopular in the House of Commons, liked by nobody, abused by everybody, still reigns in his little kingdom of the Foreign Office, and is impervious to any

sense of shame from the obloquy that has been cast upon him, and apparently not troubling himself about the affairs of the Government generally, which he leaves to others to defend and uphold as they best may. The only man besides John Russell in the Cabinet who stands high in estimation is Morpeth, and it is remarkable that in this Government the young ones or subordinates are its chief strength. Morpeth, Labouchere, George Grey, and Francis Baring are better men than almost any in the Cabinet, which is certainly the most second-rate one this country ever saw.

March 28th.—It is amusing to see the nervous consciousness on both the Tory and the Whig side of blunders having been committed by each in this demonstration of the Lords and retort of the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer came into my room yesterday, and told me that Lord Spencer had expressed his strenuous approbation of the course they had taken, just the right medium, neither too much nor too little; and this sanction he seemed to think very valuable, though in fact worth nothing, for Lord Spencer lives among oxen, and not among men. On the other hand, I met Graham, and said to him, "A pretty scrape you would have been in if Government had resigned upon this vote." He shrugged up his shoulders and said, "I own I am better pleased as it is." No great party should do things by halves and doubtingly: if the leaders thought the case was so grave as to call for the interference of the House, and that they were justified in taking this matter into their own hands, they ought to have brought down all their forces, and have given their vote all the authority it would derive from an imposing majority. No maxim is more clearly understood than that any party having generally a large majority, and only carrying some particular question by a very small one, suffers something like a defeat, because it implies that they have not the concurrence on such question of many of their usual supporters. This was, therefore, a false move one way or the other. The Government, however, have no doubt of carrying their point by as large a majority as they ever can have.

They are in a great rage, and in no small dismay at the same time, at the conduct of the *Morning Chronicle*, which has turned half against them in a most extraordinary manner, that is, it is urging the Radicals to seize this opportunity of compelling the Government to go their lengths,

and to make such compliance the condition of their support. Government are so indignant that they want to break off with the *Chronicle* altogether; but then they will be left in the awkward predicament of having no morning paper whatever in their service. What nettles them the more is, that they made the *Chronicle* what it is, and raised it by their exertions from the lowest ebb to its present very good circulation. Just before Peel's hundred days it was for sale, and had then fallen to about a thousand a day. Easthope was persuaded by Ellice to buy it, which he did for £15,000 or £20,000. The Whigs set to work, and Hobhouse, Normanby, Poulett Thomson, Le Marchant, and several others, wrote day after day a succession of good articles which soon renovated the paper and set it on its legs. The circulation increased daily till it got up to three thousand, and now it has reached six thousand. Easthope makes a clear £10,000 a year by the speculation; but now, seeing (or thinking he sees) greater advantages to be got by floating down the Radical stream than by assisting in the defense of this Government, he forgets past favors and connection, and is ready to abandon them to their fate. It is rather an ominous sign and marks strongly their falling estimation. They think it is Durham who has got hold of Easthope, and persuades him to take this course. He declares he is so beset with applications, advice, and threats, that he has no alternative, and must take the line he does, or ruin the sale of his paper.

Newmarket, March 29th.—Poor De Ros[1] expired last night soon after twelve, after a confinement of two or three months from the time he returned to England. His end was enviably tranquil, and he bore his protracted sufferings (more from oppression and annoyance than acute pain) with astonishing fortitude and composure. Nothing ruffled his temper or disturbed his serenity. His faculties were unclouded, his memory retentive, his perceptions clear to the last; no murmur of impatience ever escaped him, no querulous word, no ebullition of anger or peevishness; he was uniformly patient, mild, indulgent, deeply sensible of kindness and attention, exacting nothing, considerate of others and apparently regardless of self, overflowing with affection and kindness of manner and language to all around him, and exerting all his moral and intellectual energies with a

[1] [Henry William, nineteenth Baron de Ros, born 12th June, 1792; died 29th March, 1839.]

spirit and resolution that never flagged till within a few hours of his dissolution, when nature gave way and he sank into a tranquil unconsciousness in which life gently ebbed away. Whatever may have been the error of his life, he closed the scene with a philosophical dignity not unworthy of a sage, and with a serenity and sweetness of disposition of which Christianity itself could afford no more shining or delightful example. In him I have lost (half lost before) the last and greatest of the friends of my youth, and I am left a more solitary and a sadder man.

London, April 6th.—I saw X. at Newmarket, and had a long conversation with him, in which he gave me an account of the state of affairs. The Government is at its last gasp; the result of the debate next week may possibly prolong its existence, as a cordial does that of a dying man, but it cannot go on. They are disunited, dissatisfied, and disgusted in the Cabinet—Lord John himself deeply so—considerably alarmed at the state of affairs, resolutely bent upon making no further concessions to Radicalism, and no sacrifices for mere party purposes. There is a violent faction in the Cabinet and in the Government, who are indignant with him for his *finality* speech last year, to which they ascribe the ruin of their cause, and Duncannon at the time, or soon after, abused him openly and loudly for it. This reached Lord John's ears, who complained of such conduct, and the more because he had summoned a special Cabinet for the purpose of announcing that it was his intention to make this declaration, therefore they were all apprised of it, whereas Duncannon had asserted that he did it without the knowledge of his colleagues. It turned out in the course of the explanation that Duncannon had been laid up at the time, and was not present at this Cabinet, but he could hardly have been ignorant of such an important circumstance, and this shows the *animus* there was among some of them. The principal object of the more radically-inclined was to let Ballot be an open question, and to this Melbourne had been persuaded to consent, though no doubt quite contrary to his own wishes and opinions. But Melbourne has no strong convictions or opinions founded on political principles deeply engraven on his mind; he is easy, *insouciant*, persuadable, averse to disputes, and preferring to sacrifice his own convictions to the pertinacity and violence of others, rather than manfully and consistently defend and maintain

them; still he looks up to John Russell and defers to him more than to any of his colleagues, both on account of his respect for his character and the station he holds as leader of the House of Commons; and when any struggle occurs, and he must side with one or the other party, he goes with Lord John, and accordingly Ballot was not made an open question.

What Lord John says is this: That when the Reform Bill was introduced, the extent and sweeping character of the measure were hateful and alarming to many members of the Cabinet and supporters of the Government; that the ground on which he urged the adoption of the measure was the expediency of leaving nothing for future agitation, and of giving the country a measure so ample and satisfactory that it might and ought to be final. To this argument many who dreaded its consequences ended by yielding, though reluctantly, and he considers himself, therefore, bound in honor to resist any further changes, and to take his stand where we now are. Besides this he now (as I gather) is seriously alarmed at the state of the country, and deeply impressed with the necessity of opposing all the Radical measures and propositions, which he considers parts of a great system, and a comprehensive scheme of a revolutionary character. Then he is disgusted and mortified at the treatment he has personally experienced both in and out of the House of Commons, and at the clamor and abuse of which he has been the object on account of the firm determination he has evinced to go no further; and this clamor has not been confined to the regular avowed Radicals or the organs of their opinions, but there are old self-styled Whigs—his uncle, Lord Williams, for example—and others, who are groaning over his obstinacy as they deem it, and attributing to it the ruin of their party; all this superadded to his broken spirits[1] makes him heartily sick of his position; and, seeing the unpopularity and weakness of the Government, denuded of all sympathy and support, and left to be buffeted by the Tories on one side and the Radicals on the other, he is aware, and not sorry to be aware, that the last act is at hand. Of this approaching catastrophe probably all the others are as well aware as himself, but there are some among them who earnestly desire that it should be so brought about as to make it next to im-

[1] [Adelaide, daughter of Thomas Lister, Esquire, and widow of the second Lord Ribblesdale, was the first wife of Lord John Russell: she died on the 1st November, 1838, to the great grief of the Minister.]

possible for those who may succeed them to carry on the Government. This, however, is not the object of Lord John Russell, who, on the contrary, desires that the next Government may be so formed and so conducted as to enable him to support it, and to bring with him such strength in its aid as may place it beyond the reach of danger. Whether they get a majority or not on the 15th, he knows that they cannot go on much longer. The Queen will do whatever Melbourne advises her, and he will advise her to send for the Duke of Wellington, who, in his turn, will desire her to send for Peel. Whether or no any attempt would be made toward a coalition, or a wide comprehension, on the formation of the Government, nothing would induce Lord John to take office, but he would be desirous of supporting Peel's Government, if he could with honor, and if the circumstances attending the change should render it possible for him as well as for others disposed to follow his course, to do so. He thinks that it is of great consequence that there should be no dissolution, which would throw the country into a ferment, lead to violent manifestations and declarations, and to many people being obliged to pledge themselves to measures of a dangerous tendency. He wishes, therefore, to place Peel in such a situation as shall exonerate him from the necessity of a dissolution, by giving him a fair general though independent support; but the power to do this depends much upon the temper that is displayed, and upon the mode in which the change is effected; for if the Tories cannot be restrained from the exhibition of an insulting and triumphant demeanor, the exasperation and desire of revenge in the discomfited party will be too great and general to admit of his aiding the new Government with an imposing force, and he is therefore solicitous that prudence and moderation should govern the Conservative councils. I asked X. whether he thought that there were many others likely to take this view and to follow Lord John's example and advice, and he said that there were.

All this, which is a brief abstract of our two conversations, appeared to me of so much importance, and, above all, that it is so desirable that the sentiments of the Whig leader should be made known to the future Minister, that I asked X. whether there would be any objection to my making known as much as it was desirable to impart of our conversation without committing anybody, and carefully abstain-

ing from giving what I might say the air of a communication between parties in any shape or way. He said that it certainly might be very useful that there should be some such knowledge of these sentiments conveyed to the proper quarter, but he did not think the time was yet come, and that for the present I had better say nothing; to which I replied that, as it might have an important effect upon their deliberations which would be held previously to the debate on the 15th, and upon the conduct of Peel and his party on that occasion, I thought that the sooner the communication took place the better, as there could be no doubt that the temper displayed and the conduct pursued by the different parties on that occasion would have a very material effect upon all future arrangements, and upon the condition, prospects, and necessities of the new administration. I told X. that there was nothing I had such a horror of as repeating things from one party to another, of retailing political gossip, and of the appearance of worming myself into the confidence of individuals of one side, and then betraying it to those of another; that I would not therefore make the slightest use of what he had told me without his entire permission, and whatever I might say, I should faithfully report to him. He, who knows me, was quite satisfied; but others might not be. Then I have the greatest doubt to whom I should speak. The only individuals I can think of are the Duke, Fitzgerald, Graham, Wharncliffe, or Peel himself. Peel himself would be the most direct, but he is so cold, dry, and unsatisfactory, I know not how he would take it, and he would very likely suspect me of some design, some *arrière pensée*, some purpose of founding on this service a title to his intimacy, or his patronage and assistance—in short, some selfish, personal object. Whereas I hope and believe that I am not actuated by any puerile vanity in this matter, or the ambition of acting a part, however humble and subordinate, but that I have no object but to render my personal position instrumental to a great and good purpose.

April 7th.—I sent for Clarendon, and consulted him what I should do. He advised me to speak to Peel at once, but first to ascertain whether John Russell certainly remained in the same mind, because Ben Stanley reports to the Cabinet that they will have so certain a majority that their drooping spirits have been rather raised, and it will never do for me to run the risk of deceiving Peel in any way.

I shall do nothing for the present, but turn it in my mind. There is a moral or religious precept of oriental origin which is applicable to politics as well as to morals and religion, and which should, I think, be ever present to the mind: "When you are in doubt whether an action is good or bad, abstain from it." I believe this is the safest and wisest maxim with reference to sayings and doings: if you have serious doubts whether it is advisable to do a particular thing, or to say a particular thing, neither do, nor say; do nothing, say nothing. Of course, if you must do or say something, and the only choice is *what*, it is another thing. I believe, when the mind is disturbed and is oscillating with doubts of this kind, it is that vanity is whispering at one ear and prudence at the other; but then prudence almost always takes the deaf ear, and so vanity persuades.

April 10th.—I wrote to X. on Saturday last, and said that what I heard here of the confidence of Government about their majority made me hesitate about saying anything for fear Lord John should not be in the same mind. He replied that he had no reason to believe he had changed his mind, but that it might be better to say nothing for the present. I had therefore resolved to say nothing, but on Monday John Russell announced the terms of his motion,[1] and Peel gave notice that on Friday he would give out his amendment; therefore, if anything was to be done (as they were thus coming to close quarters), no time was to be lost; and accordingly, after much reflection, I resolved to speak to Graham, with whom old intimacy enabled me to converse more freely than I could with Peel, whose coldness and reserve, and the doubt how he would take my communication, would certainly have embarrassed me. I called on Graham yesterday, and had a conversation of two hours with him. He began by saying that he could hold no communication with me upon any political subject without telling me that he should feel bound to impart everything to Peel, and I replied that such was my intention. I then told him, without mentioning names, or giving any authority, the reason I had for speaking to him, and the conviction in my own mind that there would be found (in the event of a change of Government) a disposition on the part of John Russell and others of the moderate Whigs to support Peel.

[1] [This was the motion approving the Irish policy of the Government, above referred to.]

I told him that I thought it of such vital importance that such a disposition should be fostered, and not checked or suppressed by any violence in the conduct or language of his party, such as might render it impossible for them to give that support hereafter ; that I had resolved to make known to him, for his consideration and that of Peel, this my conviction ; at the same time, he must fully understand, I had no *authority* for saying so, that I might be mistaken, and he must take it for just what he judged it to be worth. I went more at length into the subject, conveying to him much of the information which had been imparted to me.

He replied that he was fully aware of the great importance of this communication, and did not doubt that I had very solid grounds for what I said ; but at the same time he thought the motion of which John Russell had given notice was in itself a measure of such a violent character that it was inconsistent with the moderation which I ascribed to him, and he feared that, in the event of a change, he might be persuaded to put himself at the head of the Whigs and Radicals, and acquiesce for party purposes in those movement measures to which he was certainly not personally inclined ; that as for himself, and Stanley also, they had old feelings of regard and friendship for Lord John, which would always influence them ; and that he had recently had a sort of reconciliation with him (the circumstance of which he detailed), after an alienation on account of his attack upon Lord John in his speech at Glasgow ; but that Peel had no such amicable feelings toward him, and thought he had got him at a great disadvantage on the present occasion ; that their amendment would be moderate in terms ; but they intended to be very strong in debate, and it was a good deal to ask of them to emasculate their speeches for the prospective but uncertain advantage of Lord John's future support. "You say," he continued, "that you are convinced, on what you deem good and certain ground, that John Russell is disposed to resist the movement, and, in order to do so, to support Peel, if he comes in ; and you ask us to place such confidence in this impression of yours, as to shape our conduct in conformity with it. You ask us to adopt a tone so moderate as to give no offense to John Russell, a lower tone than would be naturally expected from us by our friends, who will and can know nothing of our reasons for foregoing the advantage which seems to be in our power, and for treating

our opponents with such extraordinary and unaccountable lenity and forbearance. This is asking a great deal." I owned that it was; but I urged that the paramount importance of winning over the Whig leader, and a part of the Whig party, to a decided opposition to the movement, and the prospect it held out of separating the Whigs from the Radicals, fully justified the sacrifice of any such advantage as that to which he alluded. He said that "supposing such were the views and feelings of John Russell himself, he doubted whether the great Whig families would follow him. He thought the Dukes of Sutherland, Devonshire, Bedford, and others, would throw their influence into the opposite scale, and that the majority of the Whigs would follow Morpeth, who, he believed, was prepared to go any lengths." I replied that this might be so; that I could only speak of what I knew; that it had occurred to me to inquire whether he was likely to be followed by many others, and that to the question I had thus put, the answer had been "yes;" but that I could not pretend to say I knew of any certain instances of support to be expected, though my own belief was, that they would not be wanting. After a long conversation, in which we discussed the state and aspect of affairs in all their bearings, he ended by saying, that what I had said to him had made a great impression upon him, and that he should consider what it would be most advisable to do. He thanked me for the confidence I had reposed in him, and appreciated my motives; he should communicate with Peel about it, but whether he should mention what I had said to him as the impression of his own mind only, or whether he should tell him upon what authority it rested (upon mine), he should hereafter determine. I told him I had rather avoid, but had no objection, if necessary, to have my name brought forward, and, above all things, he must understand and convey to Peel that I had *no authority* for what I had said, that nobody must be in the slightest degree *committed*, that my impressions might be mistaken and erroneous, and the event might not correspond with them; but that, such as they were, I had frankly communicated them to him in hopes that the communication might have a salutary effect.

April 13th.—On Thursday morning I saw Graham again. He had spoken to Peel, and told him exactly what I intended him to say, neither more nor less, giving it as given to him *by a friend of his own.* Peel was not disposed to attach

much weight to the communication, and, finding how lightly he regarded it, he thought it necessary to inform him that it came from me. The mention of my name (he said) did make a considerable impression on Peel, though much less than the matter had made on Stanley and himself; the former eagerly grasping at the prospect it held out, and believing implicitly in Lord John's disposition. Still Peel was shaken, but at the same time he was excessively annoyed and *put out* by it. This (which appeared extraordinary enough) Graham accounted for in this way: that Peel had arranged the whole course of his conduct and the tenor of his speech in his own mind; he thought he had got Lord John at a great disadvantage, and that the debate would afford him the opportunity of a signal triumph; and the notion of being obliged to forego this advantage and triumph, and the perplexity into which he was thrown between doubt whether it really was worth while, and fear of sacrificing a great and permanent to an accidental and ephemeral interest, threw him into an uncertainty and embarrassment which disturbed his equanimity. It is at all events fortunate that I did not go to him myself, for I should have been met with a cold austerity of manner which would have disconcerted me, and I should have most certainly quitted him mortified and disappointed, and without having effected any good.

Peel said to Graham that he should express no opinion, make no promise, and would not say whether or how his conduct could be affected by what he had heard. I replied on this, that I did not desire or expect that he should, and that my object was attained when he was made aware of what I knew. I repeated that I had no authority, and he must attach as much or as little importance to my opinion as he thought it was worth. Graham said that, notwithstanding his annoyance, he was in fact fully sensible of the importance of the circumstances, and that he would look with the greatest solicitude for what fell from John Russell himself, considering that his speech would afford the test of the correctness of my impressions, and that if the tenor of that speech confirmed them, their speeches would be of a corresponding character; that he might defend the policy of the Government, and the administration of Ireland, as strenuously as he pleased; but if he attacked the House of Lords, or truckled to the Radicals, they must give a vent to the indignant feelings that such conduct would inevitably

excite, and it would be impossible for them to satisfy their followers by a mere milk-and-water debate, and by abstaining from the use of their weapons when the other side were unscrupulous in the use of theirs. I said I did not desire that they should go into action with their swords in their scabbards, while their enemies were to have theirs drawn; that I admitted that this opening speech might be considered a fair test, and that all I desired was, that if they *could* be moderate they *would*, and always keep in sight the motives for moderation. This, he assured me, I might depend upon. Peel thinks *the motion* itself so violent, that it announces violent dispositions; and he says it is moving the Appropriation Clause over again.[1] The only individual to whom all this has been communicated, besides Peel and Stanley, is Arbuthnot, for the purpose of being conveyed to the Duke of Wellington, but without any mention of my name.

Yesterday I had a long letter from X., to whom I wrote an account of my interview with Graham, approving of what I had done, and I wrote Graham a note saying as much (but not mentioning X.'s name, as I have never done). This he considered of such importance that he showed it to Peel, and he told me that Peel was greatly more sensible of the value of the information, and more disposed to shape his conduct accordingly. He said to Stanley, "Why, I must go down to the House of Commons with two speeches."

April 21st.—At Newmarket all last week, and having heard from nobody, could judge of the debate only from reading the report. Lord John's speech was admirable, and so skillful, that it satisfied his friends, his foes, and did not dissatisfy the Radicals. Peel was flat and labored, and did not satisfy his own people, all of which may be attributed to the necessity he was under of making speech number two. The rest of the debate was very moderate, but the Government had an excellent case, nothing being proved against them; and the facts on which the Opposition relied being all explained or rebutted satisfactorily. The division was better, too, than they expected, and some accidents told in

[1] [The terms of Lord John's resolution were these: "That it is the opinion of this House that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the Executive Government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law and the general improvement of that part of the Kingdom." It is difficult to perceive any violence in this language.]

their favor; for example, a stupid Tory (Goddard), who was besieged with letters and notes to be present at the division, turned sulky and restive in consequence, and voted with the Government, much to the delight of the Ministerial, and the rage of the Opposition whippers-in, though to the amusement of both. But the moderation, which it was my object to enforce, was manifested on both sides, and nothing fell from John Russell offensive in a constitutional or even in a party sense, and the Opposition leader abstained from attacking him, with a forbearance which, if calculated, was very consistently maintained. Satisfactorily, however, as the whole thing appears to have terminated for the Government, they do not consider it to have given them any permanent strength, or the prospect of a longer tenure of office; for the Radicals, while one and all supported them on this Irish vote, were not sparing of menace and invective, and plainly indicated that, unless concessions were speedily made for them, the Government should lose their support; and consequently, there are many who are hoping and expecting, and many more who are desiring, that concessions should be made, and by these means that the Government concern should be again bolstered up. Some of the Cabinet, more of the subordinates and hangers-on, and many of what are called the old Whigs, are earnestly pressing this, and they are very angry and very sorrowful because John Russell is inflexible on this point. He has to sustain the assaults, not only of the violent of his party, and of Ellice and the out-of-door advisers, monitors, and critics, but of his own family, even of his father, who, after announcing that he had given up politics and quitted the stage, has been dragged forward and induced to try his parental rhetoric upon the conservative immobility of his son. To the letter which the Duke wrote him, Lord John merely replied that "he would shortly see his opinions in print;" and to Ellice's warm remonstrances and entreaties he only dryly said, "I have made up my mind." His nephew, Lord Russell,[1] who, from some extraordinary crotchet, has thought fit to embrace republican opinions, and is an ultra-movement man, but restrained in the manifestation of his opinions from personal deference to his father and his uncle, with whom he lives on excellent terms—said the other day to Lord Tavistock, "Lord John

[1] [William Russell, afterward eighth Duke of Bedford, born 30th June, 1809, died May, 1872.]

has undertaken a great task; he is endeavoring to arrest the progress of the movement, and if he succeeds he will be a very great man. He may succeed, and if he does it will be a great achievement." This Lord Tavistock told Lord John, who replied that "he was convinced of the danger which threatened the country from the movement, and of the necessity of opposing its progress; that he considered this duty paramount to all other considerations. He did not desire the dissolution of the Government to which he belonged; on the contrary, he wished to remain in office; but nevertheless he considered the promotion of party objects and the retention of office subordinate to the higher and more imperative duty of opposing principles fraught with danger to the State, and to that end he would devote his best energies." (It is impossible to give the exact words, and these are not *the words*, but it is the exact sense of what he said.)

April 22d.—The moderate Radicals are now very anxious to come to some amicable understanding with the Government, and, if possible, to prop up the concern. They are very angry with their more violent compeers (Grote, Leader, etc.), and Fonblanque told me last night that they would take the slightest concessions, the least thing that would satisfy their constituencies, but that *something* they must have, and that something he appeared to think they should get. I asked him what was the *minimum* of concession that would do, and he said the rate-paying clauses, which would be merely working out the original principle, the demolition of the boroughs under 300 electors, and Ballot an open question. I told him that I was persuaded these things were impossible; that Lord John Russell never would consent to begin again the work of disfranchisement, nor to make Ballot an open question; that he *is alarmed*, and determined to stop. Clarendon had told me much the same thing in the morning on the authority of his brother Charles,[1] who is a very leading man, and much looked to among them, probably (besides that he really is very clever) on account of that aristocratic origin and connection which he himself affects to despise, and to consider prejudicial to him. Of course this anxiety on the part of the moderate Radicals to come to terms will increase the eagerness of the violent Whigs to strike a bargain; but Lord John will continue, I believe, to

[1] [Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, born 19th January, 1802, M. P. for Wolverhampton for very many years.]

forbid the bans. These things would only be wedges, no sooner conceded than fresh demands would be raised upon them; besides, they never could, without abandoning every principle of independence and losing all sense of honor, yield to contumely, menace, and the most insulting language, what they have so long and pertinaciously refused to milder appeals and all the means of persuasion and remonstrance. The great body of the Conservatives certainly, and I believe the whole country, will make no distinction between different sections and shades of Radicals, but consider every concession made to one as made to all, and the consequence would be fresh taunts against the Government for being made of such *squeezable* materials, without its prolonging their Ministerial existence for a very long period. It would, however, prevent the split between the great masses of Whigs and Radicals, and secure a formidable Opposition, together with union at the election whenever it took place. Fonblanque told me that if the Government was broken up by the desertion of the Radicals, the latter would lose all their seats at the next election, for they are scarcely anywhere strong enough to come in without the assistance of the Whigs.

April 24th.—Graham called yesterday to ask how my friends were satisfied with their speeches, and to say that they had been entirely so with Lord John's, and, in consequence, able to express themselves with the reserve and moderation which they had displayed. I told him it had all done very well, plenty of moderation on both sides, and I hoped good had been done. He said that Peel was still suspicious about Lord John, whom he did not know personally as he and Stanley did, and therefore could not bring himself to put the same confidence in the sincerity and integrity of his intentions. Confound the fellow, what a cold feeler and cautious stepper he is! Strange that the two leaders should make themselves so personally obnoxious as they do by their manners and behavior. Nevertheless John Russell, though frigid and forbidding to strangers, is a more amiable man with his friends; but the other has no friends. I have more than once remonstrated on the impolicy of Lord John's carelessness in his treatment of people, and I had an instance of the mischief it does the other day. Sheil told me at Brooks's that one of his Irish members (Macnamara) was close to Lord John in the House, and looked at him in vain for a sign of recognition. Lord John stared, but made no sign; the

affronted Milesian frothed up instantly, and said, "Confound him, I'll vote against him!" They pacified him so far as his vote was concerned; but Sheil naturally enough observed that it was a very unwise thing to neglect people's little vanities and self-love so wantonly and carelessly.

April 30th.—Le Marchant told me yesterday that there is a great change come over the spirit of the Reformers, and undoubted evidence of a reaction. Joe Parkes, who recently went on a tour through the country, and who, before he went, in an interview with Ben Stanley, Gore, Anson, and Le Marchant, was full of menace and big words about the necessity of concession and the strength of the movement, returned quite crestfallen, and has since confessed that he found matters no longer in the same state, and a general lukewarmness, in many cases an aversion to the movement. Le Marchant has since been in communication with the editors of the *Sun* and of the *Daily Advertiser*, both of whom are engaging themselves in the service of Government, and they have owned the same thing, that, in the districts in which the Chartists have appeared, their excesses have produced a regular reaction and aversion to reform, and elsewhere that reasonable people, without giving up their principles, are satisfied that the moment is not come for enforcing them, and are for leaving things alone. This information, which appears worthy of credit, is very important as regards the condition of the country, and if it is acted upon by the Radicals in the House of Commons, may still prolong the existence of the Government. Nobody can well make out what Peel is at with his Jamaica amendment, and though he says it is no party question, they are whipping up in all directions to fight another battle.

May 2d.—The Duke of Newcastle has been dismissed from the Lieutenancy of Nottinghamshire, as he ought to have been long ago. I met the Duke of Wellington at the Ancient Concert, and asked him the reason, which he told me in these words: "Oh, there never was such a fool as he is; the Government have done quite right, quite right, they could not do otherwise." There was a correspondence between him and the Chancellor about the appointment of some magistrates: he recommended two gentlemen of Derbyshire as magistrates of Nottinghamshire, and the Chancellor told him he meant to appoint likewise two others, one of

whom was a Mr. Paget. The Duke replied that he objected to Mr. Paget—first, because he was a man of violent political opinions; and, secondly, because he was a Dissenter. The Chancellor told him that Mr. Paget was not a man of violent political opinions, and as to his being a Dissenter, he considered that no objection, and that he should therefore appoint him, together with the gentleman recommended by the Duke. The Duke wrote a most violent answer, in which he said that his lordship had the power of making this appointment if he chose to do so, and if he did, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had done very wrong, and he informed him that for the future he should hold no confidential communication with him. The Chancellor (the Duke of Wellington said) behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner possible; nobody could behave better. He sent to the Duke of Newcastle to say that he must be aware, on reflection, that he ought not to have written such a letter, and he would therefore return it to him, that he might, if he pleased, put it in the fire, and let it be considered as not having been written at all. The Duke replied that he had no objection to withdraw the letter, *provided the Chancellor would cancel the appointment.* Upon this, Lord John Russell wrote him word that "Her Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rutulorum of the county of Notts." Yesterday morning the Duke of Newcastle went to Apsley House, and said to the Duke of Wellington, "You have heard what has happened to me?" "Not I," said the Duke, "I have heard nothing;" and then the Duke of Newcastle gave him Lord John's letter to read. "Well," said he, "but there is a correspondence alluded to in this letter: where is it?" and then the Duke of Newcastle put into his hands the correspondence with the Chancellor. As soon as the Duke of Wellington had read it, he said, "They could not do otherwise; no Government could be carried on if such a letter as this was submitted to." "What shall I do?" said the Duke of Newcastle. "Do?" said the Duke; "do nothing."

May 5th.—Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of Stroud[1] came out late on Friday evening, and three editions were sold of it yesterday, and not a copy to be had. It is

[1] [This letter appeared in the form of a pamphlet in which Lord John Russell fearlessly stated his moderate Whig opinions to the great disgust of the Radical party.]

very sound and temperate, will be a bitter pill to the Radicals, and a source of vexation to his own people, but will be hailed with exceeding satisfaction by all moderate and really conservative men of whatever party. I saw Graham yesterday morning, who owned that it had fully answered all the expectations held out by me as to his intentions and opinions.

The Jamaica Bill is about to produce a fresh crisis much more difficult to get over than the last, and it puzzles me to make out why Peel has chosen this ground on which to fight a great and possibly a decisive battle.[1] The Government, it is true, have placed themselves by their measure in a false position, because on their own reasoning their Bill does not go far enough, and ought to have extended to the dissolution instead of merely to the suspension of the Assembly, and this was what the Colonial Office authorities recommended. In a paper drawn up by Henry Taylor for the use of the Cabinet, he set forth the incompatibility of the present Assembly with the new order of things, and exposed the absurdity of a system falsely called representative; but they did not venture to take so decided a step, and preferred a half-measure, which dissatisfies everybody, and which would only defer the difficulty and embarrassment of a final settlement. Still, having adopted this course, and determined to deal with the Colony upon their own responsibility, I cannot understand why Peel did not let them alone. There was

[1] [On the 6th May, Lord John Russell proposed in the House of Commons to suspend the Constitution of Jamaica for five years, because the Assembly of that Island had refused to adopt the Prisons Act passed by the Imperial Legislature. A division was taken on the question, that "the Speaker do now leave the Chair," and the Government had a majority of five in a House of 583. Upon this grave consequences ensued. Mr. Henry Taylor argued, in the paper he submitted to the Cabinet on this question, that in the existing state of society in the West Indies, the forms of Constitutional Government could only lead to the oppression of the blacks by the whites, or of the whites by the blacks, and that the inveterate feelings by which the Colonists were divided would lead to measures of oppression, and in the end would break out into acts of violence. He therefore proposed the abolition of the Assemblies and the substitution of Legislatures based on the model of those existing in the Crown Colonies. This scheme was approved by Lord Melbourne and by Lord Howick, but it was feebly supported by Lord Glenelg and rejected by the Cabinet. Lord John Russell then brought forward the half-measure on which the division was taken. In the opinion of Mr. Henry Taylor this decision led to twenty-six years of misgovernment in the Colonies, and at length to the outbreak of the negroes in Jamaica in October, 1865, which was only suppressed by the energy of Governor Eyre. Government by the Crown, which the Colonial Department had vainly advocated in 1839, was established in 1866, with excellent results to the Colony.]

no popularity to be gained by taking this course; the country does not care a straw for the constitution of Jamaica, the anti-slavery feeling is all against the Assembly, and nobody will believe that the Tories are animated by any high constitutional scruples, or that they care about the question except as one on which they can fight a battle. Peel (Graham said) "offered his plan in the sincere hope and expectation that Government would accept it." Perhaps it may be of the two preferable (though there is a serious objection to it, in the lapse of time that would occur before anything could be done), but the Government cannot come down to Parliament with proposals for administering colonial affairs in such a manner as they deem necessary and expedient, and then, at the bidding or suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, adopt another plan of which, while he would be the author, they must be the responsible executors. This would not be governing, but handing over the Government to their opponents. If Peel really was of opinion that this Bill was so unwise and inexpedient, that no considerations of a general nature would justify him in consenting to it, or in not opposing it, he was right to take the course he has done; but not otherwise; for, as the Bill can only be carried, if at all, by a small majority, it will go out to Jamaica with diminished moral effect, and it was above all things desirable that an Act so penal should be invested with all the authority derivable from unanimity, or at least the concurrence of an overwhelming majority. Now this is the consideration of which the importance is admitted by both sides, and it might have afforded Peel a good reason for giving way to the Government, when he found they would not give way to him. As it is, the Bill will go up to the Lords with the usual majority, and the Lords will have to determine upon a course full of important consequences. If they throw it out, it seems to me that Ministers must resign, and no question could be devised on which they could resign so advantageously for their own interests as a party, none of which would be less popular for their opponents, and which would afford so good an occasion and such great facilities for keeping together the Whigs and Radicals in a firm and consentient opposition. The great object of Peel's policy appears to have been to avoid returning to office until he could do so in such strength as to be able to carry on the Government with security, and it was my belief that he never would return until he had

some sort of guarantee that this would be in his power. The great desideratum, therefore, of all moderate men, was the dissolution of the connection between the Whigs and Radicals, and the ultimate establishment of a Government upon the anti-movement principle, and it was with reference to this paramount object that I was so desirous of getting Peel's course shaped so as to harmonize with John Russell's sentiments and conduct. But if the Government resign upon this Jamaica question, all this fine plan will be defeated. Great are the effects of party rancor, and if the battle is fought on merely party grounds, and the Lords are to be the instruments of achieving the victory, the Whigs and Radicals will forget their present bickerings and mutual topics of grievance and discontent, and bury their animosities in a common determination to resist and defeat their political antagonists. With the majority against him unbroken in the Commons, but without an option as to taking or refusing office if tendered to him (because he would have himself compelled the Government to resign), Peel must dissolve, and he would encounter the election with the whole antagonist force united against him, aided by the anti-slavery feeling, together with all the jealousy that could be excited against the predominance of the House of Lords. Suppose the general election were to give him a very large majority, even then the great opportunity of separating the Whigs and Radicals would have been lost, and there is every reason to believe that when there is to be a fair fight for power, the Whigs will not be nice as to the banners that are displayed in their front, and that the majority of them will agree to many things of which they do not approve, rather than mar combinations instrumental to the overthrow of the Tory party, and their own restoration to power.

May 10th.—I left town on Monday, having in the morning seen Le Marchant, who knows better than anybody the numbers and details of divisions; and he told me that they should have a majority of twenty: little, therefore, was I prepared to hear on Tuesday morning that they had been left with only a majority of five. It was not till they were in the House of Commons that they were aware of the defections, and of the probability of a close division, if not of a defeat. About ten of the Radicals voted against them, and ten or a dozen stayed away; six of the Tories voted with Government, but the balance was quite enough to reduce the old majority

to an equality. On Tuesday the Cabinet met, and resolved to resign. The Queen had not been prepared for this catastrophe and was completely upset by it. Her agitation and grief were very great. In her interview with Lord John Russell she was all the time dissolved in tears; and she dined in her own room, and never appeared on the Tuesday evening. Melbourne advised her to send for the Duke, and on Wednesday morning she sent for him. By this time she had regained her calmness and self-possession. She told him that she was very sorry for what had occurred, and for having to part with her Ministers, particularly Lord Melbourne, for whom she felt the warmest regard, and who had acted an almost parental part toward her. The Duke was excessively pleased with her behavior and with her frankness. He told her that his age and his deafness incapacitated him from serving her as efficiently as he could desire, and that the leader of the House of Commons ought to be her Prime Minister, and he advised her to send for Peel. She said, "Will you desire him to come to me?" He told her that he would do anything; but, he thought, under the circumstances, it would be better that she should write to him herself. She said she would, but begged him to go and announce to Peel that he might expect her letter. This the Duke did, and when Peel received it, he went to the Palace (in full dress according to etiquette), and received her commands to form a Government. She received him (though she dislikes him) extremely well, and he was perfectly satisfied.

While the Tories were rejoicing in their victory, the Whigs, greatly exasperated, were already beginning to meditate the organization of a strong Opposition, and providing the means of carrying on an effectual war against the new Government. They do not choose to look upon their expulsion as attributable to the defection of their allies, but as the work of the Tories upon a mere party question, and that a very unjustifiable one, and treated in a very unjustifiable manner. I met Ellice and Labouchere in the street, and found them full of menace and sinister prediction, and to my assertion that all would go well and *easily*, they shook their heads, and insisted that the conduct of their opponents entitled them to no forbearance, and that finding none, their difficulties and embarrassments would be very great; and I found in other quarters that there is a disposition to rally

and marshal the party, and commence offensive warfare; but others of the Whigs entertained no such views, and looked upon the game as quite lost for the present; and in point of fact, nothing is settled, fixed, combined, or arranged as yet; and there has not been time to ascertain the disposition or intentions of the leaders.

While, however, there was yesterday this uncertainty and agitation in the Whig camp, and the Tories were waiting in perfect security for the tranquil arrangement of the new Government, a storm suddenly arose, which threatens to scatter to the winds the new combinations, and the ultimate effects of which it is impossible for anybody to foresee. The Queen insisted upon keeping the ladies of her household, and Peel objected, but without shaking her determination. He begged her to see the Duke of Wellington, and she agreed to see the Duke and him together. He had, however, before this gone to the Palace with Lord Ashley,[1] whom he had taken with him, fancying that because he had been in the habit of seeing a great deal of the Queen, he might have some influence with her—a notion altogether preposterous, and exhibiting the deficiency of Peel in worldly dexterity and tact, and in knowledge of character. Ashley made no impression on the Queen. When the Duke and Peel saw her, and endeavored to persuade her to yield this point, they found her firm and immovable, and not only resolved not to give way, but prepared with answers to all they said, and arguments in support of her determination. They told her that she must consider her *Ladies* in the same light as *Lords:* she said, "No, I have Lords besides, and these I give up to you." And when they still pressed her, she said, "Now suppose the case had been reversed, that you had been in office when I had come to the Throne, and that Lord Melbourne would not have required this sacrifice of me." Finding that she would not give way, Peel informed her that under these circumstances he must consult his friends; and a meeting took place at his house yesterday afternoon.

In the meantime the old Ministers were apprised of the difficulty that had occurred, and Lord John Russell, who knew that there was a meeting at Peel's to consider what

[1] [Lord Ashley, then a member of the House of Commons, afterward seventh Earl of Shaftesbury: though a follower of Sir Robert Peel, he was married to Lady Emily Cowper, Lord Melbourne's niece, and this circumstance probably induced Peel to invoke his assistance.]

was to be done, entreated Melbourne, if the thing was broken off upon this difficulty, not to give any advice, but to call the Cabinet and have a general consultation. At nine in the evening he was summoned to a Cabinet at Melbourne's house, and from this he inferred that negotiations with Peel had closed. The ministers were collected from all quarters: (Hobhouse from dinner at Wilton's, Morpeth from the opera), and Melbourne laid before them a letter from the Queen,[1] written in a bitter spirit, and in a strain such as Elizabeth might have used. She said, "Do not fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my Ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and my housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England!" They consulted, and a suggestion was thrown out that Lady Normanby (and some other I think) should resign. This was overruled, as was a proposition of John Russell's, that the Queen should require from Peel a precise statement of the extent of his demands. The end was, that a letter was composed for her, in which she simply declined to place the Ladies of her household at Peel's discretion. This was sent yesterday morning; when Peel wrote an answer resigning his commission into Her Majesty's hands; but recapitulating everything that had passed. When the difficulty first arose, Peel asked her to see the Duke; she acquiesced; he fetched him, and the Duke was with her alone. The Duke it was who argued *the principle* with her—Peel had touched upon its application.

It was speedily known all over the town that the whole thing was at an end, and nothing could surpass the excitement and amazement that prevailed. The indignant Tories exclaimed against intrigue and preconcerted plans, and asserted that she refused to part with *any* of her Ladies, and that it was only a pretext to break off the Tory Government; while the Whigs cried out against harshness and dictatorial demands, and complained that it was intended to make a thorough clearance, to strip her of all her friends, and destroy her social comfort. The Radicals, who had for the most part been terribly alarmed at the results of their own defection, instantly made overtures to the Whigs; and I heard at Brooks's that Ward had come over from the Re-

[1] Melbourne, it appears, from his own statement in the House of Lords, was sent for at six o'clock on Thursday.

form Club, and proposed a reconciliation without any concession, except that Ballot should be made an open question. There appeared no disposition to concede anything to the Radicals, who, they were convinced, would join them without any conditions.

In the meantime Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell went to the Queen, who told them her whole story. I met the latter coming from her; he said, "I have just been for an hour with the Queen; she told me her story, and ended by saying, 'I have stood by you, you must now stand by me.'" They thought her case a good one, and resolved to stand by her. Such was the state of things and such the case as reported to me by several members of the Whig party yesterday morning, and my impression was that Peel had been unreasonable in his demands and impolitic in breaking off the negotiation on such grounds. Nevertheless I had some misgivings, because I thought the Duke of Wellington unlikely to concur in any proceeding harsh toward the Queen, or ill-considered in a political sense; but the assertion was at the same time so positive, that Peel had required the dismissal of *all* the Ladies, and the Tories defended instead of denying this, that I did not doubt the fact to have been so; and, moreover, I was told that Peel's behavior had created a strong sentiment of dislike toward him in the Queen, and from her representations and the language of her letter it was clear the impression on her mind was that no consideration was intended to be shown to her feelings and wishes, but, on the contrary, that they meant to abuse their power to the utmost. At the ball last night I put the question directly to Lord Normanby and Ben Stanley, and they both declared that the Queen's understanding was, that the demand for power to dismiss the Ladies was unqualified by any intimation of an intention not to exercise that power to the utmost extent; that she believed they were *all* to be taken from her, and under this impression she had sent her ultimatum by which the whole thing was terminated. But I had afterward a conversation with Lord Wharncliffe, who gave me an account of all that had passed, placed the matter in a very different light, and proved beyond a doubt that there was no lack of deference and consideration on the part of Peel, but, on the contrary, the clearest indication of an intention and desire to consult her wishes and feelings in every respect, and that, instead of

a sweeping demand for the dismissal of *all* her Ladies, he had approached that subject with delicacy and caution, and merely suggested the expediency of some partial changes, for reasons (especially when taken with other things) by no means insufficient. So little disposition was there on the part of Peel to regard her with distrust or to fetter her social habits, that when she said, "You must not expect me to give up the society of Lord Melbourne," he replied that "nothing could be further from his thoughts than to interfere with Her Majesty's society in any way, or to object to her receiving Lord Melbourne as she pleased, and that he should always feel perfectly secure in the honor of Lord Melbourne, that he would not avail himself improperly of his intercourse with her." When she said that she should like to have Lord Liverpool about her, he immediately acquiesced, and proposed that he should be Lord Steward, and he suggested certain other persons, whom he said he proposed because he believed they were personally agreeable to her; but when he began to talk of "some modification of the Ladies of her household," she stopped him at once, and declared she would not part with any of them. Thenceforward this became the whole matter in dispute; but there had been some circumstances even in the first interview which Peel and the Duke regarded as ominous and indicative of her having been primed as to the part she should play. The principal of these was an intimation of her desire that there should be *no dissolution of Parliament*. This surprised Peel very much, but he only replied that it was impossible for him to come to any determination on that point, as he might be beaten on one of the first divisions, in which case it would be inevitable. It was indeed the fact of his taking the Government with a *minority* in the House of Commons which was his principal argument for desiring the power of dismissing the Ladies, or rather of changing the household, that he might not, he said, give to the world the spectacle of a Court entirely hostile to him, consisting of ladies whose husbands were his strongest political opponents, thereby creating an impression that the confidence of the Crown was bestowed on his enemies rather than on himself. In the Duke's first interview with the Queen, he had entreated her to place her whole confidence in Peel, and had then said that, though some changes might be necessary in her household, she would find

him in all the arrangements anxious to meet her wishes and consult her feelings. Notwithstanding her assurance to Melbourne that she was calm, she was greatly excited, though still preserving a becoming dignity in her outward behavior.

Having satisfied myself that there had been a complete misunderstanding, which I think, as it was, might have been cleared up if there had been less precipitation and more openness and further endeavors to explain what was doubtful or ambiguous, I began to turn in my mind whether something could not be done to avert the impending danger, and renew the negotiation with Peel while it was still time. Labouchere had had a conversation with Graham, who had enlightened him, much as Wharncliffe had me; we came home together, and I found what Graham had told him had made a deep impression on him, and that he was as sensible as I am of the gravity and peril of the circumstances in which affairs are placed. I accordingly urged Lord Tavistock to endeavor to persuade Melbourne to see the Duke of Wellington and talk it over with him; he would at all events learn the exact truth as to what had passed, which it most essentially behooves him to know before he takes upon himself the responsibility of advising the Queen and of meeting Parliament once more with all the necessary explanations how and why he is still Minister, and from the Duke likewise he would learn what really is the *animus* of Peel and his party, and what the real extent of their intended demands upon the Queen. He, and he alone, can enlighten her and pacify her mind; and if he is satisfied that there has been a misapprehension, and that Peel has required nothing but what she ought to concede, it would be his duty to advise her once more to place herself in Peel's hands. This is the only solution of the difficulty now possible, and this course, if he has sufficient wisdom, firmness, and virtue to adopt it, may still avert the enormous evils which are threatened by the rupture of the pending arrangements.

CHAPTER VI.

The Whigs retain the Government—Motives of the Queen—Decision of Ministers—Lord Brougham's Excitement—Ministerial Explanations—State of Affairs in Parliament—Lord Brougham's great Speech on the Crisis—Duke of Wellington's Wisdom and Moderation—Visit of the Grand Duke Alexander—Macaulay returns to Parliament—Disappointment of the Radicals—The Radicals appeased—Visit to Holland House—Anecdotes of George Selwyn—False Position of the Whigs—Downton Castle—Payne Knight—Malvern—Troy House—Castles on the Wye—Tintern Abbey—Bath—Salisbury Cathedral—Death of Lady Flora Hastings—Violent Speech of the Duke—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington—Lord Clarendon's *début* in the House of Lords—Lord Brougham attacks Lord Normanby—His Fantastic Conduct—Pauper School at Norwood.

May 12th, 1839.—The Cabinet met yesterday, and resolved to take the Government again; they hope to interest the people in the Queen's quarrel, and having made it up with the Radicals they think they can stand. It is a high trial to our institutions when the wishes of a Princess of nineteen can overturn a great Ministerial combination, and when the most momentous matters of Government and legislation are influenced by her pleasure about her Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Whigs resigned because they had no longer that Parliamentary support for their measures which they deemed necessary, and they consent to hold the Government without the removal of any of the difficulties which compelled them to resign, for the purpose of enabling the Queen to exercise her pleasure without any control or interference in the choice of the Ladies of her household. This is making the private gratification of the Queen paramount to the highest public considerations: somewhat strange Whig doctrine and practice! With respect to the question of unfettered choice, a good deal may be said on both sides; but, although it would be wrong and inexpedient for any Minister to exercise the right, unless in a case of great necessity, I think every Minister must have the power of advising the Queen to remove a Lady of her Court, in the same way as he is admitted to have that of removing a man. Notwithstanding the transaction of 1812, and Lord Moira's protection of George IV. in the retention of his household, it is now perfectly established in practice that the Royal Household is at the discretion of the Minister, and it must be so because he is responsible for the appointments; in like manner he is responsible for every appointment which the Sovereign may make; and should any of the Ladies conduct herself in such

a manner as to lead the public to expect or require her dismissal, and the Queen were to refuse to dismiss her, the Minister must be responsible for her remaining about the Royal person.

The pretension of the Queen was not merely personal, *pro hâc vice*, and one of arrangement, but it went to the establishment of a principle unlimited in its application, for she declared that she had felt bound to make her stand where she did, in order once for all to resist the encroachments which she anticipated, and which would lead, she supposed, at last to their insisting on taking the Baroness Lehzen herself from her. In a constitutional point of view, the case appears to me to be much stronger than in that of a Queen Consort, for the Minister has nothing to do with a Queen Consort; he is not responsible for her appointments, nor for the conduct of her officers, and she is a *feme sole* possessed of independent rights which she may exercise according to her own pleasure, provided only that she does not transgress the law. It was a great stretch of authority when Lord Grey insisted on the dismissal of Lord Howe, Queen Adelaide's Chamberlain; but he did so upon an extraordinary occasion, and when circumstances rendered it, as he thought, absolutely necessary that he should make a public demonstration of his influence in a Court notoriously disaffected to the Reform Bill.

The origin of the present mischief may be found in the objectionable composition of the Royal Household at the Accession. The Queen knew nobody, and was ready to take any Ladies that Melbourne recommended to her. He ought to have taken care that the female part of her household should not have a political complexion, instead of making it exclusively Whig as, unfortunately for her, he did; nor is it little matter of wonder that Melbourne should have consented to support her in such a case, and that he and his colleagues should have consented to act the strange, anomalous, unconstitutional part they have done. While they really believed that she had been ill-used, it was natural they should be disposed to vindicate and protect her; but after the reception of Peel's letter they must have doubted whether there had not been some misapprehension on both sides, and they ought in prudence, and in justice to her, even against her own feelings, to have sifted the matter to the bottom, and have cleared up every existing doubt before they decid-

ed on their course. But to have met as a Cabinet, and to have advised her what answer to send to the man who still held her commission for forming a Government, upon points relating to its formation, is utterly anomalous and unprecedented, and a course as dangerous as unconstitutional.[1] The danger has been sufficiently exemplified in the present case; for, having necessarily had no personal cognizance of the facts, they incurred the risk of giving advice upon mistaken grounds, as in this instance has been the case. *She* might be excused for her ignorance of the exact limits of constitutional propriety, and for her too precipitate recurrence to the counsels to which she had been accustomed; but *they* ought to have explained to her, that until Sir Robert Peel had formally and finally resigned his commission into her hands, they could tender no advice, and that her replies to him, and her resolutions with regard to his proposals, must emanate solely and spontaneously from herself. As it was, the Queen was in communication with Sir Robert Peel on one side, and Lord Melbourne on the other, at the same time; and through them with both their Cabinets; the unanimous resolutions of the former being by her conveyed to, and her answer being composed by, the latter. The Cabinet of Lord Melbourne discussed the proposals of that of Sir Robert Peel, and they dictated to the Queen the reply in which she refused to consent to the advice tendered to her by the man who was *at that moment* her Minister, and it was this reply which compelled him to resign the office with which she had intrusted him.

May 13th.—Lord Tavistock went on Saturday to Buckingham Palace; found Melbourne was not there, and followed him to his house, where the Cabinet was sitting. He wrote him a letter, in which he said that he had seen the Duke, and that his impression was that there had been a misunderstanding between Peel and the Queen; and suggested to Melbourne that he should see the Duke, who was very willing, if he pleased, to talk the matter over with him.

[1] Melbourne explains away this objection by alleging that the negotiation with Peel was over at six on Thursday; that the Queen sent for him to tell him so; that he was again become her Minister; and that he and his colleagues properly advised the terms in which she should convey her final decision. This explanation seems to have gone down, but I can't imagine how: the decision to persist in refusing Peel's demands became *their* decision, when they advised the letter in which it was conveyed. I know not why more was not made of this part of the case.

This letter was taken in to the Cabinet, and they discussed its contents.[1] Melbourne was not disposed to see the Duke; but, after a careful consideration of Peel's letter, they came to the conclusion that there was no difference between the Queen's statement to them and Peel's to her, and, therefore, no misconception to correct. The Chancellor accordingly gave his opinion, that there was no ground for an interview between Melbourne and the Duke; so then ended the last hope of a readjustment.

The question (they say) was all along one of *principle*, and never of the *application* of the principle; but the extraordinary part of it is that they admit that the principle is not maintainable, yet declare that they were bound *as gentlemen*, when the Queen had recourse to them, to support her. This is strange doctrine in Whig mouths. They have, in my opinion, abandoned their duty to the country and to the Queen, and they ought to have been impressed with the paramount obligation of instructing her in the nature and scope of her constitutional obligations and duties, and the limits of her constitutional rights, and to have advised her what she ought to do, instead of upholding her in doing that which was agreeable to her taste and inclination.

In the meantime Brougham wrote a violent letter to Lord Tavistock, imploring him, while it was still time, to arrest the perilous course on which his friends had entered, and full of professions of regard for him and his. Tavistock went to him in the evening, found him in a state of furious excitement, abusing the Ministry greatly, and many of them by name in the grossest terms, and pouring forth a torrent of invectives against men and things. After a time he became more cool, and half promised that he would not speak at all; but when he learned, what he was not aware of, that Lord Spencer was come to town and would be in the House of Lords, he broke out again, and said that if they had brought him up to support that miserable rotten concern, he must speak. Lord Spencer was not, however, brought up by them; he knew nothing of passing events till he read them in the *Times* on Saturday, at Barnet, and his reflection on them was, that if he should be sent for, he should advise

[1] Lord Grey was at Melbourne's house; Melbourne sent for him, and consulted him, and he remained in another room while the Cabinet was in deliberation. Lord Grey took it up very warmly, and was strongly for supporting the Queen, saying they could not do otherwise.

the Queen to send for Peel again and concede the point. He is now, however, disposed, in case of need, to defend his friends in the House of Lords; but if they can secure Brougham's silence as the price of his, the Ministers will be glad enough to *pair* them off.

May 19th.—At Mickleham (for Epsom) from Tuesday to Friday, and, of course, nothing done, written, heard, or thought of, save and except the Derby. The explanations went off, on the whole, very well, without acrimony, and as satisfactorily as the case allowed. Peel's speech was excellent (though Lord Grey did not approve of it, and regretted not having the power to answer it), and without any appearance of art or dexterity he contrived to steer through all the difficult points and to justify himself without saying a word offensive to the Queen. Lord John Russell was very nervous, feeble, and ineffective. In the other House Melbourne made, as all allow, a capital speech; Clarendon, a good and fair judge, told me that he never heard Melbourne speak so well throughout; while the Duke was painful to hear, exhibiting such undoubted marks of caducity: it did not, however, read ill. Melbourne made one admission, for which Lord John Russell was very angry with him, and that was of the "erroneous impression" on the Queen's mind, because his argument was that there was "no mistake." Lord Grey and Lord Spencer would either of them have spoken, but it was deemed better they should not, or Brougham would have been unmuzzled, and as it was he adhered to his engagement to Lord Tavistock and held his peace. He had said, "If you let off Althorp or old Grey, I must speak."

June 1st.—Laid up with the gout and confined to my room for ten days, very ill and utterly disinclined to write. Nothing new of consequence, but little things keep oozing out, throwing light on the recent transaction, and all tending to the same conclusion. In the meantime Parliament met, but nothing has been done. Lord John Russell began by deferring the Education question, which he will be obliged to abandon, for the Church has risen up and put forth all its strength against it, and having been joined by the Wesleyans, will, without difficulty, defeat it. The Bishop of London made a most eloquent philippic against it at Exeter Hall the other day. Government have brought in another Jamaica Bill, not very different from Peel's proposed measure, and which they will probably contrive to pass.

The Radicals have been again bestirring themselves, and trying to turn the present occasion to account and extract some concessions from the Government. Warburton has been in communication with Lord John Russell, and they expect some declarations from him and Melbourne of their future intentions, and some indications of a disposition to give way on some of the favorite Radical measures. Melbourne's intention was to be elicited by certain questions of which Lord Winchelsea gave notice, and which he actually put last night, as to the principles on which the Government was to be conducted. Melbourne replied in a very guarded and somewhat didactic style, but, so far from evincing any disposition to make Radical concessions, he intimated with sufficient clearness that he was resolved to make none whatever, and that he would not sacrifice his conscientious convictions for any political or party purpose.

After this, up got Brougham, and that boiling torrent of rage, disdain, and hatred, which had been dammed up upon a former occasion when he was so unaccountably muzzled, broke forth with resistless and overwhelming force. He spoke for three hours, and delivered such an oration as no other man in existence is capable of: devilish in spirit and design, but of superhuman eloquence and masterly in execution. He assailed the Ministers with a storm of invective and ridicule: and, while he enveloped his periods in a studied phraseology of pretended loyalty and devotion, he attacked the Queen herself with unsparing severity. He went at length and in minute detail into the whole history of the recent transaction, drew it in its true colors, and exposed its origin, progress, and motives, and thus he laid bare all the arts and falsehoods by which attempts had been made to delude and agitate the country. If it were possible to treat this as a party question, his speech would be a powerful party auxiliary, most valuable to the Tories as a vindication of them, for it was the peculiar merit of this speech that it abounded in truths and in great constitutional principles of undoubted authority and unerring application. The Duke of Wellington rose after Brougham: in a short speech, replete with moderation and dignity, he abstained from entering upon the past, but fastened upon Melbourne's declaration, and gave him to understand that as long as he adhered to such principles as he had then declared he would be governed by, he might appeal to Parliament confidently for support.

These three speeches have all in their different ways produced a great effect: Melbourne's will not satisfy the Radicals, though they catch (as dying men at straws) at a vague expression about "progressive reforms," and try (or pretend) to think that this promises something, though they know not what. Brougham's speech was received by the Tory Lords with enthusiastic applause, vociferous cheering throughout, and two or three rounds at the conclusion. But the Duke's assurance of support to Melbourne exasperated his own people to the greatest degree, produced a sulky article in the *Times*, and the usual complaints at White's and the Carlton of the Duke's being in his dotage, and so forth. Even some of his real admirers thought he "had overdone it," and while at Brooks's they did not quite know what to make of it, at the Carlton they were in the same doubt how to interpret Melbourne's cautious ambiguities. Both, however, were clear enough: Melbourne meant to say he would "go no further," and the Duke meant to pat him on the back, and promise him that while he adhered to that resolution he should have no vexatious opposition to fear; but his meaning was made still more clear, for he told my brother this afternoon that "it was of the greatest importance to nail Melbourne to his declaration, and that they must do what they could to help the Queen out of the difficulty in which she was placed." He looks to the Crown of England; he wants to uphold *it* and not to punish *her;* and he does not care to achieve a Tory triumph at the expense of the highest Tory principle; he thinks the Monarchy is in danger, and he sees that the danger may be more surely averted by still enduring the existence of the present Government, depriving them of all power to do evil, and converting them into instruments of good, than by accelerating their fall under circumstances calculated to engender violent animosities, irreconcilable enmities, wide separation of parties, and the adoption of extreme measures and dangerous principles by many who have no natural bias that way. I entirely concur with him, and if it were possible to restore matters to something like the state they were in before the Bedchamber crisis, nothing would be so desirable; nothing so desirable as that the Whigs and the Radicals should be furnished with fresh occasion to fall out, and the dissolution of the Government be the final consequence of their dissensions. Also it is expedient that time should be given for the angry waters

to become smooth and calm once more, albeit the smoothness is only on their surface.

Yesterday the Grand Duke Alexander[1] went away after a stay of some three weeks, which has been distinguished by a lavish profusion—perhaps a munificence—perfectly unexampled; he is by no means remarkable in appearance one way or the other, and does not appear to have made any great impression except by the splendor and extent of his presents and benefactions: he has scattered diamond boxes and rings in all directions, subscribed largely to all the charities, to the Wellington and Nelson memorials, and most liberally (and curiously) to the Jockey Club, to which he has sent a sum of £300, with a promise of its annual repetition.

Macaulay is gone to Edinburgh to be elected in the room of Abercromby, so he is again about to descend into the arena of politics. He made a very eloquent and, to my surprise, a very Radical speech, declaring himself for Ballot and short Parliaments. I was the more astonished at this, because I knew he had held very moderate language, and I remembered his telling me that he considered the Radical party to be reduced to "Grote and his wife," after which I did not expect to see him declare himself the advocate of Grote's favorite measure and the darling object of the Radicals.

June 7th.—Macaulay's was a very able speech and a good apology for the Whig Government, and as he has always been for Ballot, he is not inconsistent. On Sir H. Fleetwood's motion the other night (for giving votes for counties to ten-pound householders), John Russell spoke out, though in a reforming tone, and threw the Radicals into a paroxysm of chagrin and disappointment. The Tories had heard he was going to give way, and Peel, who is naturally suspicious and distrustful, believed it; but when he found he would not give way, nor held out any hopes for the future, Peel nailed him to that point and spoke with great force and effect. This debate was considered very damaging to Whigs and Radicals, and likely to lead to a dissolution—first, of Parliament, and then of Government. But the Radicals are now adopting a whining, fawning tone, have dropped that of bluster and menace, and, having before rudely insisted on a

[1] [Afterward the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. He ascended the throne in 1855 and perished by assassination in the streets of St. Petersburg on the 13th March, 1881.]

mighty slice of the loaf, are now content to put their tails between their legs and swallow such crumbs as they can get. Peel has written and published a very stout letter, in reply to a Shrewsbury declaration presented to him, in which he defends his recent conduct, and declares he will never take office on any other terms.

Notwithstanding Lord John Russell's speech on Fleetwood's motion, and Melbourne's anti-movement declaration in the other House, they have to their eternal disgrace succumbed to the Radicals, and been squeezed into making Ballot an open question. For John Russell I am sorry. I thought he would have been stouter. The Radicals are full of exultation, and the Government underlings, who care not on what terms they can retain their places, are very joyful. I rode with Howick yesterday for a long time and talked it over with him. He pretended it was no concession after Vivian's being allowed to vote last year, and he owned that he considered the question as virtually carried; he is himself moderate and means still to vote against it, sees all the danger—not so much from Ballot itself as from its inevitable train of consequences—and still consents to abandon the contest. I asked him, if he was not conscious that it was only like buying off the Picts and Scots, and that fresh demands would speedily follow with redoubled confidence; and he owned he was. It may prolong for a brief period the sickly existence of the Government, and if a dissolution comes speedily, Whigs and Radicals may act in concert at the elections; but if they attempt to go on with the present Parliament fresh demands will rapidly ensue, and then there must be fresh concessions or another breach. It is a base and disgusting truckling to allies between whom and themselves there is nothing but mutual hatred and contempt.

June 14*th.*—At Holland House from Tuesday till Thursday—not particularly agreeable. Melbourne came one day, but was not in spirits. Lord Holland told me some stories of George Selwyn, whom he had known in his younger days, and many of whose good sayings he remembers. He describes him as a man of great gravity and deliberation in speaking, and, after exciting extraordinary mirth by his wit and drollery, gently smiling and saying, "I am glad you are pleased." The old Lord Foley (father of the last) was much discontented with his father's will, who, knowing that he was in debt and a spendthrift, had strictly tied up the property: he tried to

set aside the will by Act of Parliament, and had a Bill brought into the House of Lords for the purpose. George Selwyn said, "Our old friend Foley has worked a miracle, for he has converted the Jews from the Old to the New Testament."

June 24th, Ludlow.—I left London on Friday last by railroad, went to Wolverhampton (the vilest-looking town I ever saw), and posted in my carriage from thence to this place, where I only arrived at a quarter-past nine. This journey takes (losing no time) about eleven and a half hours —one hundred and fifty miles—of which thirty-four by road. The road from Bridgenorth to Ludlow is very striking and commands exceedingly fine views.

The day before I left town I saw Lord Tavistock, who told me divers things. I asked him what could induce Lord John to consent to making Ballot an open question, and he replied, that nothing else could have prevented the dissolution of the Government, and that *three* of the Ministers—he did not say which—threatened to resign instanter if this concession was not made. Here, then, as I said to him, was another example of the evils of that catastrophe which broke up the embryo Government of Peel and brought them back again: unable to go on independently and as they desire to do, they are obliged to truckle, and are squeezed into compliances they abhor, and all this degradation they think themselves bound to submit to because the principle on which their Government stands, and which predominates over all others, is that of supporting the Queen. No Tory Government ever ventured to dissociate its support of the Queen from its measures and principles as a party, in the way these men do. Macaulay made his first reappearance in the Ballot debate in a speech of unequal merit, but Peel and Graham complimented him on his return among them.

I am greatly delighted with this country, which is of surpassing beauty, and the old Castle of Ludlow, a noble ruin, and in "ruinous perfection." On Saturday I explored the Castle and walked to Oakley Park, Robert Clive's, who is also the owner of the Castle, which he bought of the Crown for £1,500. The gardens at Oakley Park are very pretty and admirably laid out and kept, and the park is full of fine oaks. Yesterday I walked and rode over the hills above Ludlow, commanding a panoramic prospect of the country round, and anything more grand and picturesque I never

beheld. But above all, the hills and woods of Downton Castle, with the mountains of Radnorshire in the distance, present a scene of matchless beauty well worth coming from London to see.

June 26th, Delbury.—I rode to Downton Castle on Monday, a gimcrack castle and bad house, built by Payne Knight, an epicurean philosopher, who after building the castle went and lived in a lodge or cottage in the park: there he died, not without suspicion of having put an end to himself, which would have been fully conformable to his notions. He was a sensualist in all ways, but a great and self-educated scholar. His property is now in Chancery, because he chose to make his own will. The prospect from the windows is beautiful, and the walk through the wood, overhanging the river Teme, surpasses anything I have ever seen of the kind. It is as wild as the walk over the hill at Chatsworth, and much more beautiful, because the distant prospect resembles the cheerful hills of Sussex instead of the brown and sombre Derbyshire moors. The path now creeps along the margin, and now rises above the bed of a clear and murmuring stream, and immediately opposite is another hill as lofty and wild, both covered with the finest trees—oaks, ash, and chestnut—which push out their gnarled roots in a thousand fantastic shapes, and grow out of vast masses of rock in the most luxuriant and picturesque manner. Yesterday I came here, a tolerable place with no pretension, but very well kept, not without handsome trees, and surrounded by a very pretty country.

June 28th, Malvern.—Returned to Ludlow yesterday; came here to-day: the road from Ledbury to Malvern wonderfully fine, and nothing grander than the view of Eastnor Castle.

July 3d, Troy House.—Stayed at Malvern two days, clambering to the top of the hills which overhang the place (for town it is not), from which the views are very fine over a rich but generally flat country; the prospect is grand from its great extent. There is a curious and interesting church there, formerly of some priory, with a handsome gateway. I came through Eastnor Park in the way to Ledbury, exceedingly fine, and the castle something like Belvoir apparently, but I was not permitted to approach it. Nothing particular in the road till Ross, a very pretty town, where I first met the Wye, but, alas, in its muddiest state: this was

the abode of "The Man of Ross." Very pretty road from Ross to Monmouth, through which latter place I walked, and passed by a very old house, which, as I afterward heard, is said to have been the abode of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and they show his study. Troy, a plain, good-looking house, imperfectly kept up and poorly furnished, as a house is likely to be whose owners never inhabit it. It was built by the Duke of Beaufort in 1689, who came to sulk here on the expulsion of the last of the Stuarts, having a deeply-rooted sentiment of hereditary loyalty. *Multa fecerunt* and *multa tulerunt*, certainly, for that unhappy race. Here they show a chair in which *a plot* was contrived against Charles I.—that is, "in which the president of the conspirators is said to have sat." The story was obscure, but I did not think it advisable to press the narrator for explanations. Likewise a cradle, which tradition assigns to Henry V. (Harry of Monmouth), which is evidently old enough and was splendid enough in a rude style to justify any such tradition; the only unfortunate thing is, that there is a rival cradle somewhere else with the same claim. Mr. Wyatt, the Duke's agent, received me with great civility and hospitality, having been enjoined by the Duke to make me his guest and himself my *cicerone*. Accordingly we set forth on Monday morning and went to Usk Castle, a ruin of which not much is left besides a picturesque round tower; neither the Castle nor the country is very remarkable, but we brought home a crimped salmon, for which Usk is famous (and where the crimping is said to be a secret unattainable even to the venders of Wye and Severn salmon), which was, without exception, the most dainty fish I ever ate. From Usk we returned to Raglan Castle, a most noble and beautiful ruin; there has often been a notion of restoring it, and an estimate was made of the probable expense, which was calculated at £30,000; but the idea and the estimate are equally preposterous: it would be reconstructing a very unmanageable house and destroying the finest ruin in England, and the cost would infallibly be three times £30,000. As there had been a question of its restoration, I expected to find greater and more perfect remains, but, though some of the apartments may be made out, it is a vast wreck. The strange thing is that the second Marquis of Worcester, when his possessions were restored to him, and when the damage done to the castle might easily have been repaired, should

not have done it nor any of his immediate descendants. Great pains are now taken to preserve the beauties of this majestic fabric and to arrest the further progress of decay. Yesterday I rode to Goodrich Castle, stopping to see some remarkable views of the Wye, particularly one called Simmons Yat or Rock, which is very beautiful (and must be much more so when the river is clear and transparent); and a curious rock called the Buck-stone, which was probably a Druidical place of worship, but of which nothing is positively known, though conjecture is busy. Goodrich Castle, which was partly battered down by the Cromwellians like Raglan, is more ancient, and was much stronger than the latter; but, though not so beautiful and splendid, it is an equally curious and interesting ruin, with many of its parts still more perfect than anything at Raglan. I was exceedingly delighted with Goodrich, and there was a female *custos*, zealous and intelligent, whose husband, she told us, was continually occupied in clearing away rubbish and exposing the remains of the old Castle. We then went to Goodrich Court, a strange kind of bastard castle built by Blore, and which the possessor, Sir Samuel Meyrick, has devoted to the exhibition of his collection of armor. There are only a few acres of ground belonging to him, on which he has built this house, but it is admirably situated, overhanging the Wye and facing the Castle, of which it commands a charming view. After being hurried through the armory, which was all we were invited to inspect, we embarked in a boat we had sent up, and returned to Monmouth down the Wye through some beautiful scenery, but which it was too cold to enjoy.

July 4th, Clifton.—I came here last night, the wind having changed to S. W., and summer having come with it. I left Troy in the morning and went to Tintern Abbey: most glorious, which I could not describe if I would, but which produced on me an impression similar in kind and equal in amount to that which I felt at the sight of St. Peter's. No description nor any representation of it can do justice, or anything like justice, to this majestic and beautiful ruin, such is its wonderful perfection viewed in every direction, from every spot, and in the minutest detail. That the remains should be so extensive and so uninjured is marvelous, for there can be no doubt that this Abbey might be restored to its former grandeur. Much has been done by Mr. Wyatt, the Duke's agent, both to preserve the Abbey

and to develop its beauties by cutting away the trees and ivy, and clearing away the accumulation of earth; by the latter means several tombs and many detached fragments of beautiful design and workmanship have been found, and I did my best to encourage him to pursue his researches.

Casting many lingering looks behind, I left Tintern and went to Windcliffe, from the summit of which there is a very fine view; but the Wye, instead of being an embellishment, is an eyesore in the midst of such scenery: it looks like a long, slimy snake dragging its foul length through the hills and woods which environ its muddy stream. We dined in a moss-cottage at the foot of Windcliffe, and then proceeded to Chepstow, a very curious and striking ruin, and which I should have seen with much greater interest and admiration if Tintern had not so occupied my thoughts and filled my mind that I had not eyes to do justice to Chepstow. I went all over the ruins, however, and examined them very accurately; for it is one of the great merits of these different castles, Raglan, Goodrich, and Chepstow, that they are wholly dissimilar, and each is therefore a fresh object of curiosity. I crossed the old passage, as it is called, in a ferry, and came on to Clifton.

Bath.—After taking a cursory view of Clifton from the Roman Camp and part of Bristol, I came to Bath, where I have not been these thirty years and more. I walked about the town, and was greatly struck with its handsomeness; thought of all the vicissitudes of custom and fashion which it has seen and undergone, and of the various characters, great and small, who have figured here. Here the great Lord Chatham used to repair devoured by gout, resentment, and disappointment, and leave the Government to its fate, while his colleagues waited his pleasure submissively or caballed against his power, according as circumstances obliged them to do the first or enabled them to do the second. Here my uncle, Harry Greville, the handsomest man of his day, used to dance minuets while all the company got on chairs and benches to look at him, and a few years since he died in poverty at the Mauritius, where he had gone to end his days, after many unfortunate speculations, in an office obtained from the compassion of Lord Bathurst. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, and thus its frivolities flourish for their brief hour, and then decay and are forgotten. An old woman showed me the Pump-room and the baths, all un-

changed except in the habits and characters of their frequenters; and my mind's eye peopled them with Tabitha Bramble, Win Jenkins, and Lismahago, and with all the inimitable family of Anstey's creation, the Ringbones, Cormorants, and Bumfidgets—Tabby and Roger.[1]

July 5th, Salisbury.—I saw the Abbey Church at Bath this morning, which is handsome enough, but not very remarkable, unless for the vast crowds of its tombstones in every part; it has been completely repaired by the corporation at a great expense. I went to Stonehenge, of which no description is necessary; thence to Wilton; very fine place; hurried through the gallery of marbles, but looked longer at the pictures, which I understand and taste better; saw the gardens and the stud, and then came here; went directly to the Cathedral, with which I was exceedingly delighted, having seen nothing like it for extent, lightness, and elegance. There is one modern tomb by Chantrey which is very fine, that of Lord Malmesbury, erected by his sister; but, however skillfully executed or admirably designed, I do not like such monuments so well, nor think them so appropriate to our cathedrals, as the rude effigies of knights and warriors in complete armor, with their feet on couchant hounds, or those stately though sometimes gaudy and fantastic monuments, in which, among crowds of emblematical devices and armorial bearings, the husband and the wife lie side by side in the richest costume of the day, while their children are kneeling around them; these, with the venerable figures of abbots and bishops, however rudely sculptured, give me greater pleasure to look upon than the choicest productions of Roubillac, Nollekens, or Chantrey, which, however fine they may be, seem to have no business there, and to intrude irreverently among the mighty dead of olden time. This cathedral is in perfect repair within and without; the color of the stone is singularly beautiful, and it is not blocked up with buildings, Bishop Barrington having caused all that were adjacent to be removed. The chapter-house and cloisters are exceedingly fine, but the effect is spoiled in the former by great bars of iron which radiate in all directions from a ring attached to the supporting pillar, and which have been put there (probably without any necessity) to relieve it of a portion of the superincumbent weight. It is

[1] "Humphrey Clinker" and Anstey's *Bath Guide*.

remarkable that wherever I have gone in my travels, I have found the same complaints of the mischievous propensities of that silly, vulgar, vicious animal, called the public. Among the beauties of nature or of art, rocks, caves, or mountains, in ruined castles and abbeys, or ancient but still flourishing cathedrals, the same invariable love of pilfering and mutilating is to be found: some knock off a nose or a finger, others deface a frieze or a mullion from sheer love of havoc, others chip off some unmeaning fragment as a relic or object of curiosity; but the most general taste seems to be that of carving names or initials, and some of the ancient figures are completely tattooed with these barbarous engravings; this propensity I believe to be peculiar to our nation, and not to be found in any part of the Continent, where, indeed, it would probably not be permitted, and where detection and punishment would speedily overtake the offender. It is quite disgusting to see the venerable form of a knight templar or a mitred abbot scarred all over with the base patronymics of Jones and Tomkins, or with a whole alphabet of their initials.

July 7th.—I came to town yesterday from Basingstoke by railroad; found that Lady Flora Hastings was dead, and a great majority in the House of Lords in favor of an Address to the Crown against the proposed Committee of Council on Education, the Bishop of London having made an extraordinarily fine speech.

July 14th.—Nothing new; proceedings in Parliament very languid. The Queen has appointed Lady Sandwich very dexterously, for she gets one of the favored Paget race and the wife of a Tory peer, thereby putting an end to the exclusively Whig composition of the Household. This is a concession with regard to *the principle.*

July 19th.—There have been angry debates in the Lords about the Birmingham riots, chiefly remarkable for the excitement, so unlike his usual manner, exhibited by the Duke of Wellington, who assailed the Government with a fierceness which betrayed him into much exaggeration and some injustice. Lord Tavistock, who, although a partisan, is a fair one, and who has a great esteem and respect for the Duke, told me that he had seen and heard him with great pain, and that his whole tone was alarmingly indicative of a decay of mental power. This is not the first time that such a suspicion has been excited: George Villiers told me, soon

after he came over, how much struck he had been with the change he observed in him, and from whatever cause, he is become in speaking much more indistinct and embarrassed, continually repeating and not always intelligible, but his speeches, when reported, present much the same appearance, and the sense and soundness (when the reporters have lopped off the redundancies and trimmed them according to their fashion) seem to be unimpaired. It is, however, a serious and melancholy thing to contemplate the possibly approaching decay of that great mind, and I find he always contemplates it himself, his mother's mind having failed some years before her death. It will be sad if, after exploits as brilliant as Marlborough's, and a career far more important, useful, and honorable, he should be destined for an end like Marlborough's, and it is devoutly to be hoped that his eyes may be closed in death before "streams of dotage" shall begin to flow from them. The Tories, with whom nothing goes down but violence, were delighted with his angry vein, and see proofs of vigor in what his opponents consider as evidence of decay; his bodily health is wonderfully good, which is perhaps rather alarming than reassuring as to the safety of his mind.

July 22d.—I met the Duke yesterday at dinner and had much talk with him. He is very desponding about the state of the country and the condition in which the Government have placed it. He complains of its defenseless situation from their carrying on a war (Canada) with a peace establishment; consequently, that the few troops we have are harassed to death with duty, and in case of a serious outbreak that there is no disposable force to quell it; that the Government are ruled by factions, political and religious. On Saturday they had been beaten on a question relating to the Poor Laws[1] of great importance; and he said that they must be supported in this, and extricated from the difficulty. I was glad to meet him and see (for it is some time since I have talked to him) whether there was any perceptible, without there being anything tangible or very remarkable, change in his manner or any symptom indicative of decay. I received the impression that there was not exactly the same vigor of mind which I have been used to admire in

[1] An instruction to the Committee to introduce a clause allowing out-door relief in all cases of able-bodied paupers married previously to the passing of the Act.

him, and what he said did not appear to me indicative of the strong sense and acuteness which characterize him. If he has no attack, I dare say he will be able to continue to act his part with efficacy for a long time to come. I asked him in what manner Government would prosecute the inquiry they had promised into the conduct of the Birmingham magistrates? He said what they ought to do was to order the Attorney-General to prosecute them for a corrupt neglect of their duty, a thing they would as soon put their hands in the fire as do. Such is their position, so dependent upon bad men, that they are compelled to treat with the utmost tenderness all the enemies of the Constitution. There can be no doubt that the appointments to the magistracy have been fraught with danger, and made on a very monstrous principle. When Lord John Russell resolved and avowed his resolution to neutralize the provision of the Act which gave the appointment of magistrates to the Crown instead of to the Town Council (as they had proposed) by taking the recommendations of the Council, he incurred the deepest responsibility that any Minister ever did, for he took on himself to adopt a course practically inconsistent with the law, for the express purpose of placing political power in particular hands, to which the law intended it should not be confided; and on him, therefore, rested all the responsibility of such power being wisely and safely exercised by the hands to which he determined to intrust it; and when he appoints such a man as Muntz,[1] ex-Chartist and ex-Delegate, what must be the impression produced on all denominations of men as to his bias, and of what use is it to make professions, and deliver speeches condemnatory of the principles and conduct of Chartists and associators, if his acts and appointments are not in conformity with those professions? Mr. Muntz, he says, has abandoned Chartism, and is no longer the man he was: but who knows that? For one man who knows what Muntz is, a hundred know what he was, and in the insertion of his name in the list the bulk of the world will and can only see, if not approbation of, at least indifference to the doctrines such men have professed, and the conduct they have exhibited to the world. It is the

[1] [Whatever the antecedents of Mr. Muntz may have been, he lived to justify Lord John Russell's choice. He was not only a good magistrate, but member for Birmingham for many years, and a useful member. He was the first man who, in our time, wore a long beard in the House.]

frightful anomaly of being a Government divesting itself of all conservative character, which constitutes the danger of our day. As the *Times*, in one of its spirited articles, says, this very morning, "that it cares not to see the Monarchy broken in pieces so that they may hurl its fragments at the heads of their opponents."

July 25th.—Lord Clarendon made his first appearance in the House of Lords the night before last in reply to Lord Londonderry on Spanish affairs, with great success and excellent effect, and has completely landed himself as a Parliamentary speaker, in which, as he is certain to improve with time and practice, he will eventually acquire considerable eminence; and nothing can prevent his arriving at the highest posts. He is already marked out by the public voice for the Foreign Office, for which he is peculiarly well fitted, and there is no reason why he should not look forward to being Prime Minister in some future combination of parties, a post which he would fill better than any of the statesmen who now play the principal parts in the political drama. The Government have at last taken fright, and have proposed troops and police to afford the country some sort of security during the recess and the winter. They have sent down Maule (the Solicitor to the Treasury) to Birmingham to investigate the evidence adducible against the magistrates, but I do not much expect that they will proceed to any extremities against them. It is too probable that "silebitur toto judicio de maximis et notissimis injuriis," for "non potest in accusando socios verè defendere is, qui cum reo criminum societate conjunctus est."

August 9th.—Brougham brought on his motion on Tuesday,[1] in spite of various attempts to dissuade him; but he could not resist the temptation of making a speech, which he said he expected would be the best he had ever delivered. He spoke for three hours in opening, and an hour and a quarter in reply, and a great performance by all accounts it was. The Duke of Wellington said it was the finest speech he had ever heard in Parliament. Normanby was miserably feeble in reply, and exhibited, by common consent, a sad failure, both on this occasion and on that of the Canada Bill. He is quite unequal to the office which has been thrust upon

[1] [Lord Brougham moved on the 6th August five resolutions censuring the Irish policy of the Government: they were carried in the House of Lords by 86 votes to 52.]

him, and he cannot speak upon great subjects, having no oratorical art or power of dealing skillfully and forcibly with a question. It was a very damaging night to the Government as far as reputation[1] is concerned, but in no other way, for they are perfectly callous, and the public entirely apathetic. Melbourne was very smart in reply to Brougham, but did not attempt to deal with the question. The case, after all, is not a very strong one, and, though Normanby was much to blame in releasing prisoners and commuting sentences in the manner and to the extent he did, the principle on which he acted was sound, and it has proved beneficial. Had he known how, and been equal to the task, he might have made a fine defense by taking a high instead of a deprecatory line, and by a confident appeal to results; but it required more of an orator and a statesman than he is to handle his case with sufficient effect, and to stand up against such a master of his art as Brougham, backed by a favorable audience. This curious and versatile creature is in the highest spirits, and finds in the admiration which his eloquence, and the delight which his mischievousness excite on the Tory benches and in Tory society, a compensation for old mortifications and disappointments. After acting Jupiter one day in the House of Lords, he is ready to act Scapin anywhere else the next; and the day after this great display he went to dine at Greenwich with the Duchess of Cambridge and a great party, where he danced with Lady Jersey, while Lyndhurst capered also with the Dowager Lady Cowper. After dinner they drank, among other toasts, Lady Jersey's health, and when she said she could not return thanks, Brougham undertook to do it for her, speaking in her person. He said, that "she was very sorry to return thanks in such a dress, but unfortunately she had quarreled in the morning with her maid, who was a very cross, crabbed person, and consequently had not been able to put on the attire she would have wished, and in the difficulty she had had recourse to her old friend Lord Brougham, who had kindly lent her his best wig and the coat which he wore upon state occasions." After more nonsense of this kind, that "she was very sorry she could not say more, but that in the peculiar situa-

[1] "L'une des qualités indispensables d'un Gouvernement c'est d'avoir cette bonne renommée qui repousse l'injustice. Quand il l'a perdue et qu'on lui impute tous les crimes, les torts des autres et ceux même de la fortune, il n'a plus la faculté de gouverner, et cette impuissance doit le condamner . . . à se retirer." (Thiers, t. x, p. 276.) Applicable to our Government now.

tion she then was in, she could not venture to remain any longer on her legs."

August 10th.—I went to Norwood yesterday to see Dr. Kay's[1] Poor Law School, supposed to be very well managed, and very successful. As I looked at the class to whom a lesson was then being read, all the urchins from eight to eleven or twelve years old, I thought I had never seen a congregation of more unpromising and ungainly heads, and accordingly they are the worst and lowest specimens of humanity; starved, ill-used children of poor and vicious parents, generally arriving at the school weak and squalid, with a tendency to every vice, and without having received any moral or intellectual cultivation whatever; but the system, under able and zealous teachers, acts with rapid and beneficial effect on these rude materials, and soon elicits manifestations of intelligence, and improves and develops the moral faculties. When one sees what is done by such small means, it is impossible not to reflect with shame and sorrow upon the little, or rather the nothingness, that is accomplished when the material is of the best description, and the means are unlimited—upon the total absence of any system throughout places of education, either public or private, and consequently at the imperfect and defective education which is given to the highest and richest class of society, who are brought up thus stupidly at an enormous expense, acquiring little knowledge, and what they do acquire, so loosely and incompletely as to be of the smallest possible use. When one sees what is done here, it makes one think what ought to be done elsewhere, and then contrast the possible with the actual state of the case.

[1] [Afterward Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart. Dr. Kay was a zealous promoter of national education, and had recently been appointed to the Education Department of the Privy Council Office, then in its infancy.]

CHAPTER VII.

Review of the Session—Ministerial Changes—Effect of Changes in the Government—A Greenwich Dinner—Dover Dinner to the Duke of Wellington—A Toast from Ovid—Decay of Tory Loyalty—Unpopularity of Government—Brougham's Letter to the Duke of Bedford—Character of John, Duke of Bedford—Brougham at the Dover Dinner—Brougham and Macaulay—The Duke's Decline—Duke of Wellington consulted on Indian and Spanish Affairs—Baron Brunnow arrives in England—False Reports of Lord Brougham's Death—Insulting Speeches of the Tories—Holland House—Lord Brougham and Lord Holland—The Queen's Marriage is announced—Remarkable Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—The Mayor of Newport at Windsor—Ampthill—Lord John Russell's Borough Magistrates—Lord Clarendon's Advice to his Colleagues—Prospects of the Government—Opening of the Session—Duel of Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Horsman—Lord Lyndhurst's View of Affairs—Prince Albert's Household—The Privilege Question—Prince Albert's Allowance—Precedence of Prince Albert—Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel—Judgment on the Newport Prisoners—A Vote of Want of Confidence moved—The Newport Prisoners—Prince Albert's Precedency—Sir Robert Peel and his Party—Sir Robert Peel's Speech and Declaration—Precedence Question—The Queen's Marriage—Illness of the Duke of Wellington—The Precedence Question settled—The Duke opposed to Peel on the Privilege Question—Change in the Health of the Duke—Prince Albert's Name in the Liturgy—Success of Pamphlet on Precedence—Judicial Committee Bill—Lord Dudley's Letters—Amendment of Judicial Committee—King's Sons born Privy Councilors, other Princes sworn—The Duke returns to London—Lord Melbourne's Opinion on Journals.

August 15th, 1839.—This eventful Session and season has at length closed, Lyndhurst having wound up by a *résumé* of the acts of the Government, in one of those "exercitations," as Melbourne calls them, which are equally pungent for their severity and admirable for their lucidity. Melbourne made a bitter reply, full of personalities, against Lyndhurst, but offering a meagre defense for himself and his colleagues. Those who watch the course of events, and who occasionally peep behind the curtain, have but a sorry spectacle to contemplate:—a Government miserably weak, dragging on a sickly existence, now endeavoring to curry a little favor with one party, now with another; so unused to stand, and so incapable of standing, on any great principles, that at last they have, or appear to have, none to stand on. Buffeted by their antagonists, and often by their supporters in Parliament, despised by the country at large, clinging to office merely to gratify the Queen, while they are just sufficiently supported in the House of Commons to keep their places, and not enough to carry their measures; for so meagre are their majorities, and so little do the public care for those majorities, or for the Ministers or their measures, that the Lords do not scruple to treat the Ministerial Bills with undisguised contempt. At the beginning of this Session, the weakness of the Government, and the impossibility of their going on, were so obvious, that the more wise and

moderate of them began to prepare for their retirement, and Lord John Russell, by the publication of his Stroud letter, and the expression of those opinions which I was the means of conveying to Peel, evinced his determination to make the dissolution of the Government ancillary to the ascendency of true Conservative principles. The break-up came sooner than had been expected, and when Ministers resigned, on the majority of five on the Jamaica Bill (which they need not have done), they acted wisely, for they were enabled to retire with dignity, Peel and the Opposition having been clearly and flagrantly in the wrong upon this particular measure—so wrong, that it has been, and still is, matter of astonishment to me why they gave battle upon it, and I suspect that Peel was by no means elated at his own success on that occasion. However, out they went upon the Jamaica question, and though they fancy Peel did not really wish to form a Government, and that the difficulties he made were only a pretext for escaping from his position, this is not the case; he had no misgivings or fears, and was quite ready to undertake the task. However, *Diis aliter visum:* the Queen kept Lord Melbourne, and they came back to accumulated difficulties, and without any augmentation of parliamentary strength or popular sympathy to sustain them. They made one miserable effort, and tossed a sop to the Radicals, by making the Ballot an open question, the grace and utility of which were entirely marred by Lord Howick's speech, so that they got all the discredit of this concession without any compensatory advantage. They had begun the campaign by the abrupt expulsion of Glenelg (nobody has ever made out exactly why), and by bringing over Normanby in breathless haste to supersede him, without any reasonable probability of his giving such an accession of vigor and capacity to the Government as would justify this operation, and accordingly, as more than ordinary success was requisite for a man promoted under such circumstances, the deeper were the mortification and disappointment at his failure. The Irish Committee, which put him on the defense of his administration there, distracted his attention and disturbed his mind, and he turned out to be unequal to his situation. His defense of himself upon Ireland was very weak, and his whole parliamentary conduct of colonial affairs lamentably inefficient. Then Mr. Spring Rice kept falling into continual discredit by his financial incompetence, so that, day after

day, from one cause or another, the Ministry sank in estimation, and got more weak and ridiculous. Of this they were not at all unconscious, and it was settled that something was to be done, though the difficulty, both as to the manner and the matter, was exceedingly great. Rice himself was eager to escape, and tried hard to be Speaker; but though the Cabinet had resolved he should be the Government candidate, it was found that no adequate support could be depended upon for him, and he was obliged, and they were obliged, to let Lefevre stand instead; at which Rice himself was so sulky that he showed his spite by contriving to arrive too late from Tunbridge for the division. They scrambled on till the end of the Session, when the changes which had long been discussed and battled were to take place, and then, naturally, came into play all the vanity, selfishness, and rival pretensions, which a sense of common danger could not silence. In the arrangement of all these things, Melbourne is said to have severely suffered, so repugnant is it to his nature and habits to be the arbiter and adjuster of rival claims and pretensions.

It seems to have been arranged long ago that Normanby and John Russell should change places, ostensibly that the Colonial Minister might be in the House of Commons, and really because Normanby broke down, so that it was necessary to harness Lord John to the colonial machine. Then they determined to send Poulett Thomson to Canada, without any consideration of the effect such an appointment would produce, either here or there, and his vacancy opened a fresh embarrassment about the Board of Trade. Labouchere, having quitted the vice-presidency and gone to the Colonial Office to work for them when they were in difficulty, was considered to have made a sacrifice, and he demanded, as its reward, that he should step into Poulett Thomson's place, and his seat in the Cabinet. Melbourne wanted to offer the Board of Trade to Clarendon, and wrote to him to beg he would not go abroad without seeing him, and intimated that he had something to propose to him. On the other hand, Howick put in a claim for Charles Wood, and argued that, as he had long taken a laboring oar in the boat, and in this Session, when they had got into a scrape about the Navy, Wood had successfully defended the Government in the House of Commons, in a very good speech, this eminent service, together with a long career of usefulness, gave him a superior claim to promotion. The details of the

contest between these various candidates I do not know, but the result was that Labouchere got the place, Howick and Charles Wood both resigned, and Clarendon had a conversation with Melbourne, in which the latter informed him, not without embarrassment, that he had been in hopes he should have had the Board of Trade to offer him, but that Labouchere's claim had been deemed not postponable, and all he had to offer him was the Mint without the Cabinet. Clarendon refused this with perfect good-humor, though certainly not much flattered at the offer, and he took the opportunity of putting Melbourne in possession of his thoughts, both as to his own position and intentions, and the condition and prospects of the Government, with respect to which he did not mince matters, or fail to paint them in their true colors. He explained his own desire to try himself more in debate than he had been yet enabled to do, to see what he was fit for, and in the meantime owned that he had no particular desire to associate himself with such a rickety concern. The conversation was frank and characteristic, and must have been amusing. Melbourne acknowledged that he was quite right, and that the position of his Government was such as Clarendon described it.

Nothing strikes one more forcibly in the contemplation of these things, than the manner in which the public interests are complimented away for the sake of individual pretensions, and even in this there is an apparent caprice which is inexplicable. Glenelg, an honorable and accomplished man, is thrust out under very humiliating circumstances. Poulett Thomson, we are told, "must have been" Chancellor of the Exchequer, if not Governor of Canada (a post he is by way of taking as a favor to his colleagues), "he could not be passed over." Why he could not, and in what his right consisted, it is difficult to say, nor why he is entitled to such amazing deference, while poor Glenelg was so unceremoniously treated. Poulett Thomson is clever and industrious, but his elevation, when compared with that of others, and with his own merit, as well as original means of raising himself, exhibits a very remarkable phenomenon, and as Lord Spencer, his early patron, has pretty well withdrawn from public affairs, it is not very obvious how or why Poulett Thomson is enabled to render his small pretensions so largely available. The Duke would not believe they meant to send him to Canada, and said they had much better leave Col-

borne there; but this is what they fancy they can't do, and that they must send out somebody who is to solve the political problem of settling the future form of government, and so Poulett goes to finish what Durham began.

September 4th.—The changes in the Government have been received with considerable indifference, nobody much caring, and the generality of people finding fault with some or all of them. Normanby told me yesterday that he was fully sensible of the inconvenience of such changes, and of the bad effect they are calculated to produce, but that the appointment of Poulett Thomson was John Russell's doing, that he had been bent upon it, and had carried it, and as he (Normanby) could not consent to it, and would not be immediately responsible for it, nothing was left but to change offices, and let the appointment of Poulett Thomson to Canada be Lord John's own doing, who would thus administer the affairs of the Colony with a Governor of his own choice. He added, that it had been originally intended (when he left Ireland) that he should take his present office, but other circumstances had obliged him at that time to go to the Colonies. While Normanby quits the Colonies, because Thomson goes to Canada (as he says), Howick (as *he* says) resigns, because Normanby goes to the Home Office. But the world believes that the change of the one takes place, because Normanby is unequal to the work of the Colonies, and the resignation of the other, because Howick was not himself appointed Colonial Secretary. The ostensible ground for the change is, that the Minister who brings forward the Canada question in the House of Commons may be well versed in all the official details, and have immediate personal control over the local administration; and the excuse for sending out Thomson, and accepting Colborne's resignation, is the necessity of appointing a Governor thoroughly acquainted with all that has passed both abroad and at home, cognizant of the intentions, and possessed of the confidence of the Cabinet. All this will appear to furnish inadequate grounds for recalling Colborne, who has acted with sense and vigor, albeit not pretending to be a statesman or a legislator. A story is told, which shows the levity of the Government people, and how they make game of what might be thought matter of anything but pleasantry to them. At the end of the season there is always a fish dinner at Greenwich, the whipper-in (Secretary of Treasury), Ben Stanley, in the

chair; and this is on the plan of the Beefsteak Club, everybody saying what he pleases, and dealing out gibes and jests upon his friends and colleagues according to the measure of his humor and capacity. Normanby, still smarting from the attacks of Brougham, was made the mark for these jocularities, after his health being drunk thus: "Lord Normanby and the liberation of the Prisoners." At a subsequent period, Rutherford, the Lord Advocate, attacked the Attorney-General, and said he had long known his learned friend as the advocate of liberty, but he had lately seen him in quite a new capacity, prosecuting in the Tory fashion, and having people shut up in jail in all parts of the country. Campbell said it was very true that he had lately had a very unpleasant duty to perform, and that he had been the unwilling instrument of incarcerating many of Her Majesty's subjects, but that he had all along been consoled by the reflection that there was every probability of his noble friend Lord Normanby making a progress, during the recess, and letting them all out again. Normanby, however, did not like the witticism, and complained afterward that the dinner was very dull, and the jokes exceedingly heavy.

The Dover dinner to the Duke of Wellington,[1] which took place the other day, did not present an agreeable spectacle. Brougham, who had thrust himself in among the party, was pitched upon, as having the best gift of the gab, to propose the Duke's health, which he did in a very tawdry speech, stuffed with claptraps and commonplaces. It was a piece of bad taste to select Brougham (who had nothing to do with Dover) for the performance of this office, which would have been more appropriately discharged by the local authority in the chair, although he might not have been able to make such a flourish as the practised orator favored the company with. The Duke himself hates to be thus bepraised, and it is painful to see Brougham and him in any way connected, though for so ephemeral a purpose. The Duke's health might be proposed in three lines of Ovid, which express the position he fills more, and probably better, than the most studied oration could do:

> Si titulos, annosque tuos numerare velimus,
> Facta premant annos. Pro te, fortissime, vota
> Publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus.

[1] [A great entertainment was given to the Duke of Wellington as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports on the 30th August. Lord Brougham attended it, and delivered an oration of the most hyperbolical panegyric.]

It turned out a complete *Tory* celebration. There was an almost unmixed array of Tory names at the banquet, and one Whig lord (Poltimore), who happened to be at Dover, declined attending.

September 5th.—Among other bad signs of these times, one is the decay of *loyalty* in the Tory party; the Tory principle is completely destroyed by party rage. No Opposition was ever more rabid than this is, no people ever treated or spoke of the Sovereign with such marked disrespect. They seem not to care one straw for the Crown, its dignity, or its authority, because the head on which it is placed does not nod with benignity to them. An example of this took place the other day, when at a dinner at Shrewsbury the company refused to drink the health of the new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Sutherland (a man not personally obnoxious), because the Duchess of Sutherland is at the head of the Queen's female household. This reproach does not apply to the leaders of the party, who are too wise and too decorous to hold such language or to approve of such conduct;[1] but is the *animus* which distinguishes the tail and the body, and they take no pains to conceal it.

September 7th.—The result of the Cambridge and Manchester elections proves (if any proof was wanting) how utterly the cause of Government is lost in the country, and fully confirms the report of their universal unpopularity: Cambridge lost by one hundred, and Manchester barely won. Poulett Thomson told me just before that the Liberals had a certain majority (for any candidate) of several hundreds.

September 14th.—Brougham has sent to the press a letter to the Duke of Bedford on Education, of which he thus speaks in a letter to Lord Tavistock: . . . "I have sent my letter to the Duke to the press at Edinburgh. I wrote it in eight and a half hours the day I came here; but if I am to judge, who should not, it is by far the best thing I ever did, and the only eloquent. My whole heart was in it, both from affection to your excellent father, and to the subject. I hope it will do good, for the time is going away under me, and I shall be called to my great account before I have done any good on earth. Therefore I must make a new attempt at having something to show." The production will be probably very good in its way and very eloquent, but the note is characteristic—a mixture of pride and humility, hum-

[1] This was before the Bradshaw and Roby exhibitions.

bugging and self-deceitful. What cares he for the Duke of Bedford, whom he scarcely sees from one end of the year to the other, and why should he care? They have very little in common—neither the *idem velle* nor *idem nolle;* and a more uninteresting, weak-minded, selfish character does not exist than the Duke of Bedford.[1] He is a good-natured, plausible man, without enemies, and really (though he does not think so) without friends; and naturally enough he does not think so, because there are many who pretend, like Brougham, a strong affection for him, and some who imagine they feel it. Vast property, rank, influence, and station always attract a sentiment which is dignified with the name of friendship, which assumes all its outward appearance, complies with its conditions, but which is really hollow and unsubstantial. The Duke of Bedford thinks of nothing but his own personal enjoyments, and it has long been a part of his system not to allow himself to be disturbed by the necessities of others, or be ruffled by the slightest self-denial. He is affable, bland, and of easy intercourse, making rather a favorable impression on superficial observers; caring little, if at all, for the wants or wishes of others, but grudging nobody anything that does not interfere with his own pursuits, and seeing with complacency those who surround him lap up the superfluities which may chance to bubble over from his cup of pleasure and happiness. It is a farce to talk of friendship with such a man, on whom, if he were not Duke of Bedford, Brougham would never waste a thought.

September 17th.—Finding the Duke of Wellington was in town yesterday, I called on him. He talked to me a great deal about Brougham and the Dover dinner, and told me a comical anecdote with reference to his giving the toast of the Duke's health at the dinner. The Committee invited him, and, as the chairman was a man who could not speak at all, they, thinking it a catch to get so great an orator to do the office, proposed to Brougham to give the toast of the night. He accepted, and then they found that Lord Guilford, a man of the first rank and consequence in the county, and therefore entitled to this distinction, was highly affronted at the preference of Brougham to him. They got embarrassed, and desired to take the toast from Brougham and

[1] [These remarks relate to John, sixth Duke of Bedford, born 6th July, 1766, died 29th October, 1839. He was the father of the Lord Tavistock often mentioned in these Journals, and of Lord William and Lord John Russell.]

give it to Lord Guilford, and when he got down there this was suggested to him; but he said "it could not be, for he had not only written his speech beforehand, but had already sent it to be published, so that no alteration was then possible." The consequence was, Lord Guilford would not come to the dinner, and he was only pacified afterward by the Duke himself, who went to call upon him for the purpose of soothing down his ruffled plumage; this he succeeded in doing by telling him this story, and nothing the Duke said reconciled him so much to what had passed as the fact of Brougham's having written his speech beforehand.

He told me what Brougham had said of Macaulay (whom he hates with much cordiality), when somebody asked if he was to be Secretary at War. "No, Melbourne would not consent to it: he would not have him in the Cabinet, and could not endure to sit with ten parrots, a chime of bells, and Lady W——."

The more I see of the Duke, the more am I struck with the impression that he is declining; that he is not what he was a year or two ago. He is vigorous and hearty, cheerful, lively; his memory does not seem to be impaired; he talks with sense and energy. If anybody asserted that they saw symptoms of mental decay, it would be easy to deny the fact, and to support the denial by ready and numerous examples of his force and sagacity in discussion, or in the transaction of business; but nevertheless I am persuaded that a change has come over him, that it is gradually spreading more and sinking deeper, and that we must begin to make up our minds to the deprivation of his noble spirit, full of honesty, wisdom, and patriotism as it is.[1]

September 21*st.*—I dined at Holland House last night, where, among others, were General Alava, and Sir John Hobhouse, the first in high glee at the termination of the war in Spain, and the last at the success of the Indian expedition.[2] Hobhouse told me that Auckland had displayed extraordinary qualities, and was the ablest Governor India

[1] [The Duke, however, lived and flourished for thirteen years after this prediction.]

[2] [This was the expedition to replace Shah Sooja on the throne of Afghanistan, which was so auspiciously commenced and so deplorably terminated. Sir John Hobhouse was greatly elated at the enterprise and very confident of the result. He said to me soon afterward that we must encounter the policy of Russia, and that the theatre of the struggle was Central Asia. I replied that I should have preferred the Baltic.—H. R.]

had seen for a great length of time. Alava said that the last transactions in Spain and the mediation of Lord John Hay had reflected the highest honor on our Government, and that we had acted with a discretion, a delicacy, and a disinterestedness beyond all praise. But both Alava and Hobhouse told me what is very remarkable as showing the great reliance which even his political opponents place in the wisdom and patriotism of the Duke. Hobhouse said that he had had some time ago a very long conversation with the Duke, in which he had made him acquainted with all the means employed for the accomplishment of their Indian objects, and that the Duke, who had previously anticipated their failure, had, after hearing all these details, expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and admitted that they had every assurance of success. He did not go into the policy of the measure, which it would not have been proper or advisable to do, but merely treated the question of military resources and their employment.

So, too, Alava, as soon as intelligence reached him and Palmerston of the overtures of Maroto, asked leave to communicate it to the Duke, which was immediately conceded. He was therefore informed of all that was going on, and it met with his fullest approbation ; and yet all this time the great organ of the Tories is raving against the Government in the most frantic manner, for having been instrumental to this happy termination of the most frightful and revolting civil war that ever afflicted any country.[1]

September 23d.—Lady Holland asked me the other night what I thought of their prospects, and I told her I thought them very bad. She said, "The fact is, we have nothing to rely upon but the Queen and Paddy." This has since struck me as being an epigrammatic but very correct description of their position.

Last night there came to Holland House after dinner Brunnow and Nesselrode's son, the first (not unlike Brougham, and would be very like if his nose moved about), a very able man, and said to be "la pensée intime de l'Empereur," sent over to see what can be done about the Eastern Ques-

[1] [The active support given to Espartero by the British Government under the Quadruple Treaty, and the operations of Lord John Hay on the northern coast of Spain, which stopped the supplies of the Carlists, contributed to bring the contest for the Crown of Spain to an end, and on the 15th August Don Carlos surrendered himself to the French Government at Bayonne.]

tion, which I take to be a very difficult matter.[1] I had much talk with Dedel (who told me this) about Palmerston. I said it was well known he was very able with his pen, but I did not know how he was in Conference. He replied: "Palmerston comes to any Conference so fully and completely master of the subject of it in all the minutest details, that this capacity is a peculiar talent with him; it is so great, that he is apt sometimes to lose himself in the details."

London, November 8th.—Six weeks nearly of an absolute blank. Left town October 1, Newmarket, then Cromer for ten days, Newmarket, London, Riddlesworth, Newmarket again, Euston, and back on Monday last. Nothing very remarkable has happened in this interval. Lord Clarendon[2] accepted the Privy Seal, not very willingly, but feeling that he could not, with decency, refuse it. They considered his accession to the Government a matter of great importance, and the Tories own it to be so, such a reputation has he acquired by the brilliant manner in which he conducted the mission in Spain, and by his popular and engaging qualities.

Nothing has excited so much interest as the hoax of Brougham's pretended death,[3] which was generally believed for twenty-four hours, and the report elicited a host of criticisms and panegyrics on his life and character, for the most part flattering, except that in the *Times*, which was very able but very severe, and not less severe than true. As

[1] [Baron Brunnow was sent to England at this time by the Emperor Nicholas to make the first overtures for the intervention of the Great Powers in the quarrel between the Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt. This overture was rejected by the Cabinet in 1839, but accepted on the Baron's return to England in the following year, and it led to the celebrated treaty of the 15th July, 1840, and the quarrel with France, the true object of Nicholas having been the severance of the Western Powers. M. de Brunnow remained in England as Minister or Ambassador for nearly thirty-five years.]

[2] [George William Frederic Villiers, fourth Earl of Clarendon, succeeded his uncle in the title in December, 1838. He had filled for some years with distinguished ability the office of British Minister at Madrid. He now returned to England; married Lady Katharine Barham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Verulam and widow of John Forster-Barham, Esq., in June, 1839, and entered the Cabinet for the first time as Lord Privy Seal.]

[3] [A letter from Brougham purporting to be from Mr. Shafto was received by Mr. Alfred Montgomery, which contained the particulars of Lord Brougham's death by a carriage accident. Mr. Montgomery brought the letter to Lady Blessington's at Gore House, where I happened to be, and I confess we were all taken in by the hoax. Montgomery went off in a post-chaise to break the news to Lord Wellesley at Fernhill; and meeting Lord Alfred Paget in Windsor Park, he sent the news to the Castle. The trick was kept up for twenty-four hours, but the next day I received a note from Brougham himself, full of his usual spirits and vitality.—H. R.]

soon as it was discovered that he was not dead, the liveliest indignation was testified at the joke that had been played off, and the utmost anxiety to discover its origin. General suspicion immediately fixed itself on Brougham himself, who, finding the bad impression produced, hastened to remove it by a vehement but indirect denial of having had any share in, or knowledge of, the hoax. But so little reliance is placed upon his word, that everybody laughs at his denials, and hardly anybody has a shadow of a doubt that he was himself at the botton of it. He has taken the trouble to write to all sorts of people, old friends and new, to exonerate himself from the charge; but never was trouble more thrown away. D'Orsay says that he carefully compared the (supposed) letter of Shafto with one of Brougham's to him, and that they were evidently written by the same hand. The paper, with all its marks, was the same, together with various other minute resemblances, leaving no doubt of the fact.

Next to this episode, Jemmy Bradshaw's speech at Canterbury has attracted the greatest attention, and he has been for many days the hero of newspaper discussion. This speech, which was a tissue of folly and impertinence, but principally remarkable for a personal attack of the most violent and indecent kind upon the Queen, was received with shouts of applause at a Conservative dinner, and reported with many compliments, and some gentle reprehension by the Tory press. His example has since been followed in a less offensive style by two others calling themselves Tories—a Mr. Roby and a Mr. Escott. Of these rabid and disloyal effusions, the Government papers have not failed to make the most, by pointing out the disaffected and almost treasonable character of modern Toryism when embittered by exclusion from office; and there is no doubt that, contemptible as the authors are, their senseless and disgusting exhibitions are calculated to do great mischief; for, if no other evil ensued, it is one of no small consequence to sour the mind of the Queen still more against the whole Tory party, and fasten upon her an impression which it will be difficult to efface, that she is odious and her authority contemptible in their eyes, so long as she is unfavorable to them, and commits herself to other hands than theirs. Peel is to be pitied for having to lead such an unruly and unprincipled faction. Everything seems disjointed, all is confu-

sion ; moderate men, desirous of good government, stability, security, and safe amendment of political evils or errors, can find no resting-place. The Tories, the professors and protectors of Conservative principles, the abhorrers of changes, who would not have so much as a finger laid upon the integrity of the Constitution, are ready to roll the Crown in the dirt, and trample it under their feet ; and the Government, to whom the maintenance of the Constitution is intrusted, whose especial duty it is to uphold the authority of the laws, are openly allied with, and continually truckling to, those factions, or sections of factions, which make no secret of their desire and determination to effect changes which nobody denies to be equivalent to revolution ; and then we have the weight of the Crown thrown into the scale of this unholy alliance, from the mere influence of personal predilections and antipathies. To such a degree is principle dormant, or so entirely is it thrust into the background by passion, prejudice, or the interest of the passing hour.

November 13th.—At Holland House for three days last week. Lord Holland told many stories of Lord Chatham, some of which I had heard before and some not. His stories are always excellent, and excellently told, and those who have heard them before can very well bear to hear them again. I think I have somewhere inserted the "Sugar" story, which Lord Harrowby told me many years ago, but without the vivacity and good acting of Lord Holland. Another of his sayings was in the House of Lords, when, on I forget what question, he was unsupported : "My Lords, I stand like our First Parents—alone, naked, but not ashamed." This was fine. Lord Holland said there was nothing like real oratory in Parliament before the American war.

He had received several letters from Brougham in a most strange, incoherent style, avowedly for the purpose of thanking Lady Holland for the interest he heard she had shown about him when his death was reported, and at the same time to explain that he had no hand in the report, which he did with the utmost solemnity of asseveration ;[1] but he took this opportunity to descant on the conduct of the party toward him, of the press, of the people, and of the leading Whigs, talked of the flags of truce he had held out, and how

[1] It was well known, eventually, that the hoax was entirely his own, and the letter dictated by himself.

they had been fired on, and that he must again arm himself for another fight. All this in a curious, disjointed style. As these letters were considered flags of truce, Lady Holland fired upon them an invitation to dinner, but he would not come. I met him on Sunday, and asked him why he did not come, but he would not give any answer whatever. On that occasion he talked for two hours without stopping, abusing one person after another, particularly Fonblanque, and then telling the whole history of the Reform Bill and of the famous dissolution, and of all his own exploits on that occasion. It was amusing enough, but he talks too much, and his talk has the grand fault of not impressing his hearers with an idea of its truth; it is lively, energetic, vivacious, abundant, but it is artificial and unsatisfactory, because liable to suspicion and doubt.

Windsor Castle, November 15th.—Here for a Council. I sat next to Baroness Lehzen at dinner—a clever, agreeable woman. She complained of Peel's having said in the House of Commons that he did not mean to turn her out, and says he ought to have said he could not, and that he had nothing to do with her, as she is not in the public service. I defended Peel. In the evening, Lord Melbourne told me to search the Council books and see what was the form of declaration of the Sovereign's marriage, so that matter is pretty clearly settled.

November 23d.—At Wolbeding for three days. Then news came of the Duke's illness, which, though it turned out to be exaggerated, will, I fear, prove to have given him a shake. The Council being summoned to declare the Queen's marriage to-day, I have come up to town for it, and am just returned from the declaration, which took place in the lower apartments of the palace. About eighty Privy Councilors present, all who were within call having attended. Peel, Lyndhurst, and the Duke. The Duke arrived last night for the purpose; he looked very old, very feeble, and decrepit. I thought a great change was observable in him, but he was cheerful as usual, and evidently tried to make the best of it. The Queen had sent in the morning to inquire after him, and the answer was, "He had had a restless night." All the Privy Councilors seated themselves, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning-gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sono-

rous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I wonder she was able to read the paper which she held. Lord Lansdowne made a little speech, asking her permission to have the declaration made public. She bowed assent, placed the paper in his hands, and then retired.

November 26th.—The Queen wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town, and told her she was to make her declaration the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, "Yes; but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

The Duke of Cambridge hunted Brougham round the room, saying, "Oh, by God, you wrote the letter; by God, you did it yourself."[1] Brougham is in a state of prodigious excitement. He has had a reconciliation with Normanby, and another with Durham—the first at Lady Clanricarde's, the other at Lady Tankerville's, where they casually met. He was overflowing with sentiment and eagerness to be friends with both.

November 27th.—The Queen settled everything about her marriage herself, and without consulting Melbourne at all on the subject, not even communicating to him her intentions. The reports were already rife, while he was in ignorance; and at last he spoke to her, told her that he could not be ignorant of the reports, nor could she; that he did not presume to inquire what her intentions were, but that it was his duty to tell her, that if she had any, it was necessary that her Ministers should be apprised of them. She said she had nothing to tell him, and about a fortnight afterward she informed him that the whole thing was settled. A curious exhibition of her independence, and explains the apprehensions which Lady Cowper has recently expressed to me of the serious consequences which her determined character is likely to produce. If she has already shaken off her dependence on Melbourne, and begins to fly with her own wings, what will she not do when she is older, and has to deal with Ministers whom she does not care for, or whom she dislikes?

December 14th.—I was at Oatlands a fortnight ago, where I met Croker—not overbearing, and rather agreeable, though

[1] [Meaning the letter to Alfred Montgomery which announced Lord Brougham's death.]

without having said much that was peculiarly interesting. Two things struck me. He said he dined and passed the evening *tête-à-tête* with the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) before his departure for Portugal to take the command of the army. He was then Irish Secretary, and had committed to Croker's management the bills he had to carry through Parliament. After dinner he was very thoughtful, and did not speak. Croker said, "Sir Arthur, you don't talk; what is it you are thinking about?" He said, "Of the French. I have never seen them; they have beaten all Europe. I think I shall beat them, but I can't help thinking about them."

Another *tête-à-tête* he had with the Duke was at the time of the Reform Bill, when he went down with him for a week to Strathfieldsaye, during which time he was more low-spirited and silent than Croker said he ever saw him before or since. He reproached himself for what he had done, particularly about Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test Act, and his resignation in '30. Very curious this, not alluding among the topics of self-reproach to his persevering and mischievous opposition to the Emancipation, which he at length conceded in a manner so fraught with future evil, however inevitable; nor to his famous Anti-reform declaration, which, though containing little if anything that was untrue, was so imprudent that its effects were enormous and irretrievable. Such is the blindness, the obstinate reluctance to the admission of error, which besets even the wisest and the best men; for if the Duke of Wellington could have divested his mind of prejudice, and reflected calmly on the past, or looked over the political map of bygone events with the practical sagacity he usually displayed, he never could have failed to perceive the true causes of them. People often take to themselves unmerited blame, to screen themselves from that which they are conscious they deserve.

On Monday last I went to Windsor for a Council. There we had Sir Thomas Phillips, the Mayor of Newport, who came to be knighted. They were going to knight him, and then dismiss him, but I persuaded Normanby that it would be a wise and popular thing to keep him there and load him with civilities—do good to the Queen, encourage others to do their duty—and send him back rejoicing to his province, to spread far and wide the fame of his gracious reception.

He said, that etiquette would not permit one of his rank in life to be invited to the Royal table. I said, that this was all nonsense: if he was good enough to come and be knighted, he was good enough to dine there, and that it was a little outlay for a large return. He was convinced; spoke to Melbourne, who settled it, and Phillips stayed. Nothing could answer better, everybody approved of it, and the man behaved as if his whole life had been spent in Courts, perfectly at his ease without rudeness or forwardness, quiet, unobtrusive, but with complete self-possession, and a *nil admirari* manner which had something distinguished in it. The Queen was very civil to him, and he was delighted. The next morning he went to Normanby, and expressed his apprehension that he might not have conducted himself as he ought, together with his grateful sense of his reception; but the apology was quite needless.[1]

December 25th.—At Ampthill (Baron Parke's) last Friday. Took down with me David Dundas, a Whig lawyer, and a very agreeable accomplished man, plenty of pleasant talk. Went over to Wrest, Lord de Grey's new house—built, decorated, and furnished by himself—and very perfect in all ways. Heard on Sunday a Mr. Howorth preach—an admirable preacher, who ought to be promoted in the Church, just as Dundas ought in the State.[2]

December 31st.—We are arrived at the end of the year, and the next will begin with the Chartist trials. Parliament is about to meet. Parties are violent, Government weak, everybody wondering what will happen, nobody seeing their way clearly before them. The general opinion is that the Opposition mean to take the Government if they can by storm, and will assault every weak point. The weakest, to my mind, is John Russell's appointment of Frost to the magistracy, which, if skillfully handled, may be brought against him with great effect. Frost was appointed in pursuance of a system Lord John chose to establish, for the purpose of defeating the intentions of Parliament; and he did it upon

[1] [On the 4th November a Chartist riot occurred at Newport in Monmouthshire. The leaders were John Frost and Zephaniah Williams. The Mayor, Mr. T. Phillips, behaved with great gallantry, and ordered the troops to load. The mob, said to be 20,000 strong, first fired on the troops, who then returned the fire with effect and dispersed the assemblage. John Frost, the leader of this disturbance, had unluckily been made a magistrate by Lord John Russell some time before. His trial is subsequently adverted to.]

[2] [Sir David Dundas afterward became Solicitor-General and declined a judgeship.]

his own responsibility in spite of warnings against it, and now we see some of the fruits of this policy. I told Normanby this, and he owned the truth of it, and moreover he told me that the system he found established by Lord John had proved very embarrassing to him, as it was very difficult for him to throw it over, and unless he did so he should be compelled to make, or sanction, objectionable appointments. Such have been the consequences of Lord John's unstatesmanlike and perhaps unconstitutional conduct, adopted under the influence of resentment.

Lord Clarendon, who has just joined the Government with a lively sense of the tottering character of the concern he has entered, is resolved, as far as his influence may avail, to urge them to cast aside all attempts to catch votes, and cajole supporters, by partial concessions and half-and-half measures, to look the condition of affairs steadily in the face, and act in all things according to the best of their minds and consciences, as if they were as strong a Government as Pitt's, and without any regard to consequences, so that they may either live usefully or die honorably. This is the true course, and that which I have urged him to enforce with all his credit. We had some talk about foreign affairs. He thinks there is danger of Palmerston's getting too closely connected with Russia, while keeping France in check upon the complicated Eastern Question. He also spoke of a curious pamphlet, just published by Marliani, a Spaniard, who went in 1838 with Zea Bermudez on a mission to Berlin and Vienna, stating that a proposal had been made to Austria for a marriage between the young Queen of Spain and a son of the Archduke Charles, by which the Austrian alliance and influence would again be substituted for the French, and the object of the Family Compact defeated; and that Metternich would have listened eagerly to this if he had dared, and was only prevented and induced to entreat the Spaniards to go away by his overwhelming dread of Russian indignation.

January 14th, 1840.—At Wrest for the last week. It is a new house built by Lord de Grey, without architects or any professional aid, and a great work for an amateur to have accomplished. Returned yesterday, and found London beginning to fill for Parliament. Everybody asks his neighbor, will the Government be able to go on—a question which nobody pretends to answer on any good grounds of proba-

bility. Electioneering casualties during the recess have brought the two parties (supposing all the Whig alliance to cohere) nearer to an equality than they were before, and they are so bitter against each other, that the Tories will certainly drive the Ministry out if they can, and take the chance of being themselves able to govern. But with reference to the state of public affairs and the composition of the Government, the Ministry presents a much more respectable appearance than it has heretofore done; the Cabinet contains men of character, of experience, and of great acquirements, and Clarendon, who has just taken his seat among them and has added to it a good diplomatic reputation, tells me that they are not only very united, agreed in general principles, and only differing to an extent that any thirteen men must occasionally differ on particular points; but that they are as Conservative a Cabinet as possible. And so, no doubt, they are in their hearts and wishes, and so they would be, if the Conservatives would allow them to keep their places, and give them strength enough to maintain Conservative interests. It is impossible to doubt that the best thing that could happen in the present situation of the country would be the continuance in office of the present Government, with the consent and acquiescence of the Tories, so long as they administered the government on just, moderate, and constitutional principles, and with a full understanding that any departure therefrom would be followed by their unrelenting hostility. But this would require a large amount of patriotism and self-denial from a great party, who, besides a consciousness of strength, have their minds full of bitter animosity, and an impatience for party victory, and the acquisition of official power; and in their eager desire for revenge and triumph, they overlook all considerations, and are ready to incur any risk and take all consequences.

As far as the state of public affairs is concerned, Ministers have not at all a bad case to bring before the country. The great interests, on which the eyes of the world have been fixed, are prosperous and ably administered. Ebrington in Ireland, Auckland in India, and now Poulett Thomson in Canada, have contributed in their different ways to the favorable *exposé* of the Government, nor is there any point on which they are particularly vulnerable, or any grave reproach to which they have rendered themselves obnoxious. But all this will not avail to make them strong, or render

their tenure of office secure and permanent. They are not popular, all parties distrust them, none believe that they have any fixed principles from which no considerations would induce them to swerve, and the unfortunate circumstances under which they so improperly took office again in March last, and their apparent wavering between antagonist principles, and readiness to yield to pressure when they could not escape it, have given a worse opinion of their character than they really deserve.

January 17th.—Parliament met yesterday. The Queen was well enough received—much better than usual—as she went to the House. The Speech was harmless. Some had wished to have something about the Corn Laws in it, but this was overruled by the majority. They said nothing about Prince Albert's Protestantism, and very properly, for though they might as well have done so in the Speech to the Privy Council (merely not to give a handle to their opponents for caviling and clamoring), it would have been an acknowledgment of error, and a knocking under to clamor, to do so now. The Duke, however, moved an amendment, and foisted in the word Protestant—a sop to the silly. I was grieved to see him descend to such miserable humbug, and was in hopes he was superior to it, and would have rather put down the nonsense than have lent his sanction to it. He is said to be very well, strong in body and clear in mind, but I fully expect that he will give, in the course of this Session, evident proofs of the falling-off of his mind.

In the House of Commons they are bent upon mischief, and speedy mischief; for Sir J. Yarde Buller gave notice directly of a motion of want of confidence, so that the strength of the two parties will be tested forthwith. This was a regular concerted party move, and took their opponents completely by surprise. It proceeds from the boiling impatience of the party, in-doors and out. The Tory masses complain that nothing is done; and so, to gratify them, an immediate assault is resolved upon. Lord Wharnecliffe said to me yesterday morning that the real obstacle to the Tories coming into office was the Queen. This was the only difficulty; but her antipathy to Peel rendered him exceedingly reluctant to take office, and there were many among the party who felt scruples in forcing an obnoxious Ministry upon her. This is, in fact, the real Tory principle, but I doubt many of the Tories being influenced by it.

Bradshaw[1] and Horsman went out yesterday morning. The former called out the latter on account of a speech at Cockermouth, in which, in allusion to the famous Canterbury *Victorippick*, he had said that Bradshaw had the tongue of a traitor and the heart of a coward. Though six weeks had elapsed between the speech and the challenge, Horsman did go out, and they exchanged shots; after which Bradshaw made a sort of stingy apology for his insults to the Queen, and the other an apology for his offensive expressions. Gurwood went out with Bradshaw, which he had better not have done.[2] He said, "he had never read Bradshaw's speech, and was ignorant what he had said." As Gurwood is a man of honor and veracity, this must be true; but it is passing strange that he alone should not have read what everybody else has been talking about for the last two months, and that he should go out with a man as his second on account of words spoken, and not inquire what they were.

January 18th.—Everybody talks of this duel, and the Whigs abuse Gurwood, and accuse him of ingratitude, for having acted for Bradshaw in such a quarrel, when he has just been loaded with favors—a pension and a place; for, though the latter was given by the Duke of Wellington, it was with the concurrence of Government, who might either have reduced his salary or taken away his pension, and did neither. Gurwood has acquired a title to public gratitude by being instrumental to the publication of the Wellington Dispatches; but he is a silly fellow; his conduct in this duel shows it. He certainly ought to have declined to meddle; but he told George Anson (who was Horsman's second) he never did decline when asked; and he not only said he had never read Bradshaw's speech, but when George Anson offered to show it to him he refused to read it. I should have declined discussing the matter with him unless he did read it. Bradshaw behaved very well. After the shots, Gurwood asked if Horsman would retract. Anson said, "No, not till Bradshaw did, or apologized." Gurwood then said to Anson, "Will you propose to him to do so? I cannot." So he did. Bradshaw was deeply affected; owned he

[1] [Mr. Bradshaw had used very unbecoming and disloyal language in speaking of the Queen at a public dinner or meeting at Canterbury some weeks before. Mr. Horsman, a strong Whig, and Member for Cockermouth, had censured Bradshaw for his disloyalty—hence this strange duel.]

[2] [Colonel Gurwood, the Duke of Wellington's confidential friend, and editor of his Dispatches, had just been appointed to the Governorship of the Tower.]

had been miserable ever since; said he could not live without honor, but would say anything that Anson and Gurwood (and he felt his honor as safe with the former as the latter) would agree that he could and ought to say; and George Anson drew up his apology, and did not make it stronger, because he would not press him hard. The fact is, he is much indebted to Horsman for getting him out, in some measure, of a very bad scrape.

The Queen has been attacked for going down in person to Parliament, just after the news arriving of the Landgravine's death; but she consulted her relations, the Princess Augusta particularly, who advised her to go, said it was a public duty, and that they had all been brought up in the doctrine that the discharge of the duties of their station was to supersede everything. So she went.

I met Burge[1] this morning, who is very much disgusted at no mention being made of Jamaica in the Speech, and at the speech of John Russell; who, in alluding to the omission, spoke very disparagingly of the Assembly, or at least what will there appear so. But he admits, nevertheless, that Lord John Russell is by far the best Secretary of State he ever had to deal with, and that in his general conduct toward the island they have ample cause for satisfaction.

January 22d.—Dined at Lady Blessington's the day before yesterday: a queer *omnium gatherum* party—Prince Louis Napoleon, General Montholon, Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, Sir Robert Wilson, Leader, and Roebuck. Droll to see Lyndhurst, the most execrated of the Tories, hand-and-glove, and cracking his jokes, with the two Radicals. After dinner I had a talk with him. He said the Duke had been all against the motion on the 28th, but that unless they had agreed to it, the party would have been broken up; said he did not care about coming in. If they did, a dissolution would give them a majority of sixty, but that this would not enable them to stand against the Queen's hostility and determination to trip up their heels whenever she could;[2] that the Opposition would become more Radical, the Queen herself Radical; they should be driven out, and the country

[1] [William Burge, Esq., Q.C., for many years agent for the island of Jamaica, and author of a valuable work entitled "Commentaries on Colonial Law."]

[2] [A very erroneous prediction. They did come in in the following year, and the Queen gave her entire confidence and support to Sir Robert Peel's Government.]

ruined. He thought the Duke strong in body and clear in mind, but more excitable. I said I thought that to those who knew him a change was perceptible ; that it was impossible to cite any particular thing in proof of it ; but that conversation with him left such an impression. Lyndhurst replied that this was exactly his own opinion, but that the Duke's authority with the party was undiminished, and indispensably necessary to keep them together. The Tories are very angry with Peel for taking such a strong part as he has done on the privilege question, which nothing but his influence prevents their turning into a regular party debate. The House has gone floundering on upon it, wasting a great deal of time and ingenious speaking, and having got into a difficulty from which there is no convenient extrication.

The Judges are much censured for their behavior at Newport :[1] first, for not themselves deciding the point that was raised ; next, for not asking the jury for the reasons of their recommending the criminals to mercy ; and the Chief Justice's charge to the jury was thought a very weak and poor performance.

Yesterday morning[2] the Duke of Bedford came to me, to beg I would suggest some Lord for the situation of Chief of Prince Albert's establishment, for they can get none who is eligible. They want a Peer, a Whig, and a man of good sense, character, and education, something rather better than common, and such a one willing to put on Court trappings they find not easily to be had. We made out a list, to be shown to Melbourne, who had consulted the Duke of Bedford, and asked him for a man. We talked over the bitter hostility between the Queen and the Tories, and he said, that Melbourne did everything he could to mitigate her feelings, and to make her understand that she must not involve the whole party in the reproach which justly attaches to a few foolish or mischievous zealots, so much so that lately when the Queen was inveighing against the Tories to somebody (he would not say to whom), and complaining of their behavior to her, she added, "It is very odd, but I cannot get Lord Melbourne to see it in that light."

[1] [This relates to the trial of Frost and others by a Special Commission at Newport for the riots of the preceding year.]

[2] John, sixth Duke of Bedford, had died on the 20th of October, 1839, and my friend Tavistock had become Duke of Bedford.

January 24th.—The Privilege question[1] occupies everybody's thoughts, and there is much interest and curiosity to see the sequel of it. The state of the House of Commons upon it is curious: all the Whigs for Privilege, and the chiefs of the Tories with them; with some of the lawyers (except Sugden) the same way; but Follett, who at first was heartily with Peel, has latterly taken no part, though he has voted with the majority. On the other side are the great bulk of the Tories and all the second-rate lawyers—the only eminent ones that way being Sugden, Pemberton, and Kelly. The debates have elicited some admirable speeches on both sides, of which Peel's three nights ago, when he explained the law better than the lawyers could, has been the most remarkable. The Tories are very angry with him for taking it up so warmly, and they will not be the more pleased at the complimentary speech of John Russell, in which he told him that nothing but his taking the course he had done had enabled the House to assert its privilege at all, as it could not have been made a mere party question. The Government are getting into better spirits about their prospects, and so many of the Tories acknowledge that there would be danger and difficulty in changes just now, that there will probably be none. Mr. Walter was beaten hollow in Southwark in spite of an Anti-Poor Law cry, by the help of which his friends were very sanguine about his success.

January 26th.—The Government are triumphant at all their elections, and raised to the skies by their success, which they construe into an indication of reaction in their favor. It is certainly a great thing for them, for it produces a good moral effect, besides the influence it will have on the division next week, and it tends to show that if a dissolution were to take place, the Conservatives would not be in so much better, nor the Whigs in so much worse a position, as the former have been for some time boasting of, and the lat-

[1] [The Privilege question arose out of a prosecution of Messrs. Hansard by one Stockdale, for the publication of a libel on himself in the Parliamentary Debates. Hansard pleaded the authority of Parliament, but the Court of Queen's Bench rejected the plea and gave judgment against Hansard. The House of Commons on the motion of Lord John Russell, who was supported by Sir R. Peel, defended their printers, and committed the Sheriffs of London for levying damages on Hansard. Peel afterward acknowledged that he had been misled by the advice of Sir F. Pollock and had gone too far; in fact, it appears from the text that the weight of legal authority was against him. The dispute was settled at last by legislation. See *infra*, p. 236.]

ter apprehending. Everybody (except those who have an interest in defending it) thinks the allowance proposed for Prince Albert very exorbitant: £50,000 a year given for pocket-money is quite monstrous, and it would have been prudent to propose a more moderate grant for the sake of his popularity. Prince George of Denmark had £50,000 a year (as it is said), but the Queen gave it him, and he had a household four times more numerous than is intended for Prince Albert.

January 29th. — On Monday night Government were beaten by 104 on the question of reducing the Prince's allowance from £50,000 to £30,000 a year. They knew they should be beaten, but nevertheless John Russell would go doggedly on and encounter this mortifying defeat, instead of giving way with the best grace he could. He lost his temper, and flung dirt at Peel, like a sulky boy flinging rotten eggs; in short, exposed himself sadly. His friends were much annoyed that he did not give way, as soon as he found that there was no chance of carrying it, and that many Government supporters would vote against it; besides the mortification to the Prince, there was something mean and sordid in squabbling for all the money they could get, and the sum given him is *satis superque* for all his wants.

In the Lords, they introduced the Naturalization Bill in such a slovenly and objectionable form that the Duke desired it might be put off, which (although he pledged and committed himself in no manner) they immediately construed into a resolution to oppose the Precedence part of it. The Queen is bent upon giving him precedence of the whole Royal Family. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, who each want some additions to their incomes, have signified their consent; the King of Hanover (whom it does not immediately concern) has refused his. On this they brought in their Bill. Her Majesty was, however, more provoked at what passed in the House of Lords, than at the defeat in the Commons.

I asked Charles Gore why John Russell did not avail himself of the momentary connection he had with Peel on the Privilege question, to ask him what his views were about the allowance, and tell him that it was so desirable to avoid any division on such a question that he wished to propose nothing that was likely to be objected to. Gore said that upon a former occasion, when Lord John had spoken in such

a spirit to Peel, he had been met by him in such an ungracious manner that it was impossible for him ever to do so again. This was about the Speakership, when he wrote a private note to Peel, beginning "My dear Sir," and asking him to tell him what the intentions of his party were about opposing the Government Speaker, because he was anxious if possible not to bring people up to town without necessity; to which he replied in the coldest and driest terms, "Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Lord John Russell," expressing his surprise at his letter, saying he had no right to call upon him for any explanation of his intentions, and refusing to give any information whatever. I do not think John Russell had any right to make such a communication to him, and it was, I fancy, very unusual, but Peel might as well have answered it good-humoredly.

The judges have given their decision upon the two points raised for the Newport prisoners,[1] and their fate now rests with the Government. They decided, by a majority of nine to six, that the objection was valid, and by nine to six that it was not taken in time. Upon such accidents do the lives of men depend. It is well known that the law can have no certainty, because so much must always be left to the discretion of those who administer it; but such striking illustrations of its uncertainty, and of the extent to which the chapter of accidents is concerned in it, seldom occur, and make one shudder when they do.[2] No doubt, however, is cast over the guilt of the men, and the Government may very properly leave them to their fate, if they are not afraid of shocking public opinion by doing so. The world at large does not distinguish accurately or reason justly, swallows facts in gross, and jumps to conclusions. Many will say it is hard to put men to death when the judges are nearly equally divided on their case, the majority admitting that the law would save them if it had been urged soon enough in their favor. It rather seems to turn the tables on the prosecution; and whereas the prisoners are availing themselves of a mere quibble, of a technical objection, strained to

[1] [The ringleaders in the Newport riots were convicted and might have been hanged; but two technical objections to the sentence having been taken, though not allowed by the judges, the Government remitted the capital sentence. They had a narrow escape.]

[2] Parke said, that if the objection had been decided on the spot they would have escaped, as he and Williams were for it, while the Chief Justice was against it.

its extremest point, the effect may be that of exhibiting the Government as availing itself of the technicality in point of time to overthrow the more important legal objection. The case appears to have been very ably argued, especially by Kelly.

January 30*th.*—The great debate in the House of Commons has now lasted two nights,[1] without being very interesting. Sir George Grey made a brisk, dashing speech quite at the beginning, which was very effective, but, when read, disappoints, as there does not seem a great deal in it. Last night Macaulay failed. He delivered an essay, not without merit, but inapplicable, and not the sort of thing that is wanted in such a debate. He had said he should not be of use to them, and he appears to have judged correctly. The Tories affected to treat his speech with contempt, and to talk and laugh, which was a rudeness worthy of the noisy and ignorant knot that constitutes the tail of that party. Howick attacked everybody all round, and explained his own motive for leaving office, not alluding to the Secretary of State's office; and Graham made one of his usual speeches.

January 31*st.*—Macaulay's speech, which was said to be a failure, reads better than Sir George Grey's, which met with the greatest success—the one fell flat upon the audience, while the other was singularly effective. So great is the difference between good manner and bad, and between the effect produced by a dashing, vivacious, light, and active style, and a ponderous didactic eloquence, full of matter, but not suited in arrangement or delivery, and in all its accessory parts, to the taste of the House.

The question of sparing the lives of the Monmouth prisoners or not is everywhere discussed, with an almost general opinion that, under all the circumstances, the Government cannot let the law take its course. It is impossible for any reasoning to be more fallacious, because, if pushed to its just conclusion, it must result that they ought to escape altogether, which nobody expects or desires. The case has been very curious from the beginning; and end how it may, no criminals ever had so many chances afforded them of escape; never were there nicer points for the decision of different people or different stages of the business, or more blunders

[1] [Sir John Yarde Buller moved a resolution that "Her Majesty's Government, as at present constituted, does not possess the confidence of this House," which was defeated after a long debate by 308 votes to 287.]

committed by almost all concerned. In the first place, Maule, the Crown solicitor, failed to comply with the letter of the Act, and did not furnish the prisoners with lists of the jury and the witnesses *at the same time* ten days before the trial. He gave them one list ten days before, and the other fifteen days before. The Attorney-General was aware of the fact, and aware that a question would arise upon it; the judges appointed to the special Commission were apprised of it by their Associates, and they communicated with each other upon it. They considered whether they should convey the expression of their doubts upon this point to the Government, so that the difficulty might be rectified; but they agreed that their duty was to try the cause, and not to interfere in any way whatever, and they accordingly held their peace. It was in the power of the Attorney-General to postpone the trial for ten days, which would have removed every difficulty and objection, but he was so certain that the objection could not be maintained, that he would not do so, and chose to run the risk, unwisely, as it has turned out. The trial came on, and the counsel for the prisoners, instead of urging the objection *in limine*, suffered them to plead; whereas, if they had refused to plead, they would have escaped altogether.[1] The trial proceeded; they were found guilty, and recommended to mercy, but the Chief Justice never asked the jury upon what grounds, leaving it doubtful whether the jury thought that there were any extenuating circumstances, or whether they were actuated by terror, or mere repugnance to the infliction of capital punishment. It was probably the great importance of the case, and the fact of the Chief of the Commission being against the objection, which induced the other two who were in its favor to agree to refer it to the other judges; for if it had been settled on the spot the trials would have ended at once. Moreover, it was believed that the judges thought very lightly of the objection, and Brougham told me they were *unanimous*, so ill-informed was he of their real opinions.

Yesterday morning I met Lord FitzGerald, when we walked together, and I begged him to find some expedient for settling *à l'amiable* the question of Precedence, so as to pacify the Queen if possible, who was much excited about it.

[1] This is not so. If they had raised the objection before the prisoners pleaded, the Attorney-General could have put the trial off, and of course if the judges thought the objection valid, he would have done so.

He spoke very despondingly of the general state of affairs, but said that he was as anxious as anybody to avoid unpleasant discussions upon it, and to satisfy her, if possible, but that the House of Lords were running breast-high upon it. I begged him to see the Duke of Wellington, to tell him what her feeling was, and entreat him to take measures to settle it quietly. He said he would see him, and that he was convinced if the Duke had his own way, he would be disposed to do this; but that if it was left to Lyndhurst and Ellenborough, it was impossible to answer for what they might do. His own impression was, that they might and ought to give him precedence for her life over the rest of the Royal Family (though it was very awkward with regard to the King of Hanover, when he refused his consent), but not over a Prince of Wales, to which, he thought, they never would consent. We talked the matter over in all its bearings, and the result was, that he undertook to go to the Duke and tell him what I had said. I had (not an hour ago) a confirmation of what he said as to Ellenborough, for I met him at his own door (next mine), when I said to him, "What are you going to do about the precedence?" To which he said, "Oh, give him the same which Prince George of Denmark had: place him next before the Archbishop of Canterbury." I said, "That will by no means satisfy the Queen;" at which he tossed up his head, and said, "What does that signify?"

FitzGerald afterward talked to me of Peel and his party, of their violent language on account of his conduct in the Privilege question, and of his annoyance at their separation from him—not the lawyers, or those really competent to form an opinion, but the great mass destitute of the knowledge or understanding necessary to form an opinion—and only opposing him because he supported John Russell. Among other things, when we were talking of the event of May last, and of the Queen's antipathy to Peel, he said that it was altogether unaccountable, for even from his last interview he had come away not dissatisfied with her manner, and he owned that he had no doubt Melbourne did his best honestly to drive out of her mind the prejudices which have so great an influence upon her; and at that very crisis, he told me as a proof of it, that at the ball at Court, Melbourne went up to Peel and whispered to him with the greatest earnestness, "For God's sake, go and speak to the Queen!"

Peel did not go, but the entreaty and the refusal were both characteristic. FitzGerald said, that nothing would induce Peel to continue (after this fight) a worrying war with the Government; and added, what is very true, that though a weak Opposition was a very bad thing, there was no small danger and difficulty in leading a strong one.

February 4th.—After four nights' debate and division, at five in the morning, Government got a majority of twenty-one, just what was (at last) expected. Peel spoke for three hours, and so elaborately as to fatigue the House, so that his speech probably seems much better to the reader than to the hearer of it. The Opposition all along abstained from attacking the Government upon their measures, and Peel directed his artillery against their compromise of principle in making Ballot an open question, and the general laxity of their political morality. But the most important part of his speech was his declaration of the principles by which he meant to be governed in office or out; and his manly and distinct announcement to his followers, that they must support him on his own terms, and that if they did not like them, he was sorry for it, and they might look elsewhere for a leader if they chose it. There can be no doubt that it was wise and bold thus to cast himself on public opinion, and to put forth a manifesto, which leaves no doubt of his future conduct, and from which there is no retreat for him, and by which all his adherents must be equally bound. On the other hand, Lord John, considering he rose at three in the morning, when he and the House must have been pretty well exhausted, made a very good and honorable speech, and ended with a declaration quite as Conservative as Peel's was on the other hand Liberal, so much so that it is really difficult to say what difference there now is between them, nor does there appear any reason why (circumstances permitting) they should not act together to-morrow. As far as the two *parties* are concerned, taking debate and division, perhaps no great advantage has been gained by either, but I think the discussion has been beneficial by eliciting the above declaration from the respective leaders.

The Precedence Question has fallen to the ground, and is left unsettled, in a manner much to be regretted. After my interview with FitzGerald, I went to Clarendon and told him what had passed. He went to the Cabinet, and prevailed on Duncannon to speak to Melbourne and get him to

communicate with the Duke, for the purpose of settling the question if possible amicably. Melbourne said he would, but did not. On Friday the Cabinet agreed to give up the precedence over the Prince of Wales; but to a question of Brougham's the Chancellor said, he had no other concession to offer. It was then agreed that the discussion should be taken on Monday. On Saturday Clarendon spoke to Melbourne himself, and urged him to consider seriously the inconvenience of a battle on this point, and prevailed upon him to go to the Duke of Wellington and talk it over with him. He wrote to the Duke, who immediately agreed to receive him; when he went to Apsley House, and they had an hour's conversation. Melbourne found him with one of his very stiffest crotchets in his head, determined only to give the Prince precedence after the Royal Family; and all he could get from him was, that it would be *unjust* to do more. All argument was unavailing, and he left him on Saturday evening without having been able to make any impression on him, or to move him by a representation of the Queen's feelings to make concessions to meet those the Government were prepared to make; for the Queen would have been content to accept precedence for her life, and saving the rights of the Prince of Wales. This, however, they would not consent to; and so determined were they to carry their point, that they made a grand whip-up, and brought Lord Clare all the way from Grimsthorpe, to vote upon it. Under these circumstances the Government resolved to withdraw the clause, and they did so, thus leaving the Prince without any specific place assigned by Parliament, and it remains with the Queen to do what she can for him, or for courtesy, tacit consent, and deference for her Consort to give him the precedence virtually which the House of Lords refuses to bestow formally. I think the Duke has acted strangely in this matter, and the Conservatives generally very unwisely. *Volentibus non fit injuria*, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, who alone were concerned, had consented to the Prince's precedence. The King of Hanover, it seems, was never applied to because they knew he would have refused; and they did not deem his consent necessary. There is no great sympathy for the lucky Coburgs in this country, but there is still less for King Ernest, and it will have all the effect of being a slight to the Queen out of a desire to gratify him. There certainly was not room for much more dislike

in her mind of the Tories; but it was useless to give the Prince so ungracious and uncordial a reception, and to render him as inimical to them as she already is. As an abstract question, I think his precedence unnecessary; but under all the circumstances it would have been expedient and not at all unjust to grant it.

February 13th.—The discussion about the Precedence Question induced me to look into the authorities and the ancient practice, and to give the subject some consideration. I came to the conclusion that she has the power to give him precedence everywhere but in Parliament and in Council, and on the whole that *her husband* ought to have precedence. So I wrote a pamphlet upon it, setting forth the result of my inquiry and my opinion. I have been in many minds about publishing it, and I believe I shall, though it is certainly not worth much.

The wedding on Monday went off tolerably well.[1] The week before was fine, and Albert drove about the town with a mob shouting at his heels. Tuesday, Wednesday, and to-day, all beautiful days; but Monday, as if by a malignant influence, was a dreadful day—torrents of rain, and violent gusts of wind. Nevertheless a countless multitude thronged the park, and was scattered over the town. I never beheld such a congregation as there was, in spite of the weather. The Queen proceeded in state from Buckingham House to St. James's without any cheering, but then it was raining enough to damp warmer loyalty than that of a London mob. The procession in the Palace was pretty enough by all accounts, and she went through the ceremony with much grace and propriety, not without emotion, though sufficiently subdued, and her manner to her family was very pretty and becoming. Upon leaving the Palace for Windsor she and her young husband were pretty well received; but they went off in a very poor and shabby style. Instead of the new chariot in which most married people are accustomed to dash along, they were in one of the old traveling-coaches, the postilions in undress liveries, and with a small escort, three other coaches with post-horses following. The crowds on the road were so great that they did not reach the Castle till eight o'clock.

February 15th (*Saturday*).—The Duke of Wellington

[1] [Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha on the 10th of February, 1840.]

had a serious seizure on Thursday.[1] He dines early, and he rode out after dinner. The first symptom of something wrong was, that he could not make out the numbers on the doors of the houses he wanted to call at. He went to Lady Burghersh, and when he came away, the footman told his groom he was sure his Grace was not well, and advised him to be very attentive to him. Many people were struck with the odd way he sat on his horse. As he went home this got more apparent. When not far from Apsley House he dropped the reins out of his left hand, but took them up with the other, and when he got to his own door, he found he could not get off his horse. He felt his hand chilled. This has been the first symptom in each of his three attacks. He was helped off. Hume was sent for, came directly, and got him to bed. He had a succession of violent convulsions, was speechless, and his arm was affected. They thought he would have died in the night. The doctors came, physicked but did not bleed him, and yesterday morning he was better. He has continued to mend ever since, but it was a desperate blow, and offers a sad prospect. He will probably again rally, but these things must be always impending, and his mind must be affected, and will be thought to be so. Lyndhurst asked me last night what could be done. He said, "The Duke ought now to retire from public life, and not expose himself to any appearance of an enfeebled understanding. Above all things to be deprecated is, that he should ever become a dotard like Marlborough, or a driveler like Swift." "How," he said, "would Aberdeen do?" He owned that nobody could replace the Duke or keep the party in order, and he said that the consequence would be it would break up, that "*there are many who would be glad of an opportunity to leave it.*" This I told him I did not believe, but it certainly is impossible to calculate on the consequences of the Duke's death, or, what is nearly the same thing, his withdrawal from the lead of the party.

February 16th.—The Duke of Wellington, although his life was in such danger on Thursday night, that the chances were he would die, has thrown off his attack in a marvelous manner, and is now rapidly approaching to convalescence,

[1] [The Duke was seventy when he had this seizure, supposed at the time to be fatal, at least to his faculties. But he lived for twelve years after it, and continued during the greater part of that time to render great public services and to lead the Tory party.]

all dangerous symptoms subsiding. The doctors, both Astley Cooper and Chambers, declare that they have never seen such an extraordinary power of rallying in anybody before in the whole course of their practice, and they expect that he will be quite as well again as he was before. It is remarkable that he has an accurate recollection of all the steps of his illness from the first perception of uneasy sensations to the moment of being seized with convulsions. He first felt a chillness in his hand, and he was surprised to find himself passing and repassing Lady Burghersh's house without knowing which it was. He called, however, and went up; and to her inquiry—for she was struck with his manner—he replied that he was quite well. Going home he dropped the rein, but caught it up with the other hand. When he arrived at his door, the servants saw he could not get off his horse, and helped him, and one of them ran off instantly for Hume. The Duke walked into his sitting-room, where Hume found him groaning, and standing by the chimney-piece. He got him to bed directly, and soon after the convulsions came on.

I have sent forth my pamphlet, and there seems a chance of its being read. Lord Melbourne said to me, "What is to be done about this Precedence?" I said, "I have told you[1] what I think is to be done. Have you sent my pamphlet to the Queen?" "I have sent it her, and desired her to show it to Prince Albert; and I have sent it to the Chancellor, and desired him to give me his opinion on the law, as it requires great consideration and great care.[2] I asked him, "if he had any doubt about the law, that is, about *my* law." He said, "he had doubts whether the Act of Henry VIII. was not more stringent." I told him I had consulted Parke, Bosanquet, and Erskine, that we had read the Act together, and they were all clear that the Prerogative was not limited except as to Parliament and the Council. At all events, I said, he ought not to be made a Privy Councilor till after

[1] I had already sent my pamphlet to Melbourne and to a few other people.

[2] [Mr. Greville contended in his pamphlet that the Act of Henry VIII. for "Placing the Lords" applied only to their precedence in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council, which being statutory could not be changed; but that it was competent to the Crown to confer any precedence elsewhere. Prince Albert was not a Peer, and he was not at this time a Privy Councilor; therefore, the provisions of the statutes of Henry VIII. did not apply to him. He was subsequently introduced into the Privy Council, where by courtesy rank was given him next the Queen when no other member of the Royal Family was present. As this pamphlet has some legal and historical interest, it is reprinted in the Appendix to this volume.]

this matter was settled, and to that he agreed; and it was settled that he should not be sworn at the Council to-morrow. So thus it stands, and if the Chancellor sees no objection, my plan will be adopted, and I shall have settled for them, having no earthly thing to do with it, what they ought to have settled for themselves long ago, and have avoided all the squabbling and bad blood which have been the result of their unlucky Bill. In the meantime the Duke read my pamphlet yesterday, and to-day I went there to hear what he said to it, and found that he agreed with me entirely, and that he is all for the adoption of my suggestion. This I forthwith dispatched to Clarendon, who was gone to the Levée, and desired him to tell Melbourne of it.

February 21st.—On Thursday morning I got a note from Arbuthnot, desiring I would call at Apsley House. When I got there, he told me that the Duke of Cambridge had sent for Lord Lyndhurst to consult him; that they were invited to meet the Queen on Friday at the Queen Dowager's, and he wanted to know what he was to do about giving precedence to Prince Albert. Lord Lyndhurst came to Apsley House and saw the Duke about it, and they agreed to report to the Duke of Cambridge their joint opinion that the Queen had an unquestionable right to give him any precedence she pleased, and that he had better concede it without making any difficulty. The Duke acquiesced, and accepted the invitation. Melbourne told me the Queen was well satisfied with my pamphlet, but "she remarked that there was a very high compliment to the Duke of Wellington at the end of it." I asked if she had said it was a *just one*. He said, "No, she did not say that."

I heard from Arbuthnot this morning that the Duke has set his face resolutely against any Bill in the House of Lords to settle the Privilege question; and that Lyndhurst, though not so strong in his opinion as the Duke, is resolved to abide by his determination, and to go with him. The Duke, in fact, goes as far as any of the opponents of the Privilege, for he not only thinks that the dicta of the Judges are not to be questioned, but that the House of Commons ought not to have the Privilege at all—that is, that their papers ought not to be sold, and that they ought not to be circulated without anything being previously weeded out of them which the law would consider libelous. This strong opinion of his renders the question exceedingly difficult and embarrassing,

for it was become very clear that nothing but the intervention of the House of Lords could untie so raveled a knot. All the Tories are in a state of mingled rage and despair at the impetuosity with which Peel has plunged into this matter, and at the irretrievable manner in which he has identified himself with Lord John Russell upon it. Stanley and Graham have always voted with him, but have never once opened their lips, from which it is sufficiently clear that they don't go nearly so far as he does, and now Graham is acting as a sort of mediator and negotiator, to try and effect some compromise or arrangement, but the case seems nearly hopeless. Peel, on the other hand, is evidently as much annoyed and provoked with his party as his party with him. The other day, Arbuthnot, Peel, and Graham met at Apsley House, and talked upon every subject, Arbuthnot told me, but that of Privilege, on which none of them touched—a pretty clear proof how tender the ground is become. The Tory press has grown very violent, and treats Peel with no more forbearance for his conduct on this question than the Whig and Radical did John Russell for his speech about Church rates; so rabid and unscrupulous are all Ultras of whatever opinion. I told Melbourne how matters stood, at which he seemed mightily disconcerted.

February 25th.—Yesterday I saw the Duke of Wellington, whom I had not seen for above six months, except for a moment at the Council just after his first illness. He looked better than I expected—very thin, and his clothes hanging about him, but strong on his legs, and his head erect. The great alteration I remarked was in his voice, which was hollow, though loud, and his utterance, which, though not indistinct, was very slow. He is certainly now only a ruin. He is gone to receive the Judges at Strathfieldsaye, and he will go on again when he comes back to town, and hold on while he can. It is his desire to die with the harness on his back, and he cannot endure the notion of retirement and care of his life, which is only valuable to him while he can exert it in active pursuits. I doubt if he could live in retirement and inactivity—the life of a valetudinarian.

Besides the Precedence question, another is now raised about the Liturgy. The Queen wants to insert the Prince's name in it; they sent to me to know if Prince George's (of Denmark) had been inserted, and I found it had not. There was a division of opinion, but the majority of the Cabinet

were disposed to put in Prince Albert's. Before deciding anything they consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yesterday, however, on looking into the Act of Uniformity, I satisfied myself that the Queen has not the power to insert his name; and I believe that the insertion, on former occasions, of Princesses of Wales was illegal, and could not have been sustained if it ever had been questioned. This I imparted to Lords Lansdowne and Clarendon, to deal with the fact as they pleased; and I asked the opinions of Parke, Bosanquet, and Lushington, who were sitting at the Judicial Committee, and they all agreed that she had not the power, under the 25th sec. of the Act of Uniformity.

March 5th.—The Duke of Wellington returned to town; went up with the Oxford address, and dines at the Palace on Monday. So he is again in harness; but he is a broken man, and I fear we shall see him show himself in eclipse, which will be a sorry sight. He has consented to waive his objections to the settlement by Bill of the Privilege question, so it probably will be settled; and high time it is that it should be. It is curious to see how little interest the public takes in it, not caring a straw for the House of Commons, or the sheriffs, and regarding the squabble with extreme apathy. There has been a great delay in getting ready the patent of precedence for Prince Albert, because the law officers can't make up their minds as to the terms of it, and whether exceptional words should be introduced or not. My pamphlet has succeeded far beyond my hopes or expectations, and got me many compliments, which I never looked for from such a trifle. Peel said civil things to FitzGerald about it; only the Royal Family and the Cambridges don't like it, on account of my having explained the status of Prince George (of Cambridge); and they fancy, in the event of his going to Germany, it might be injurious to him, which seems very fanciful; but their pride is hurt.

March 6th.—The Chancellor spoke to me at the Council on Thursday about his Judicial Committee[1] Amendment Bill, and begged to have any information about practice and any suggestions I could give him. Some of the provisions of his Bill appeared objectionable, and I consulted Dr. Lushington about it. He agreed, particularly as to the plan of

[1] [This Bill with reference to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council did not pass. It would have made the Master of the Rolls head of the Court, and its chief organ.]

making the Master of the Rolls (as Vice-President) the organ of the court, and making it imperative on him to give judgment in all cases. Yesterday I went to the Chancellor and told him the objections to which I thought his plan was liable, which he received very candidly and thankfully, and seemed only anxious to hear and consider anything that could be suggested. He is very different from Brougham, who, when he framed the original Bill, was full of tricks and mystery, and tried to make a job of it and create patronage for himself, besides being very obstinate about the details which were then objected to. The Chancellor said he would send me the Bill, which he wished me to examine, and return with any observations I thought fit.

Prince Albert was gazetted last night. His precedence is not fixed by patent under the Great Seal, but by Warrant (I suppose, under the Sign Manual).

Copleston has got £1,000 for the little volume of Dudley's letters[1] which he has just published. They are very well in their way—clever, neatly written, not very amusing, rather artificial, such as everybody reads because they were Dudley's, but which nobody would think worth reading if they were anonymous. A mighty proof of the value of a name.

March 12th.—The Chancellor sent me his Bill, after which I called on him, and told him all my objections, and made several suggestions, which he received very well, and begged me to put in writing what I had said to him. This I did, and sent the paper to him, which he said he would send to Lushington, whom I had begged him to consult. I met Lyndhurst at Lady Glengall's, and had some talk with him about it, and found he agreed pretty well with me, and that he is strongly in favor of appointing a permanent Chief of our court, for *ministerial* purposes. The Chancellor has himself been very unwillingly compelled to propose this scheme of reform, for he hates all alterations, and does not like to begin cleansing the Augean stable of the Court of Chancery.

When I was with the Chancellor the other day, he said a difficulty had been started about making Prince Albert a

i [Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's, was an intimate friend of the late Lord Dudley, and published part of their correspondence; but the executors of Lord Dudley, who were the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Hatherton, caused part of it to be suppressed.]

Privy Councilor before he was of age, and asked me if there was anything in it. I found, on looking into the books, that the Royal Dukes had not been brought into Council till they were of age, but probably that was because they could not take their seats in the House of Lords before; but I also found very clear proofs that George III.'s sons had not been sworn but *introduced* in his reign, and this puzzled me, for I remembered to have sworn several of them at different times, during the present and two last reigns. I therefore wrote to the Duke of Sussex, and asked him what had occurred in his case. His reply cleared the matter up. He said the King's sons are *born* Privy Councilors, and that they are declared sworn by the King whenever he pleases; that accordingly he was merely introduced into Council in 1807; but after the death of George III., when he stood in a different relation to the reigning Sovereign, he was sworn; and again at the accessions of King William IV. and Queen Victoria. I found an account in the Council Books of the form with which the Prince of Wales was introduced into Council in 1784, and this I sent to Melbourne to show to the Queen, suggesting that Prince Albert should be introduced upon the same terms as Prince George of Denmark had been, and with the same ceremonies as the Prince of Wales in 1784.

The Duke of Wellington has reappeared in the House of Lords, goes about, and works as usual; but everybody is shocked and grieved at his appearance. Lyndhurst expressed his alarm to me, lest he should go on until it became *desirable* that he should retire, and his regret that his friends could not prevail upon him to do so while he still can with dignity. He dined at the Palace on Monday, and was treated with the greatest civility by the Queen. Indeed, she has endeavored to repair her former coldness by every sort of attention and graciousness, to which he is by no means insensible.

Her Majesty went last night to the Ancient Concert (which she particularly dislikes), so I got Melbourne to dine with me, and he stayed talking till twelve o'clock. He told us, among other things, that he had seen Dudley's "Diary" (now said to be destroyed), which contained very little that was interesting upon public matters, but the most ample and detailed disclosures about women in society, with their names at full length. Melbourne expressed his surprise that any-

body should write a journal, and said that he had never written anything, except for a short time when he was very young, and that he had soon put in the fire all that he had written. He talked of Creevey's "Journal," and of that which Dover is supposed to have left behind him; both of whom, at different times and in different ways, knew a good deal of what was going on. Melbourne said Creevey had been very shrewd, but exceedingly bitter and malignant; and I was rather surprised to hear him talk of Lord Dover as having been very bitter also, an underhand dealer and restless intriguer. I knew very well that he had ambition and vanity, which were constantly urging him to play a part more than commensurate with his capacity, and that he delighted in that sort of political *commérage* which gave him importance (and this was the great cause of his friendship with Brougham, who was just the man for him, and he for Brougham); but I did not think it was his nature to be bitter, or that he ever intended to be mischievous—only busy and bustling, within the bounds of honor and fairness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The ex-King of Westphalia—The Duke of Wellington at Court—Failure of the Duke's Memory—Dinner at Devonshire House to Royalties—Government defeated on Irish Registration Bill—The King of Hanover's Apartments—Rank of Foreign Ministers—The Duchess of Inverness—War with China—Murder of Lord William Russell—Duke of Wellington on the China War—Weakness of Government—Duke of Wellington's Conduct toward the Government—The Queen shot at—Examination of the Culprit—Retrospect of Affairs—Conciliatory Policy—Advantages of a Weak Government—The Eastern Question—Lord Palmerston's Daring and Confidence—M. Guizot and Mr. Greville—Pacific Views of Louis Philippe—M. Guizot's Statement of the Policy of France—Growing Alarm of Ministers—Alarm of Prince Metternich—Lord John Russell disposed to resist Palmerston—History of the Eastern Negotiation—A Blunder of M. Guizot—Important Conversation with Guizot—Conflict between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston—Energetic Resolution of Lord John—Lord Palmerston holds out—Conciliatory Proposals of France—Interview of Lord Palmerston and Lord John.

March 13th, 1840.—I met Jérome Bonaparte yesterday at dinner at Lady Blessington's, Count de Montfort, as he is called. He is a polite, urbane gentleman, not giving himself any airs, and said nothing royal except that he was going to Stuttgart, "pour passer quelques jours avec mon beau-frère le Roi de Würtemberg." But these brothers of Napoleon were nothing remarkable in their palmy days, and one's sym-

pathies are not much excited for them now. They rose and fell with him, and, besides their brief enjoyment of a wonderful prosperity, they have retired upon far better conditions than they were born to. They are free and rich, and are treated with no inconsiderable respect.

March 14*th*.—Went to the House of Lords, and saw the Chancellor, who told me he had forwarded the paper I sent him to Dr. Lushington, who concurred in my suggestions, and he had ordered the Privy Council Bill to be altered accordingly. Fell in with the Duke of Wellington, who took my arm, told his cabriolet to follow, and walked the whole way back to Apsley House, quite firm and strong. He looks very old and worn, and speaks very slowly, but quite distinctly; talked about the China question and other things, and seemed clear enough. He was pleased with his reception at Court, and told me particularly how civil Prince Albert had been to him, and indeed to everybody else; said he never saw better manners, or anybody more generally attentive. The Duchess of Kent talked to him, and in a strain of satisfaction, so that there is something like sunshine in the Palace just now.

March 18*th*.—The first symptom of a failure in the Duke of Wellington's memory came under my notice the day before yesterday. I had been employed by Gurwood to negotiate with Dr. Lushington about some papers written by the Duke when in Spain, which had fallen into the Doctor's hands, and I spoke twice to the Duke on the subject, the last time on Friday last, when I walked home with him from the House of Lords. It was settled that the Doctor should write to the Duke about them, who was to write an answer, after which they were to be given up. But when the Doctor's letter arrived, the Duke had forgotten the whole thing, and could not remember what Lushington it was, and actually wrote a reply (which was not sent, because my brother set him right) to Stephen Lushington, the ex-Secretary to the Treasury. This is so remarkable in a man so accurate, and whose memory is generally so retentive, that I can't help noticing it, as the first clear and undoubted proof of his failure in a particular faculty.

I dined yesterday at Devonshire House, a dinner of forty people to feast the Royalties of Sussex and Capua with their quasi-Consorts, for I know not whether the Princess of Capua is according to Neapolitan law a real Princess any

more than our Cecilia is a real Duchess,[1] which she certainly is not, nor takes the title, though every now and then somebody gives it her. However, there they were yesterday in full possession of all the dignities of their husbands. The Duke made a mystery of the order in which he meant them to go out to dinner, and would let nobody know how it was all to be till the moment came. He then made the Duke of Sussex go out first with the Princess of Capua, next the Prince with Lady Cecilia, and he himself followed with the Duchess of Somerset, and so on. After dinner the Duke of Sussex discoursed to me about the oath and other matters. He is dissatisfied on account of the banners of the Knights of the Garter having been moved in St. George's Chapel, to make room for Prince Albert's, I suppose; but I could not quite make out what it was he complained of, only he said when such a disposition had been shown in all quarters to meet Her Majesty's wishes, and render to the Prince all honor, they ought not to push matters farther than they can properly do, etc., . . . something to this effect. He is not altogether pleased with the Court; that is evident.

March 26th. — Ministers were defeated by sixteen on Stanley's motion about Irish Registration.[2] O'Connell made a most blackguard speech, alluding with wretched ribaldry to the deathbed of Stanley's mother-in-law, from which he had come to urge his motion, out of deference to those whom he had brought up for it. One of the worst of those disgraceful and stupid brutalities, which will obliterate (if possible) the fame of the great things O'Connell has done in the course of his career. What will Government do upon this? It is impossible for anything to be more embarrassing. It is humiliating to go on, after another great defeat, and it is a bad question for them to dissolve upon. Weak in itself, and with all the moral deformity of its O'Connellism, it will produce no sympathy in this country, and not even a cry to stand upon at a general election.

March 29th.—They did not care about this division, but

[1] [The Duke of Sussex was married to Lady Cecilia Underwood, though not according to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. But the marriage was recognized, and his lady was shortly afterward created by the Queen Duchess of Inverness.]

[2] [Lord Stanley's Irish Registration Bill, providing for an annual revision of the lists by revising barristers, was carried against the Government by 250 to 234 votes. The Bill made considerable progress, and was warmly supported by the Opposition, but eventually Lord Stanley saw reason to abandon it. See *infra*, p. 253.]

made very light of it. However, it adds an item to the account against them, and is (say what they will) a bad thing. It is bad, too, to establish as a principle that no defeats, nor any number of them, signify, as long as they are not upon vital questions; it produces not only a laxity of opinion and feeling upon public matters, but an indifference and *insouciance* on the part of their supporters, which may some day prove very mischievous; for if they once are permitted to assume that defeats do not signify, they will not be at the trouble of attending when inconvenient, nor will they encounter unpopularity for the sake of Government, and they will very soon begin to judge for themselves, or to mistake what are and what are not vital questions. Upon this occasion, Lord Charles Russell went away the morning of the division without a pair.

Yesterday, at dinner at Normanby's, I met Lord Duncannon,[1] who showed me the correspondence between him and the King of Hanover about the apartments at St. James's. The case is this: When the Queen was going to be married, the Duchess of Kent told Duncannon that she must have a house,[2] and that she could not afford to pay for one (the greater part of her income being appropriated to the payment of her debts). Duncannon told her that there were no royal apartments unoccupied, except the King of Hanover's at St. James's; and it was settled that he should be apprised that the Queen had occasion for them, and be requested to give them up. Duncannon accordingly wrote a note to Sir F. Watson, who manages the King's affairs here, and told him that he had such a communication to make to His Majesty, which he was desirous of bringing before him in the most respectful manner, and that the arrangement should be made in whatever way would be most convenient to him. Watson informed him that he had forwarded his note to the King, and shortly after Duncannon received an answer from the King himself, which was neither more nor less than a flat refusal to give up the apartments. Another communication then took place between Duncannon and Watson, when the latter said that it would be very inconvenient to the King to remove his things from the apartments without coming over in person, as the library particu-

[1] [Lord Duncannon was at this time First Commissioner of Works, and the arrangements with reference to the Royal Palaces fell within his department.]

[2] The Duchess, for particular reasons, objected to going back to Kensington.

larly was full of papers of importance. Duncannon then proposed that the library and the adjoining room, in which it was said that his papers were deposited, should not be touched, but remain in his possession; that they should be walled off and separated from the rest of the suite, which might be given up to the Duchess for her occupation. This proposal was sent to the King, who refused to agree to it, or to give up the apartments at all. Accordingly the Queen was obliged to hire a house for her mother at a rent of £2,000 a year. I told Duncannon that they were all very much to blame for submitting to the domineering insolence of the King, and that when they thought it right to require the apartments, they ought to have gone through with it, and have taken no denial. It was a gross insult to the Queen to refuse to give up to her an apartment in her own palace, which she desired to dispose of; and they were very wrong in permitting such an affront to be offered to her. So Duncannon was himself of opinion; but Melbourne, who is all for quietness, would not allow matters to proceed to extremities, and preferred knocking under—a mode of proceeding which is always as contemptible as it is useless. The first thing is to be in the right, to do nothing unbecoming or unjust, but with right and propriety clearly on your side, to be as firm as a rock, and, above all things, never to succumb to insolence and presumption.

We had M. Guizot at dinner.[1] They all say he is agreeable, but I have not been in the way of his talk. He is enchanted and elated with his position, and it is amusing to see his apprehension lest anybody should, either by design or inadvertence, rob him of his precedence; and the alacrity with which he seizes on the arm of the lady of the house on going out to dinner, so demonstrative of the uneasy grandeur of a man who has not yet learned to be familiar with his own position. With reference to diplomatic rank, I only heard last night, for the first time, that the Duke of Sutherland had, some time ago, addressed a formal remonstrance to Palmerston against Foreign Ministers (not Ambassadors) having place given them at the Palace (which means going first out to dinner over himself *et suos pares*), a most extraordinary thing for a sensible man to have done, especially in such high favor as his wife and her whole family are. He

[1] [M. Guizot had just been appointed French Ambassador in London under the Government of M. Thiers, who took office on the 1st March of this year.]

got for answer, that Her Majesty exercised her own pleasure in this respect in her own palace. The rule always has been that Ambassadors (who represent the persons of their Sovereigns) have precedence of everybody; Ministers (who are only agents) have not; but the Queen, it appears, has given the *pas* to Ministers Plenipotentiaries, as well as to Ambassadors, and ordered them to go out at her dinners before her own subjects of the highest rank.[1]

April 3d.—They have made Lady Cecilia Underwood a duchess. Everybody considers it a very ridiculous affair, but she and the Duke are, or affect to be, enchanted, though nobody can tell why. She is Duchess of Inverness, though there would have been more meaning in her being Countess of Inverness, since Earl of Inverness is his second title. However, there she was last night at the ball at Lansdowne House, tucked under the Duke's arm, all smiles, and shaking hands vehemently in all directions in acknowledgment of congratulations. I was curious (as others were) to see what it would all come to, and what, in fact, she was to take (in the way of royalty) by her motion, and, as I thought, this was just nothing. The Queen sat at the end of the room, with the Duchess of Cambridge on one side of her, and a chair (for Prince Albert) on the other. The Duke of Sussex took the Duchess of Inverness half-way up the room, deposited her amid a cluster of people, and then went alone to pay his respects to the Queen. Lady Lansdowne wrote to the Queen to ask her pleasure whether the Duchess of Inverness should be asked to sup at her table. Her Majesty replied that she could not object to the Duchess of Inverness supping there, provided care was taken that she did not go out or take place before any other duchess. I saw Prince Albert for the first time. He is exactly like the drawing of him: a handsome face without much expression; but without speaking to him and hearing him speak, it is difficult to judge of his looks. Everybody speaks well of him.

April 13th.—The China debate[2] went off on the whole well enough for the Government, though they only got a majority of ten, owing in great measure to the number of

[1] [It was afterward settled by Her Majesty that Foreign Ministers should take precedence *after* Dukes and before Marquesses.]

[2] [On April 7 Sir James Graham moved a Vote of Censure on Ministers for the measures which had plunged the country in hostilities with China. Mr. Macaulay followed him, and made an able speech. The Resolution was rejected after three nights' debate by 271 to 261 votes.]

casualties on their side. Poyntz died the night before the division, and the breath was hardly out of his body before an express was dispatched by the Tory whipper-in, to desire that nobody would on any account pair with Captain Spencer (his son-in-law). In this nice balance of parties, human life seemed only to be of interest as votes are influenced by it. Macaulay recovered his reputation on this occasion, and made a good speech. Palmerston closed the debate with a capital speech, but neither side appears to me to have really hit the right nail on the head, or to have worked out the strong parts of the case. Follett did more than anybody. Thesiger made his first appearance, but not with any great success. We had on the Friday a Council for the Order to seize Chinese ships, etc., and on the Saturday another for completing the forms. There was a considerable discussion as to whether the Order (being of a warlike nature) should be signed by the Privy Councilors, and there was no case *exactly* in point. However, they decided, after much inquiry and examination into precedent, that it should not be.[1]

May 15th.—A month, and nothing written here, or written, read, or done, elsewhere. Went to Newmarket for the Craven meeting, then to Bretby for a week, then Newmarket again, and back to London on Friday.

Just after I got back to Newmarket, the intelligence arrived of the extraordinary murder of Lord William Russell, which has excited a prodigious interest, and frightened all London out of its wits. Visionary servants and air-drawn razors or carving-knives dance before everybody's imagination, and half the world go to sleep expecting to have their throats cut before morning. The circumstances of the case are certainly most extraordinary, and though every day produces some fresh cause for suspecting the man Courvoisier, both the fact and the motives are still enveloped in great mystery. People are always ready to jump to a conclusion, and having made up their minds, as most have, that he must have done the deed, they would willingly hang him up at once. I had the curiosity to go the day before yesterday to Tothill Fields Prison to see the man, who had just been sent there. He is rather ill-looking, a baddish countenance, but his manner was calm though dejected, and he was civil and

[1] [Orders in Council for Reprisals and Capture of Ships constitute a Declaration of War, and are signed by all the Privy Councilors present. This course was taken in 1854 on the Declaration of War against Russia.]

respectful, and not sulky. The people there said he was very restless, and had not slept, and that he was a man of great bodily strength. I did not converse with him.

May 17th.—Just after writing the above, I went to the house in Norfolk Street, to look at the premises, and the places where the watch and other things were found hidden. It was impossible not to be morally convinced that the house had not been broken into, that the indications of such violence were fabricated, and that the goods must have been secreted by Courvoisier, consequently, that by him the murder was committed; but there is as yet no evidence to convict him of the actual commission of the deed, and though I believe him to be guilty, I could not, on such a case as there is as yet, find him so if placed on a jury. I am very skeptical about evidence, and know how strangely circumstances sometimes combine to produce appearances of guilt where there may be none. There is a curious case of this mentioned in Romilly's Memoirs, of a man hanged for mutiny upon the evidence of a witness who swore to his person, and upon his own confession after conviction, and yet it was satisfactorily proved afterward that he had been mistaken for another man, and was really innocent. He had been induced to confess at the instigation of a fellow-prisoner, who told him it was his best chance of escaping.

Lord Ashburton, when we were talking of this, told me an anecdote of General Maitland (Sir Thomas), which happened at some place in the West Indies or South America. He had taken some town, and the soldiers were restrained from committing violence on the inhabitants, when a shot was fired from a window, and one of his men killed. They entered the house, went to the room from the window of which the shot had been fired, and found a number of men playing at billiards. They insisted on the culprit being given up, when a man was pointed out as the one who had fired the shot. They all agreed as to the culprit, and he was carried off. Sir Thomas, considering that a severe example was necessary, ordered the man to be tied to the mouth of a cannon, and shot away. He was present, but turned his head away when the signal was given for blowing this wretch's body to atoms. The explosion took place, when to his amazement the man appeared alive, but with his hair literally standing "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," with terror. In the agony of the moment he had contrived

to squeeze himself through the ropes, which were loosely tied, and get on one side of the cannon's mouth, so that the ball missed him. He approached Maitland and said, "You see, General, that it was the will of Heaven my life should be spared; and I solemnly assure you that I am innocent." Maitland would not allow him to be executed after this miraculous escape, and it turned out, upon further inquiry, that he *was* innocent, and it was some other man who had fired the shot.

For the last month there has been something like a cessation of political warfare, not from any diminished desire on the part of the Opposition to harass the Government, but from want of means to do so. In the House of Lords the other night, Lord Stanhope brought on the China Question; when the Duke of Wellington got up, and to the delight of the Government, and the dismay and vexation of the Tories, threw over Stanhope (in a very good speech), asserted the justice of our quarrel with China, refused to discuss the question of policy at all, warmly defended and eulogized Elliot, moved the previous question, and then quitted the House, without waiting to hear Stanhope's reply. It was gratifying to see his energy and vigor, and to see them exerted on one of those occasions when his great mind and patriotic spirit never fail to show themselves. Whenever a question has, in his view, assumed a national character, he scatters to the wind all party considerations; such he now considers the Chinese war to be. We are involved with China, nation against nation, and he will not by word or deed put in jeopardy the smallest of the mighty interests at stake, for the sake of advancing some party purpose, and damaging the Government. In like manner, he thinks that Elliot has bravely, faithfully, and to the best of his ability, done his duty; that if he has committed errors of judgment they should be overlooked, and that he should be supported, encouraged, and defended. This is the real greatness which raises him so far above all the ordinary politicians of his day, and which will confer on his memory imperishable renown. It is rendered the more striking by his conduct on Friday on the Irish Municipal Bill, which is a mere party question, where he showed that he could be as violent as any Tory could desire. I called on Barnes[1] on Saturday, and found him much disgusted at the Duke's China speech, and anx-

[1] [The editor of the *Times* newspaper.]

ious to know how it could have happened. When I told him that it was always so with him, and that he never would be merely factious, Barnes said (which is true enough) that it is extraordinary, if he had intended to adopt such a tone in the House of Lords, that he should have allowed Graham to bring forward his motion in the House of Commons, and it certainly does place Graham in a mortifying position, for the Duke's speech is a complete answer to Graham's motion.

May 26th.—At Newmarket last week. While there the debate took place on the Registration Bill, carried by a majority of only three, by the defection of Howick and Charles Wood, which was caused, as is said, entirely by the influence of Lord Grey, who is always out of humor with the Government, glad to give them a knock, though ostensibly their friend. However this may be, there was nothing inconsistent in their conduct, and Wood accounted for his vote very fairly. The Tories were triumphant for a moment, but these defeats are now so common and so unproductive of any consequences, that after the first shouting was over nobody seemed to attach much importance to it. The Cambridge and Ludlow elections having gone against them is of greater consequence, because they show that the tide is running that way, and that a dissolution must in all probability be ruinous to them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget seems to have been very successful, and all agree that he did his part exceedingly well.

Yesterday I met the Duke of Wellington. He was walking in the garden of the park adjoining his own, promenading two young ladies—Lord Salisbury's daughters—arm in arm. He left them and took me to walk with him to Lansdowne House. He began discoursing about the state of affairs, and lamenting that there was, and could be, no strong Government, and that there never would be till people were convinced by experience of the necessity of having one. He then said, "If other people would do as I do, support the Government when they can, and when the Government ought to be supported, it would be much better." I said I agreed with him, and that it had given me the greatest pleasure to read his speech on China. He said, "All I know is, that it is absolutely necessary that question should be settled, and the justice of our cause be made manifest." I said, I was sure it was what he would feel, and that he had done

just what I expected, but that he must be aware there were many of his own people who were by no means so well pleased, but, on the contrary, to the last degree annoyed and provoked at his speech. He replied, "I know that well enough, and I don't care *one damn.* I was afraid Lord Stanhope would have a majority, and *I have not time not to do what is right.*"

June 12th.—On Wednesday afternoon, as the Queen and Prince Albert were driving in a low carriage up Constitution Hill, about four or five in the afternoon, they were shot at by a lad of eighteen years old, who fired two pistols at them successively, neither shots taking effect. He was in the Green Park without the rails, and as he was only a few yards from the carriage, and, moreover, very cool and collected, it is marvelous he should have missed his aim. In a few moments the young man was seized, without any attempt on his part to escape or to deny the deed, and was carried off to prison. The Queen, who appeared perfectly cool, and not the least alarmed, instantly drove to the Duchess of Kent's, to anticipate any report that might reach her mother, and, having done so, she continued her drive and went to the Park. By this time the attempt upon her life had become generally known, and she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the immense crowd that was congregated in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. All the equestrians formed themselves into an escort, and attended her back to the Palace, cheering vehemently, while she acknowledged, with great appearance of feeling, these loyal manifestations. She behaved on this occasion with perfect courage and self-possession, and exceeding propriety; and the assembled multitude, being a high-class mob, evinced a lively and spontaneous feeling for her—a depth of interest which, however natural under such circumstances, must be very gratifying to her, and was satisfactory to witness.

Yesterday morning the culprit was brought to the Home Office, when Normanby examined him, and a Council was summoned for a more personal examination at two o'clock. A question then arose as to the nature of the proceeding, and the conduct of the examination, whether it should be before the Privy Council or the Secretary of State. We searched for precedents, and the result was this: The three last cases of high treason were those of Margaret Nicholson, in 1786; of Hatfield, in 1800 (both for attempts on the life

of the Sovereign); and of Watson (the Cato Street affair), for an attempt on the Ministers in 1820. Margaret Nicholson was brought before the Privy Council, and the whole proceeding was set forth at great length in the Council Register. There appeared no entry of any sort or kind in the case of Hatfield; and in that of Watson there was a minute in the Home Office, setting forth that the examination had taken place *there* by Lord Sidmouth, assisted by certain Lords and others of the Privy Council. There was, therefore, no uniform course of precedents, and Ministers had to determine whether the culprit should be brought before the Privy Council, or whether he should be examined by the Cabinet only—that is, by Normanby as Secretary of State, assisted by his colleagues, as had been done in Watson's case. After some discussion, they determined that the examination should be before the Cabinet only, and consequently I was not present at it, much to my disappointment, as I wished to hear what passed, and see the manner and bearing of the perpetrator of so strange and unaccountable an act. Up to the present time there is no appearance of insanity in the youth's behavior, and he is said to have conducted himself during the examination with acuteness, and cross-examined the witnesses (a good many of whom were produced) with some talent. All this, however, is not incompatible with a lurking insanity. His answers to the questions put to him were mysterious, and calculated to produce the impression that he was instigated or employed by a society, with which the crime had originated, but I expect that it will turn out that he had no accomplices, and is only a crackbrained enthusiast, whose madness has taken the turn of vanity and desire for notoriety. No other conjecture presents any tolerable probability. However it may turn out—here is the strange fact—that a half-crazy potboy was on the point of influencing the destiny of the Empire, and of producing effects the magnitude and importance of which no human mind can guess at. It is remarkable how seldom attempts like these are successful, and yet the life of any individual is at the mercy of any other, provided this other is prepared to sacrifice his own life, which, in the present instance, the culprit evidently was.

August 13th.—Two months have elapsed since I have written anything in this book, owing to an unaccountable repugnance, which daily grew stronger, to take up my pen

for that purpose. It is true that I had nothing of great interest to note down, but I could frequently have found something worth recollecting if I had not been too idle, too occupied with other things, or paralyzed by the disgust I had taken to the task of journalizing. It is now too late to record things as I was told them, or events as they occurred, and all is confusion in my recollections. If I were now to begin to describe the transactions of the late two months, I should be writing history, for which I am in no way qualified. However, as I must make up my mind to begin again, and write something, or give up the practice altogether, and as I don't choose (just yet, at least) to do the latter, I will scribble what occurs to me, and take a short survey of the Parliamentary campaign that is just over. The danger, whether real or supposed, which the Queen ran from the attempt of the half-witted coxcomb who fired at her, elicited whatever there was of dormant loyalty in her lieges, and made her extremely popular. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception at Ascot, where dense multitudes testified their attachment to her person, and their joy at her recent escape by more than usual demonstrations. Partly, perhaps, from the universality of the interest evinced, and partly from a judicious influence or more impartial reflection, she began about this time to make her Court much less exclusive, and all these circumstances produced a better state of feeling between the Court and the Tories, and helped to soften the acrimony of political warfare.

Throughout the Session the Ministerial majorities continued to be small and uncertain; but it was all along evident that the Government would not be turned out, that the leaders of the Opposition did not wish to turn them out, and that the differences which prevailed in the Tory party rendered it anything but desirable a change should take place. Consequently, for one reason or other, the Government were never pressed hard upon any points on which defeat would have compelled them to resign. The greatest, most hard-fought, and lengthened contest was upon Stanley's Irish Registration Bill, which was admirably devised as a party measure, very ably worked, and in support of which the whole body of the Tories came down, night after night, with a constancy, zeal, and unanimity really remarkable. Their repeated majorities elated them to such a pitch that they

were ready, one and all, to relinquish everything else, to come and vote on these questions. It was evident, however, that all their exertions would be foiled by the determination of their opponents to interpose such delays and obstacles as must prove fatal to the measure; and it was not the least judicious part of Stanley's management when he came down to the House, and, after his long series of victories, announced that he had abandoned his bill for this year. It was an extremely embarrassing question to Government, and one upon which they could not appear in a favorable point of view. On one hand they were compelled to aid and abet their Irish allies in their opposition to this bill, so fatal as it would have been to their influence in all the vexatious and unfair modes which they adopted; and on the other hand it showed how little this self-called Reform Ministry cared for any measure of reform, or rather how heartily they were opposed to any of which the tendency would be injurious to their own political influence. There never was a simpler question of reform than this, a clearer case of wrong, or one which more loudly demanded a remedy; but the wrong was one by which they largely benefited, and the correction of it would have the effect of augmenting the power of their opponents. Accordingly, by every species of sophistry, by falsehoods of all kinds, by vehement denunciations and endeavors to arouse the passions of the Irish people, they moved heaven and earth to thwart and defeat the measure. There was, however, only one moment at which the Government were in any jeopardy, for they very early resolved not to let the majorities against them shake them out of their seats. But when Stanley, complaining of the unfair means which had been employed to prevent his bringing on his measure in its different stages, announced that he would invade the days reserved for Government business, Lord John Russell began darkly to hint at the impossibility of the Government conducting the public business if the House sanctioned such an encroachment, and much irritation was exhibited for a short time. Both parties, however, got calm, and a compromise was the result. The Government offered Stanley certain days, which he immediately accepted, acknowledging that nothing but an extreme provocation would justify the course he had threatened to adopt, and so the storm blew over; and this question was nearly the only one which produced any violent debates and close divisions. Besides the usual light skirmishing and the

taunts, accusations, and reproaches, here and there thrown out against the Government, there were no serious attacks upon their policy and measures, either domestic or foreign; and, upon the whole, setting apart the smallest of their dependable majority, they got through the Session with remarkable success, and have closed it apparently stronger, and with more of public confidence and approbation by many degrees than they enjoyed at the opening. And I believe this to be the truth, notwithstanding the fact that almost all the elections occurring during the Session (in which there have been contests) have been carried by the Tories.

August 18*th* (*continued at the Grove*).—This improved condition of the Ministry is attributable partly to the success of their measures and the efficient manner in which the most important offices have been filled, and partly to the dissensions which prevailed among their adversaries, some striking symptoms of which were exhibited to the public. At the end of the Session, Sir Robert Inglis said to one of the Government people: "Well, you have managed to get through the Session very successfully." "Yes," said the other, "thanks to your dissensions among yourselves." "No," said Sir Robert, "it is not that, but it is the conduct of your leader, his honesty, courage, and ability, which has enabled you to do so." Ley, the Clerk of the House of Commons, and a man of great experience, said he had never seen the business so well conducted as by John Russell. Besides this, his reputation in his office is immense, where all his subordinates admit that Colonial affairs never were so well administered. But there can be no doubt that the ill-humor, which on several occasions broke out, sometimes between the leaders and sometimes among the masses of the party—"the Tory Democracy," as the *Standard* calls them—was of essential service to the Government. This first began at the end of last year upon the Privilege question, which Peel took up vehemently, and at once identified himself with John Russell in support of the privileges of the House of Commons. The moment Parliament opened, this matter came under discussion, and for some time exclusively occupied the attention of the House of Commons. There could be no doubt that if Peel had changed his mind and taken the adverse side, he would have thrown the Government into great difficulty and embarrassment, but instead of

doing so he took the Privilege side still more warmly than before, threw himself into the van of the contest, and was the most strenuous and the ablest advocate in the cause. Nothing could exceed the disappointment and annoyance of the great body of the Tories at his conduct. Many of them opposed him, and though Graham, Stanley, and others of the principal men voted with him, they did so very reluctantly, and maintained an invincible silence throughout all the discussions. When at last it was settled that a Bill should be introduced, and that Bill had passed the House of Commons, considerable doubt existed whether it would pass the Lords, the Duke of Wellington's opinion being decidedly at variance with Peel's on the question. Nothing could have gratified his party more than the rejection of this Bill by the Lords, but however well inclined the Duke was to reject it, he knew that this would be too desperate a game to play, and while it might lead to the dissolution of the Government, it would entail that of the Tory party also. Many conferences took place between Graham and Arbuthnot and Lyndhurst, the result of which was, that the Duke was persuaded to let the Bill pass, but this was not accomplished without much murmuring against the obstinacy of Peel.

Soon afterward the China question was brought forward by Graham, but whatever benefit they expected to derive from this attack on the Government was entirely marred by the Duke's speech in the House of Lords, in which he completely threw over Graham, as well as all who supported him; and while this vexed and offended the Tory leaders in the Commons, the "Democracy" were as indignant with the Duke as they had lately been with Peel. After this, a sort of running fight went on (Stanley's battles presenting the only important results) up to the period of the introduction of the Canada Bill.[1] To this Peel offered no opposition whatever, and it passed the House of Commons with his concurrence, and consequently without difficulties or even divisions. But as soon as it got into the Lords, the Duke broke out in fierce hostility against it, denounced its provisions in the most unmeasured terms, and for a considerable time nobody knew whether they would throw it out or not. Peel (it appeared) had taken his line and supported the Bill, without any previous concert with the Duke, and the latter, as well as all the Tory Lords, were exceedingly indignant at

[1] [This was a Bill for dealing with the Canada Clergy Reserves.]

finding themselves so far committed by his conduct that it became absolutely impossible for them to throw it out. Why Peel did not communicate with the Duke, I cannot divine, or why it was not made a great party measure, and a resolution taken to act in concert. Lyndhurst spoke to me (one day that I met him) with great bitterness against Peel. I asked him, "What do you mean to do?" "Oh, God knows; pass the Bill, I suppose, there's nothing else left for us to do." Wharncliffe, while bewailing the schism, and the bad effect of its manifestation, attributed Peel's reserve to temper, and some remains of *pique* at what had previously passed about the Privilege and China questions. But whatever was the cause, Peel was quite right not to oppose this Bill, unless he was prepared with a better measure, and to take office with the intention of acting upon a different principle, and he distinctly said that he had nothing better to suggest. The subsequent conduct of the Duke throughout the whole proceeding in the House of Lords was curiously indicative of the actual state of his mind, of his disposition, and his faculties. His disposition is become excessively excitable and irritable, his faculties sometimes apparently weakened, and at others giving signs of all their accustomed vigor. He came down to the House and attacked this Bill with an asperity quite inconsistent with his abstaining from throwing it out. He loaded it with every sort of abuse, but allowed it to pass almost without any alteration. In thus doing to the measure all the moral damage he could, he gave way to his passion, and acted a part which I am convinced he would not have done in his better days, and which was quite at variance with the patriotic spirit by which he is usually animated. His violence not unnaturally encouraged his equally ardent but less prudent followers, to a more practical attack, and Hardwicke gave notice of his motion. The Duke, however, was fully alive to all the consequences that would result from the rejection of a Bill to which Peel had given an unqualified support in the House of Commons, and he resolved to exert all his great authority to restrain the zeal that his own speeches had so highly inflamed. He accordingly summoned the Lords to Apsley House, and made them a speech in which he stated all the reasons for which it was desirable not to throw out the Bill; and Aberdeen told Clarendon that in his life he had never heard a more admirable statement. It required, however, all his great influence to restrain them,

and though they acquiesced (as they always do at his bidding) with surprising docility, they did so with the greatest reluctance.

London, August 19th. — In the conversation at which Aberdeen told Clarendon this, he dilated upon the marvelous influence of the Duke, and the manner in which he treated his followers, and the language they endured from him. Clarendon asked him whether, when the Duke retired, he had any hopes of being able to govern them as well; to which he replied that he had not the slightest idea of it; on the contrary, that it would be impossible, that nobody else could govern them, and when his influence was withdrawn, they would split into every variety of opinion according to their several biases and dispositions. He said he did not think the Duke of Wellington had ever rendered greater service in his whole life than he had done this Session in moderating violence and keeping his own party together and in order, and that he could still do the most essential service in the same way, and much more than by active leading in Parliament.

Out of this state of things a practical consequence has ensued of no slight importance, and one which has shown that if there are evils and disadvantages incident to a weak Government, these are not without some counterbalancing good. Both parties began to feel the necessity of dealing with certain questions of pressing importance in a spirit of compromise and mutual concession. Neither were strong enough to go on insisting upon having everything their own way, and each was conscious that the other had a fair right to require some sacrifice, so far as it could be made without compromising on either side any vital principle. Accordingly, several questions were amicably and quietly settled, in all probability in a more just, expedient, and satisfactory way than they would have been by either party uncontrolled and unrestrained. The Irish Corporation Bill, which for years has been a topic of bitter contention, has at last been carried with very little difficulty and discussion. The alterations of the Lords were quietly accepted by the Commons, and the ultras on both sides were alone dissatisfied at the consummation. Then the Education Question, which last year raised a regular storm, both in Parliament and out, has been arranged between the Government and the heads of the Church, and the system is permanently established in

such a manner as to allay all fears and jealousies. In the same spirit, I expect that next year some mode will be found of conciliating Stanley's Bill with the Government Bill of Irish Registration, and that some measure not quite but tolerably satisfactory to all parties will be devised, and the evil complained of, to a certain degree, be checked. These are advantages of no small moment, and it is very questionable whether the work of government and legislation is not more wisely and beneficially done by this concurrence of antagonistic parties, and compromise and fusion of antagonistic opinions, than it could be in any other way. All strong Governments become to a certain degree careless and insolent in the confidence of their strength, but their weakness renders them circumspect and conscientious. Governments with great majorities at their back can afford to do gross jobs, or take strong party measures; but when their opponents are as strong as themselves, and their majorities are never secure, they can venture upon nothing of the kind. All oppositions must affect a prodigious show of political virtue, and must be vigilant and economical, no matter how lax may have been their political morality when in power. But no politician, or party man, has any tenderness for an abuse the profit of which is to accrue to his adversary, and in this way good government may happen to be the result of a weak Ministry and a strong Opposition.

August 24th.—Passed the greatest part of last week at the Grove, where Clarendon talked to me a great deal about the Eastern Question, and Palmerston's policy in that quarter. Palmerston, it seems, has had for many years as his fixed idea the project of humbling the Pasha of Egypt.[1] In the Cabinet he has carried everything his own way; all his colleagues either really concurring with him, or being too ignorant and too indifferent to fight the battle against his strong determination, except Lord Holland and Clarendon, who did oppose with all their strength Palmerston's recent treaty; but quite ineffectually. They had for their only ally, Lord Granville at Paris, and nothing can exceed the contempt with which the Palmerstonians treat this little knot of dis-

[1] [The Treaty between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia for the settlement of the affairs of the East, by compelling the Pasha of Egypt to relinquish Syria, and to restrict his dominion in Egypt, was signed in London on July 15, 1840. France having declined to concur in this policy, the Treaty was signed without her, and without her knowledge. This event was of the greatest consequence, and brought Europe to the brink of war.]

sentients, at least the two elder ones, who (they say) are become quite imbecile, and they wonder Lord Granville does not resign. Palmerston, in fact, appears to exercise an absolute despotism at the Foreign Office, and deals with all our vast and complicated questions of diplomacy according to his own views and opinions, without the slightest control, and scarcely any interference on the part of his colleagues. This apathy is mainly attributable to that which appears in Parliament and in the country upon all foreign questions. Nobody understands and nobody cares for them, and when any rare and occasional notice is taken of a particular point, or of some question on which a slight and evanescent interest is manifested, Palmerston has little difficulty in dealing with the matter, which he always meets with a consummate impudence and, it must be allowed, a skill and resolution, which invariably carry him through. Whether the policy which he has adopted upon the Eastern Question be the soundest and most judicious, events must determine; but I never was more amazed than at reading his letters, so dashing, bold, and confident in their tone. Considering the immensity of the stake for which he is playing, that he *may* be about to plunge all Europe into a war, and that if war does ensue it will be entirely his doing, it is utterly astonishing he should not be more seriously affected than he appears to be with the gravity of the circumstances, and should not look with more anxiety (if not apprehension) to the possible results; but he talks in the most off-hand way of the clamor that broke out at Paris, of his entire conviction that the French Cabinet have no thoughts of going to war, and that if they were to do so, their fleets would be instantly swept from the sea, and their armies everywhere defeated. That if they were to try and make it a war of opinion and stir up the elements of revolution in other countries, a more fatal retaliation could and would be effected in France, where Carlist or Napoleonist interest, aided by foreign intervention, would shake the throne of Louis Philippe, while taxation and conscription would very soon disgust the French with a war in which he did not anticipate the possibility of their gaining any military successes. Everything may possibly turn out according to his expectations. He is a man blessed with extraordinary good fortune, and his motto seems to be that of Danton, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace." But there is a flippancy in his tone,

an undoubting self-sufficiency, and a levity in discussing interests of such tremendous magnitude, which satisfies me that he is a very dangerous man to be intrusted with the uncontrolled management of our foreign relations. But our Cabinet is a complete republic, and Melbourne, their ostensible head, has no overruling authority, and is too indolent and too averse to energetic measures to think of having any, or to desire it. Any man of resolution and obstinacy does what he will with Melbourne. Nothing was ever so peremptory and determined as John Russell about Poulett Thomson's peerage, which the others did not at all like, but which he not only insisted upon, but actually threatened to resign unless it was done by a given day. It was with the greatest difficulty they could prevail on him to defer its being gazetted till Parliament was up, Duncannon and others dreading that it would excite the choler of the Duke of Wellington, and very likely provoke him to fall foul of some of their Bills.

M. Dedel[1] told me the other day that he thought, without reference to his policy, Palmerston had conducted himself with a *légèreté* quite unaccountable; that the Duke of Wellington, when he was at Windsor, had talked over the state of affairs with Melbourne, and said to him, "I do not say that I disapprove of your policy as far as regards Mehemet Ali; perhaps I do not think that you go far enough; not only would I not leave him in possession of a foot of ground in Syria, but I should have no scruple in expelling him from Egypt too. But what is Mehemet Ali or the Turk in comparison with the immeasurable importance of preserving peace in Europe? this is the thing alone to be regarded, and I give you notice that you must not expect our support in Parliament of the policy which you have chosen to adopt."[2] In the meantime there is an increasing impression here that no war will take place; public opinion is not yet much excited, and is nothing like so excitable as it is in France upon questions of foreign policy, where everybody thinks and talks on the subject; but if it ever is effectually roused, it will be much stronger and probably more consistent here than there. My brother writes me word that the King is most anxious to

[1] [Dutch Minister at the Court of St. James.]

[2] Clarendon, to whom I told this, said it was not true: he had said nothing about their support, but had said, "I approve of your policy, but you must have no war."

preserve peace, and is now feeling the pulse of the country, and doing his utmost to ascertain what the state of public opinion is, for his own guidance in the approaching crisis. Though now acting in apparent unison with Thiers, he would have no scruple in resisting the course of policy in which Thiers is embarked, if he found he could count upon the support of the country in his own pacific views; and it is the possibility of such a contest occurring in France which renders the question so very delicate and difficult, and makes the issue dependent on contingencies which no sagacity can foresee or provide for. Out of this complication Palmerston's wonderful luck may possibly extricate him, though it must be owned that he is playing a very desperate game.

September 5th.—I have been more in the way of hearing about the Eastern Question during the last week than at any previous time, though my informants and associates have been all of the anti-Palmerston interest—Holland House, and Clarendon, Dedel (who objects to the form more than the *fond*), and Madame de Lieven, who is all with Guizot, because he is devoted to her, and she feels the greatest interest where she gets the most information. Clarendon showed me the other day a long letter which he wrote to Palmerston in March last, in which he discussed the whole question, stating the objections to which he thought Palmerston's policy liable, and suggesting what *he* would have done instead. It was a well-written and well-reasoned document enough.

Those who are opposed to Palmerston's policy, and even some who do not object to the policy itself so much as to the manner in which it has been worked out, feel confident that the means will fall very short of accomplishing the end, and that peace will be preserved by their very impotence at a great expense of the diplomatic reputation of the parties concerned; and they are confirmed in this notion by the failure of some of the anticipations in which Palmerston so confidently indulged, especially the conduct of the Pasha and the Syrian insurrection. Clarendon says that, "whatever his opinions may have been, now that they are fairly embarked in Palmerston's course, he must as earnestly desire its success as if he had been its original advocate." But both he and Lord Holland have been so vehemently committed in opposition to it, that, without any imputation of unpatriotic feelings, it is not in human nature they should

not find a sort of satisfaction in the frustration of those measures which they so strenuously resisted, and this clearly appears in all Lord Holland said to me, and in Lady Holland's tone about Palmerston and his daring disposition.

September 6th.—On arriving in town this morning, I found a note from M. Guizot, begging I would call on him, as he wanted to have a few minutes' conversation with me. Accordingly I went, and am just returned. His object was to put me in possession of the actual state of affairs, and to read me a letter he had just received from Thiers, together with one (either to Thiers or to him) from their Consul-General at Alexandria.

Thiers's letter expressed considerable alarm. After describing the failure of Walewski and the other French agents, and enlarging upon the efforts they had made, and were still making, to restrain the Pasha, and prevent his making any offensive movement, he said that this was the Pasha's ultimatum. He offered, if France would join him and make common cause with him, to place his fleets and armies at her disposal, and to be governed in all things by her advice and wishes, a thing utterly impossible for France to listen to. Upon the impossibility of this alliance being represented to him, the prudence of keeping quiet strenuously urged upon him, and the utmost endeavors made to convince him that a defensive policy was the only wise and safe course for him, he had engaged not to move forward, or take any offensive course unless compelled to do so, by violence offered to him; his army was concentrated at the foot of the Taurus, and there (but in a menacing attitude) he would consent to its remaining; but if any European troops were to advance against him, or be transported to Syria, any attempt made to foment another insurrection in Syria, or any attack made upon his fleet, or any violence offered to his commerce, then he would cross the Taurus, and, taking all consequences, commence offensive operations. In that case, said Guizot, Constantinople might be occupied by the Russians, and the British fleet enter the Sea of Marmora; and if that happened, he could not answer for the result in France, and he owned that he (and Thiers expressed the same in his letter) was in the greatest alarm at all these dangers and complications. He had seen Palmerston this morning, and read Thiers's letter to him. I asked him if it had made any impression on Palmerston. He said, "Not the

slightest;" that he had said, "Oh! Mehemet Ali cédera; il ne faut pas s'attendre qu'il cède à la première sommation; mais donnez-lui quinze jours, et il finira par céder." Guizot said that the failure of so many of his predictions and expectations had not in the slightest degree diminished Palmerston's confidence, and that there was in fact no use whatever in speaking to him on the subject. Guizot is evidently in great alarm, and well he may be, for there can be no doubt that his Government are in a position of the greatest embarrassment, far from inclined to war, the King especially abhorring the very thoughts of it, and at the same time so far committed that if the four allies act with any vigor and drive Mehemet Ali to desperation, France must either kindle the flames of war, or, after all her loud and threatening tone, succumb in a manner not only intolerably galling to the national pride, but which really would be very discreditable in itself.

Guizot dwelt very much upon their long-continued and earnest efforts to make the Pasha moderate and prudent, and on the offers he had made to join the allies, and unite the authority of France to that of all the others for the purpose of preventing the Pasha from advancing a step further, provided they would leave him in his present possessions. I certainly never saw a man more seriously or sincerely alarmed, and I think (now that it is so near) that the French Government would avoid war at almost any cost; but the great evil of the present state of affairs is, that the conduct of the question has escaped out of the hands of the Ministers and statesmen by whom it has hitherto been handled, and henceforward must depend upon the passions or caprice of the Pasha, and the discretion of the numerous commanders in any of the fleets now gathered in the Mediterranean, and even upon the thousand accidents to which, with the most prudent and moderate instructions from home, and the best intentions in executing them, the course of events is exposed. As Guizot said, Europe is at the mercy "des incidents et des subalternes." He promised to keep me informed of everything that might occur of interest.

September 10th.—The day after I saw Guizot I related to Clarendon all that had passed, when he told me that Melbourne was now become seriously alarmed, so much so that he had written to John Russell, "he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep," so great was his disturbance. Lord John

was also extremely alarmed, and both he and Melbourne had been considerably moved by a letter the former had received from the Duke of Bedford, inclosing one from Lord Spencer, in which he entered into the whole Eastern Question; and said that it was his earnest desire to give his support to the Government in all their measures, but that it would be contrary to his judgment and his conscience to support them in their policy on this question. This appears to have made a great impression upon them, but not the least upon Palmerston, who is quite impenetrable, and who always continues more or less to influence his colleagues; for Lord John, after meeting Palmerston at Windsor, came back easier in his mind, and, as he said, with a conviction (not apparently founded on any solid reason), "that they should pull through." Palmerston, so far from being at all shaken by anything Guizot said to him, told him that the only fault he had committed was not taking Lord Ponsonby's advice and proceeding to action long ago. The second edition of the *Times* mentions a violent note delivered by Pontois to the Porte. I thought this of such consequence that I sent the paper to Guizot, and begged him, if he could, to afford the means of contradicting it. He wrote me word he would, as soon as he had *des renseignements plus précis*. In the meantime, I find Metternich has protested against the tone of Pontois's communication, which was verbal and not written. His own account of it to Thiers exhibited strong but not indecent language.

In the evening (day before yesterday), Guizot dined at Holland House, and met Clarendon and Lord John Russell, with the latter of whom he had a long talk, and he hoped that he had made an impression on him. Yesterday morning I was enabled to read the Cabinet minute, submitting to the Queen the expediency of making the Treaty, to which was appended the dissent of Clarendon and Holland, with their reasons assigned in a short but well-written and well-reasoned paper. The Queen desired to keep it, and there can be little doubt that in her heart she coincides with them, for Leopold is frightened out of his senses, and is sure to have made her in some degree partake of his alarm. She told Melbourne that, of all things, what astonished her most was the coolness and indifference of Palmerston. It is remarkable that Clarendon, who expresses himself with energy, was never asked to Windsor while Leopold was there, Palm-

erston being there the whole time; and the day that Leopold departed, Clarendon was invited.

Yesterday morning arrived a fresh budget of alarming news, among the rest a proclamation of Admiral Napier, which people are disposed to consider a forgery and an impossibility, but which was believed at Paris and by Guizot here, and consequently raised a storm there, and put the Ambassador in despair. Clarendon went to him in the afternoon, when he broke out: "Mon cher Comte, I appeal to you, as representing the Government, to tell me what I am to think of such a proceeding as this, and how is it possible that I can continue to 'gérer les affaires de mon gouvernement' here, if such provocations as this proclamation are to occur." Clarendon acknowledged that if this proclamation was authentic, nothing was to be said in its defense, but urged that no definite judgment should be formed till they had some conclusive information; but he told me, that he should not be surprised to find that it was authentic and in virtue of intruction from Ponsonby, and he fully expected Palmerston would highly approve of it. When it was suggested to Palmerston that it might with every effort be impossible to prevent the Pasha from crossing the Taurus, he said, "So much the better if he did, that he would not be able to retreat, his communication be cut off, and his ruin the more certainly accomplished."

September 12th.—Yesterday at Windsor for a Council, when Prince Albert was introduced. The Ministers who were there had a sort of Cabinet afterward, and a discussion about increasing the naval force, which Lord Minto thought they could not venture to do without calling Parliament together; but they agreed that this was to be avoided, and would be on every account objectionable. They might incur any expense for naval affairs on their own responsibility, and Parliament would be sure to bear them out. After dinner, a messenger came, and Melbourne went out to read the contents of his box. I remarked that nobody occupied *his* chair next the Queen; it was left vacant, like Banquo's, till he came back, so that it was established as exclusively *his*. I heard this morning what this box contained: letters from Sir F. Lamb,[1] to Palmerston, in which he told him that he wished him every success in his present undertaking, would

[1] [Sir Frederic Lamb, afterward Lord Beauvale, was at this time Ambassador at the Court of Austria.]

do everything that he could to assist him, but acknowledged that he had not the least notion what he could do, or how anything could be done by anybody; intimating his conviction, in short, that their Convention was not executable. As for Metternich, he is at his wit's end, and occupied night and day in thinking how he can *se tirer d'affaire*. He tells Lamb that as to contributing a guinea or a soldier toward the operation, it is quite out of the question, and begs him never to mention such a thing, and that if the Treaty could quietly fall to the ground it would be a very good thing. It is, however, entirely contemplated by the other Powers that Russia shall occupy Constantinople, and march to the assistance of the Sultan if necessary; but it is quite clear that Metternich is resolved to prevent a war by any means, and that he would not care for his share of humiliation or the object of the Convention being baffled. All this, however, does not damp the ardor or diminish the confidence of Palmerston, who says, "Everything is going on as well as possible."

When I got to town I found a note from Guizot begging I would call on him. I went, and he read me a letter from Thiers about "the note" of M. de Pontois at Constantinople, in which he explained that it was a verbal communication, and not a note, and that it had been grossly exaggerated; and he read me Pontois's dispatch to Thiers. I then asked him if he knew anything of Metternich and his disposition; and when he said, no, and asked me very anxiously if I could tell him anything, I told him that I thought it was so strongly turned toward peace, and he was so anxious to relieve himself from the embarrassment in which he was placed, that they might turn it to good account, if they were to set about it.

September 13th.—All last week at Doncaster; nothing new, but a considerable rise in the funds, indicating a reviving confidence in peace. Have seen nobody since I came back.

September 22d.—Came from Gorhambury yesterday. Got a letter from the Duke of Bedford, in which he says, "John has been here for the last week and has spoken very freely and openly to me on the state of our foreign relations. Matters are very serious, and may produce events both at home and abroad which neither you nor I can calculate upon. John is very uneasy and talks of going to town. You

are aware that he came up from Scotland unexpectedly. Between ourselves, I think he is disposed to make a stand, and to act, if occasion requires it, a great part—whether for good or evil, God alone knows. Nobody, not even his colleagues, except Melbourne, knows what is passing." In a postscript he said that Lord John had urged Melbourne to summon a Cabinet, and, accordingly, one is summoned to meet next Monday. This is mysterious, but it can only mean one thing. Lord John, already alarmed by Lord Spencer's letter, and dreading the possibility of a war, is resolved to oppose Palmerston's headlong policy, and, if it be necessary, to risk a rupture in the Cabinet, and take upon himself the administration of Foreign affairs. The Foreign Office was originally that which he wished to have, and when Melbourne returned to office, they proposed to Palmerston to take either the Home or Colonial, but he would not hear of anything but the Foreign department.

I talked over this letter with Clarendon last night (from whom I have no secrets), and he, while fully agreeing in the propriety of calling the Cabinet together, and making the future transaction of foreign affairs a matter for the Government and not for the Foreign Office only, and of course well disposed to buckle on his armor on this question, acknowledged that Palmerston would have very good reason to complain of any strong opposition from that quarter, inasmuch as he had been all along encouraged to proceed in his present line of policy by the concurrence and support of John Russell, who was in fact just as much responsible as Palmerston himself for the present state of affairs.

The beginning of the business may be traced to a Cabinet held at Windsor last autumn, when the general line of policy, since acted upon by Palmerston, was settled. From that time, however, the rest of the ministers seem never to have interfered, or taken any interest in the matter, and Palmerston conducted it all just as he thought fit. This year Cabinet after Cabinet passed over, and no mention was ever made of the affairs of the East, till one day, at the end of a Cabinet, Palmerston, in the most easy nonchalant way imaginable, said that he thought it right to mention that he had been for a long time engaged in negotiation upon the principles agreed upon at the Cabinet at Windsor, and that he had drawn up a Treaty, with which it was fit the Cabinet should be acquainted. At this sudden announcement his

colleagues looked very serious, but nobody said a word, except Lord Holland, who said, "that he could be no party to any measure which might be likely to occasion a breach between this country and France." No discussion, however, took place at that time, and it was agreed that the further consideration of the matter should be postponed till the next Cabinet. The following day, Palmerston wrote a letter to Melbourne, in which he said that he saw some hesitation and some disapprobation in the Cabinet at the course which he had recommended for adoption, and as he could only hope to succeed by obtaining unanimous support, he thought it better at once to place his office at Melbourne's disposal. Melbourne wrote an answer begging he would not think of resigning, and reminding him that the matter stood over for discussion, and then sent the whole correspondence to Clarendon. Clarendon immediately wrote word that he felt under so much obligation to Palmerston that it was painful to him to oppose him; but as he could not support him in his Eastern policy, it was much better that *he* should resign, and begged Melbourne would accept *his* resignation. Melbourne however said, "For God's sake, let there be no resignations at all!"[1] that his and Lord Holland's retirement would have the effect of breaking up the Government; and then it was suggested that they might guard themselves by a minute of Cabinet (that which they subsequently drew up and gave the Queen) from any participation in the measures they objected to. After this, Palmerston continued to do just as he pleased, his colleagues *consentientibus* or at least *non dissentientibus* except Holland and Clarendon, with whom nevertheless he seems (especially the latter) to have gone on upon very good terms. Latterly, however, since the affair has got so hot and critical, though their social relations have been uninterrupted, and the Palmerstons have been constantly dining at Holland House, Palmerston has never said one word to Lord Holland on the subject, and he is unquestionably very sore at the undisguised manner in which Lord Holland has signified his dislike of Palmerston's foreign policy, and the great civilities that Lord and Lady Holland have shown to Guizot for some time past.

The manner in which business is conducted and the independence of the Foreign Office are curiously displayed by

[1] I own I cannot see why. Their retirement would have proved the unanimity of the rest, and would rather have strengthened Palmerston than not.

the following fact: Last Wednesday a Protocol was signed (very proper in itself), in which the four Powers disclaimed any intention of aggrandizing themselves in any way. The fact of this Protocol was told to Clarendon by Dr. Bowring, who had heard it in the City, and to Lord Holland by Dedel, neither of these Ministers having the slightest notion of its existence. In the meantime, while the apprehensions of Melbourne and John Russell, thus tardily aroused, have urged them to the adoption of a measure which may possibly break up the Government, or at all events bring about some important changes of one sort or another, the French are making vigorous preparations for war, and, having persuaded the Pasha to send a new proposal to Constantinople, Thiers has intimated that, if this be rejected, France will give him active support, and then war will be inevitable. The crisis, therefore, seems actually on the point of arriving, and while all the world here fancies that war is impossible, it appears to be nearer than ever it was.

Guizot committed a great *gaucherie* the other day (the last time he was at Windsor), which he never could have done if he had had more experience of Courts, or been born and had lived in that society. The first day, the Queen desired he would sit next to her at dinner, which he did; the second day the Lord-in-waiting (Headfort) came as usual with his list, and told Guizot he was to take out the Queen of the Belgians, and sit somewhere else; when he drew up and said, "Milord, ma place est auprès de la Reine." Headfort, quite frightened, hastened back to report what had happened; when the Queen as wisely altered, as the Ambassador had foolishly objected to, the disposition of places, and desired him to sit next herself, as he had done the day before.

September 23d.—I called on Guizot yesterday morning, found him apprised of the meeting of the Cabinet on Monday next, when I told him that I could not help thinking he might materially contribute to the adoption of some resolution conducive to peace, that I had no doubt there would be very lively discussions at this Cabinet, and it was of great importance he should, if he could, afford an *appui* to the peace party. He said he would willingly do anything he could. I said, "For example, could he say on the part of his Government, that, in the event of the new terms proposed by Mehemet Ali being accepted, France would guarantee their

due performance on the part of the Pasha, and that she would join in coercive measures against him if he attempted to infringe them, or commit any act of aggression against the Porte?" He said, "that he was not *authorized* to make such a declaration, but he had no doubt he could engage so far, and that France would not hesitate to pledge herself to join the other Allies and act against Mehemet Ali in such a case as I had supposed." I asked him if he would write to his Government forthwith, as there was still time to get an answer before the Cabinet met, and he promised he would; but, he added, that with every desire to say what might furnish an argument for those in the Cabinet who are disposed to accept the proffered arrangement, he did not know how to hold any communications—for with Palmerston he could not, and Melbourne and John Russell were out of town. I told him, however, that Lord John would be in town on Thursday, and he promised he would call on him on Friday and talk to him; adding that he thought the last time he saw him he was well disposed. I told him that Lord John was not a man who said much, and that I could not answer for his opinions, but that I was quite convinced Palmerston would find some of his colleagues seriously alarmed, and no longer disposed to submit quietly to whatever he might be pleased to settle and to dictate. He asked me who were the Ministers with the greatest influence, and whose opinions would sway the Cabinet; and I told him Melbourne and John Russell, without a doubt, and whatever they resolved upon, the rest would agree to. But it is most extraordinary that while all reflecting people are amazed at the Government being scattered all abroad at such a momentous crisis, and instead of being collected together for the purpose of considering in concert every measure that is taken, as well as the whole course of policy, with any changes and modifications that may be called for, the Ministers themselves, such of them at least as are here, cannot discover any occasion for any Cabinets or meetings, and seem to think it quite natural and proper to leave the great question of peace or war to be dealt with by Palmerston as a mere matter of official routine. Lord Minto and Labouchere could not imagine why a Cabinet was called, nor by whom, and Palmerston still less. The day before the summons, he told Labouchere he might safely go into the country, as there was no chance of a Cabinet; and now Minto can only imagine that they

are summoned to discuss the time to be fixed for the prorogation or the meeting of Parliament.

September 26th.—On Wednesday I went to Woburn, and, as soon as I arrived, the Duke carried me off to his room and told me everything that had taken place, and the exact present posture of affairs. John Russell has for some time past been impressed with the necessity of bringing the Eastern Question to a settlement, to avert all possibility of a war with France, and he has repeatedly urged Melbourne in the strongest terms to do something to prevent the danger into which the policy of the Treaty is hurrying us. None of the Ministers, except Melbourne himself, and Palmerston, have been apprised of these remonstrances, nor are any of them at this moment aware of what has been and is passing. Palmerston has been indignant at the opposition thus suddenly put forward by Lord John, and complains (not, I think, without very good cause), that after supporting and sanctioning his policy, and approving of the Treaty, he abandons him midway, and refuses to give that policy a fair trial. This he considers unjust and unreasonable, and it must be owned he is entitled to complain. Lord John, however, as far as I can learn, not very successfully justifies himself by saying that it was one thing to defend *the treaty*, of which he approved and does still, and another to approve *the measures* which are apparently leading us into a war. Between the urgent remonstrances of Lord John and the indignant complaints of Palmerston, Melbourne has been at his wit's end. So melancholy a picture of indecision, weakness, and pusillanimity as his conduct has exhibited, I never heard of. The Queen is all this time in a great state of nervousness and alarm, on account of Leopold; terrified at Palmerston's audacity, amazed at his confidence, and trembling lest her uncle should be exposed to all the dangers and difficulties in which he would be placed by a war between his niece and his father-in-law. All these sources of solicitude, pressure from without, and doubt and hesitation within, have raised that perplexity in Melbourne's mind which has robbed him (as he told Lord John) of appetite and sleep. At length, after going on in this way for some time, matters becoming so bad between Palmerston and Lord John that Palmerston refused to have any communication with him, Lord Spencer's letter, the continued state of danger, and the prospect of some arrangement growing out of the new propositions,

made Lord John determine to take a decided course, and he accordingly requested Melbourne to call a Cabinet, which was done, and this important meeting is to take place on Monday next. At this Cabinet, Lord John is prepared to make a stand, and to propose that measures shall be taken for bringing about a settlement on the basis of mutual concession, and he is in fact disposed to accept the terms now offered by the Pasha with the consent and by the advice of France. He anticipates Palmerston's opposition to this, and his insisting upon a continuance of our present course; but he is resolved in such a case to bring matters to an issue, and if he is overruled by a majority of the Cabinet, not only to resign, but to take a decisive part in Parliament against Palmerston's policy, and to do his utmost there, with the support which he expects to obtain, to prevent a war. He is aware that his conduct might not only break up the Whig Government and party, but that it may bring about an entirely new arrangement and combination of parties, all of which he is willing to encounter rather than the evils and hazards of war. On the other hand, if Palmerston refuses to accede to his terms, and if unsupported by the Cabinet he tenders his resignation, Lord John is ready to urge its acceptance, and himself to undertake the administration of our foreign affairs. In short, he has made up his mind, and that so strongly, that I do not think it possible he can fail either to carry his point or to break up the Government, or at least bring about very material changes in it.

Prepared as I was, by the Duke of Bedford's letter, for something of this sort, I was not prepared for anything so strong and decisive; and while I expressed my satisfaction at it, I did not conceal my opinion that Lord John's course had not been at all consistent, and that Palmerston, when the moment of discussion came, would have a good case against his antagonist colleague. While I was at Woburn, I had constant running talk about this matter with the Duke, but not a word with Lord John, to whom I never uttered, nor he to me.

Yesterday I returned to town, when I found that Lord John had written both to Lord Holland and Clarendon, shortly, but saying that he thought the new proposals made the matter stand very differently. I dined at Holland House, where the Palmerstons dined also. My own opinion from the first moment was, that Palmerston never would agree to

any arrangement, but I thought it just possible, if he became impressed with the magnitude of the danger, that he might anticipate Lord John, by himself suggesting some attempt to profit by the disposition of the Pasha to make concessions. But any such possibility was speedily dissipated, by a conversation which I had with Lady Palmerston, who spoke with the utmost bitterness and contempt of these proposals, as totally out of the question, not worth a moment's attention, and such as the other Powers would not listen to, even if we were disposed to accept them; and that we were now bound to those Powers, and must act in concert with them. She told me a great deal, which I knew (from other sources) not to be true, about Metternich's resolution not to make the slightest concession to France and the Pasha; and her brother Frederic's strenuous advice and opinion to that effect. She complained, and said that Frederic complained, of the mischief which was done by Cabinets which only bred difficulties, intrigues, and underhand proceedings, and plainly intimated her opinion that all powers ought to be centred in, and all action proceed from, the Foreign Office alone. I told her that I could not see the proposals in the same light as she did, that some mutual concessions in all affairs must be expected, and that she was so accustomed to look at the matter only in a diplomatic point of view that she was not sufficiently alive to the storm of wrath and indignation which would burst upon the Government, if war did ensue upon the rejection of such terms as these, which, as far as I had been able to gather opinions, appeared to moderate impartial men fair and reasonable in themselves, and such as we might accept without dishonor. We had a very long talk, which was principally of importance as showing the state of her husband's mind, and I told Lord Holland afterward what I had said to her, at which he expressed great satisfaction. I found afterward that there has been a correspondence between Palmerston and Holland, begun by the former, and the object of it to vent his complaints at the undisguised hostility of Holland House to the Treaty and its policy. It ended by Holland's refusing to continue it, and referring Palmerston to the Cabinet on Monday, when the whole question would come under consideration.

This morning I received a note from Guizot, begging I would call on him as soon as I could. I went almost directly,

when he produced a letter from Thiers, in which he desired Guizot to go immediately to Palmerston, and in the most formal and solemn manner to deny, in his name and in the name of France, that the mission of Walewski[1] had had any such object as that which had been imputed to it; that he had not endeavored to persuade the Pasha not to accede to the terms imposed upon him, and that if he was disposed to accept them, "La France ne se montrerait pas plus ambitieuse pour lui qu'il ne l'était pour lui-même," and would certainly not interfere to prevent the execution of the Treaty. Moreover, he was to say that Walewski had not gone to Constantinople as the agent of the Pasha, but only to convey to M. de Pontois the intelligence of the communication which the Pasha had made to the Sultan through Rifat, Bey, Rifat Bey having been dispatched on the 6th with a very submissive letter from Mehemet Ali to the Sultan, of which he asked him to grant certain terms, the substance in which has been already made known. Guizot then said that he had likewise received authority to declare that if the Sultan accepted the terms proposed by Mehemet Ali, or even some modification of them (such as France could approve of), with the consent and concurrence of his Allies, and if he invited France to be a party to the new arrangement, and to join in guaranteeing a due execution of its provisions, France would accept such invitation, and would join the other Allies in compelling Mehemet Ali to a strict observance of the arrangement, and would, if necessary, use measures of coercion and hostility against him if he failed in a due performance, or infringed the limits assigned to him. I told M. Guizot that nothing could be more satisfactory than these communications, and he said that he had already asked for an interview with Palmerston, in order to impart the same to him. He then wanted to know if he might speak to Lord John if he met him at Holland House or elsewhere; but I advised him not, and told him that Palmerston was suspicious and jealous, and would take umbrage at any of his colleagues holding communications upon affairs which were

[1] [Count Walewski had been dispatched to Alexandria with a mission from M. Thiers, and one of the grievances of Lord Palmerston against France was that this emissary was supposed to have been sent either to encourage Mehemet Ali in his resistance to the Allied Powers, or to negotiate a separate arrangement between the Pasha and the Sultan, under the auspices of France, so as to cut the ground from under the other Powers. This M. Thiers stoutly denied in his correspondence, and he denied it to me with equal energy when I dined with him at Auteuil on October 8th.]

his peculiar concern. He acquiesced altogether, and it was agreed that I should call on him to-morrow morning and hear what had passed between Palmerston and him. I took the opportunity of telling him on that occasion that the great evil, and that which rendered all negotiation and arrangement so difficult, was the absence of all reciprocal confidence, that we had none in his Minister (Thiers), and that the national pride and vanity (of which we, like themselves, had a share) were wounded by the ostentatious preparations for war, and the menacing and blustering tone of the press. He acknowledged these evils and their bad effects, and only shrugged up his shoulders at what I said about Thiers, of whom he has no good opinion himself, as is well known.

When I left him, I wrote a long letter to the Duke of Bedford, detailing all that had passed, and as I cannot now doubt that Lord John knows his brother communicates with me, and it was of importance that he should be apprised immediately of what had passed, I resolved to send him my letter to read, and desired him to forward it to Woburn. He afterward dined with me, and when he came to dinner, he said he had read my letter, and that it was very important.

September 27th.—Went to Guizot, who began by telling me he had been with Palmerston yesterday, who had acknowledged *très loyalement* that there was not and could not be any truth in the report (about Walewski), said his manner to him (as it had always been) was excellent. Guizot then complained of the facility with which he gave ear to reports like these and to all that was said against France; but he left him well enough satisfied with his reception. He then asked in what state the question was, and I told him that it was in such a state that I had no hesitation in saying war was impossible, and that if the "transaction" was such as we could in honor accept, we should accept it; that the best thing to be hoped was, that Palmerston would make up his mind to a "*transaction*" in the Cabinet, and would himself take the initiative; but that at all events there were others who were resolved not to pursue any longer this course of policy, and that if he was inexorable it must end in his resignation.

Before I went to Guizot I saw Clarendon, who had had a good deal of talk with Lord John, who spoke to him just in the strain which the Duke of Bedford had already de-

scribed to me. Melbourne is to be in town to-day, and what Lord John expected and hoped was, that he would be able to persuade Palmerston to give way, and himself propose to acquiesce in Mehemet Ali's proposals. In that case, Lord John said, he should not say a word. If Palmerston would not do so, then it would be for him to take his own course, and he and Clarendon have both agreed to resign if they should be overruled; and the latter said he thought he could answer for Lord Holland doing the same. While returning home I was overtaken by Palmerston, who was on his way to Lord John's House; and they are now closeted together, so that at least they will have it all out before the Cabinet to-morrow. Guizot gave me a copy of Cochelet's dispatch, with an account of what had passed between Mehemet Ali, himself, Walewski, and the four Consuls-General, which ended in the transmission of his new proposal to the Porte.

September 28th.—Lord John and Palmerston had a long conversation, amicable enough in tone, but unsatisfactory in result. However, Lord John did not appear to be shaken in his determination, but rather inclined to an opinion that Palmerston would himself be disposed to give way. Any such expectation ought to have been dissipated by a letter which Lord John received meanwhile from Palmerston, in which he talked with his usual confidence and levity of "the certainty of success," the "hopeless condition of the Pasha," and the facility with which the Treaty would be carried into effect.[1]

In the morning, after I had been with Guizot (and after Palmerston's interview with Lord John), he went to Palmerston and communicated fully the offer of France, saying he would not enter into the details of the question, but he could not help reminding him of the failure of so many of his confident expectations. Palmerston said that there would be no sort of difficulty in enforcing the Treaty, and that then France might join if she pleased. Guizot replied that this was out of the question, that France was now ready to join in a transaction fair and honorable to both parties, but she would not stand by, see the question settled without her, and then come in to bolster up an arrangement made by others, and with which she had had no concern. In the evening he went to Holland House, where he told Melbourne what he had communicated to Palmerston; found him in a

[1] Everything turned out according to his anticipations.

satisfactory disposition, but Melbourne said that there was a danger greatly to be feared, and that was, that our ambassador at Constantinople, who was very violent against Mehemet Ali, and not afraid of war, might and probably would urge the immediate rejection of the Pasha's proposal and every sort of violent measure.[1] Guizot, naturally enough, expressed (to me) his astonishment that the Prime Minister should hold such language, and that, if he had an ambassador who was likely to act in such a manner so much at variance with his political views, he did not recall him or supersede him by a special mission. This, however, was very characteristic of Melbourne ; and I told Clarendon, urging him to insist that some positive understanding should be come to, upon the conduct to be adopted by Ponsonby. There can be no doubt that Palmerston and Ponsonby between them will do all they can to embroil matters, and to make a *transaction* impossible, and Palmerston writes just what he pleases without any of his colleagues having the least idea what he says. The result of the whole then is, that the Cabinet meet at three to-day, and that Lord John will have to stand forth in opposition to Palmerston's policy, and to propose the adoption of measures leading to an amicable arrangement. A few hours will show how the rest are disposed to take it.

[1] As he did.

CHAPTER IX.

The Cabinet meets—The Government on the Verge of Dissolution—The Second Cabinet—Palmerston lowers his Tone in the Cabinet—But continues to bully in the Press—Taking of Beyrout—Deposition of Mehemet Ali—Lord John acquiesces—Total Defeat of Peace Party—Lord John Russell's False Position—His Views—Lord Granville's Dissatisfaction—Further Attempts at Conciliation—Prevarication of Lord Ponsonby—Newspaper Hostilities—Discussion of the French Note of the 8th October—Guizot's Opinion of the Note of the 8th October—Louis Philippe's Influence on the Crisis—Summary of Events—Death of Lord Holland—Lord Clarendon's Regret for Lord Holland—M. Guizot's Intentions as to France—Effects of the Queen's Partiality for Melbourne—Resignation to Thiers—Bickerings in the Ministry—Lord John Russell's Dissatisfaction with Lord Palmerston—Lord John resigns—Lord John demands the Recall of Lord Ponsonby—Lord Palmerston defends Lord Ponsonby—M. Guizot's Policy—Conciliatory Propositions fail—Attitude of Austria—Asperity of Lord Palmerston—Operations in Syria—Success of Lord Palmerston and his Policy—Baron Mounier's Mission to London—Birth of the Princess Royal—Results of the Success of Lord Palmerston's Measures—The Tories divided in Opinion as to the Treaty—Retrospect of the Year—Lord Holland.

September 29th: Wednesday.—The Cabinet met on Monday evening and sat till seven o'clock. The account of the proceedings which has reached me is to the last degree amusing, but at the same time *pitoyable.* It must have been *à payer les places* to see. They met, and as if all were conscious of something unpleasant in prospect, and all shy, there was for some time a dead silence. At length Melbourne, trying to shuffle off the discussion, but aware that he must say something, began, "We must consider about the time to which Parliament should be prorogued." Upon this Lord John took it up and said, "I presume we must consider whether Parliament should be called together or not, because, as matters are now going on, it seems to me that we may at any moment find ourselves at war, and it is high time to consider the very serious state of affairs. I should like," he added, turning to Melbourne, "to know what is your opinion upon the subject." Nothing, however, could be got from Melbourne, and there was another long pause, which was not broken till somebody asked Palmerston, "What are your last accounts?" On this Palmerston pulled out of his pocket a whole parcel of letters and reports from Ponsonby, Hodges, and others, and began reading them through, in the middle of which operation some one happened to look up, and perceived Melbourne fast asleep in his arm-chair. At length Palmerston got through his papers, when there was another pause; and at last Lord John, finding that Melbourne would not take the lead or say a word, went at once into the whole subject. He stated both sides of the case with great pre-

cision, and in an admirable, though very artful speech, a statement which, if elaborated into a Parliamentary speech and completed as it would be in the House of Commons, was calculated to produce the greatest effect. He delivered this, speaking for about a quarter of an hour, and then threw himself back in his chair, waiting for what anybody else would say. After some little talk, Palmerston delivered his sentiments the other way, made a violent philippic against France, talked of her weakness and want of preparation, of the union of all the Powers of Europe against her, said that Prussia had 200,000 men on the Rhine, and (as Lord Holland said) exhibited all the violence of '93. Lord John was then asked, since such were his opinions, what course he would advise? He said he had formed his opinion as to what it would be advisable to do, and he produced a slip of paper on which he had written two or three things. The first was, that we should immediately make a communication to the French Government, expressing our thanks for the efforts France had made to induce the Pasha to make concessions for the purpose of bringing about a settlement; and next, to call together the Ministers of the other Powers, and express to them our opinion that it would be desirable to reopen negotiations for a settlement of the dispute in consequence of the effects produced by the mediation of France. There then ensued a good deal of talk (in which, however, the Prime Minister took no part), Lord Minto espousing Palmerston's side, and saying (which was true enough), that though Lord Holland and Clarendon, who had all along opposed the Treaty, might very consistently take this course, he did not see how any of those could do so who had originally supported and approved of it; to which Lord John quietly and briefly said, "The events at Alexandria have made all the difference." This was in fact no answer; and Minto was quite right, especially as Lord John had taken his line before the events at Alexandria were known. Of the Ministers present besides Minto, Macaulay seemed rather disposed to go with Palmerston, and talked blusteringly about France, as he probably thought a Secretary of War should. Labouchere was first one way and then the other, and neither the Chancellor nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer said one word. The result was an agreement, that it would be disrespectful to Lord Lansdowne, considering his position, to come to any resolution in his absence; and as he could not arrive before this

day, that the discussion should be adjourned till Thursday (to-morrow), by which time he and Morpeth would be here. They were all to dine with Palmerston, and a queer dinner it must have been.

October 1*st*.—No progress made, everything *in statu quo*. The dinner at Palmerston's on Monday after the Cabinet went off well enough. In the evening Clarendon had a long conversation with Lady Palmerston, who repeated to him everything she had said to me, and seemed confident enough that Palmerston would carry his point at last. He told her, however, that if he persisted, the Government must be broken up, as at least half a dozen would resign, and that she must be aware Government could not go on if either Palmerston or John Russell resigned (putting in Palmerston out of civility). He thought he had made some impression on her. The next day they all dined at Holland House. There he had again some talk with Palmerston himself, amicable enough, but leading to nothing; to what Clarendon said about breaking up the Government, Palmerston did not reply a word. Afterward Palmerston had a long talk with Lord Holland, but not satisfactory. Morpeth has arrived, and naturally enough was extremely embarrassed. He had supported Palmerston originally, and was not aware of any impending change of policy, or any change in anybody's opinion, and he felt that it was an extraordinary whisk round. Melbourne, of course, hopped off to Windsor the moment the Cabinet was over, and instead of remaining here, trying to conciliate people and arrange matters, he left everything to shift for itself. Having shown the Queen a letter of John Russell's, which she was not intended to see, he sent to Lord John a letter of hers, which probably she did not mean him to see either. She said, among other things, that she thought it was rather hard that Lord Palmerston and Lord John could not settle these matters amicably, without introducing their own personal objects, and raising such difficulties. She added one thing in her letter which may lead to some important consequences. She said that it was her wish that some attempt should be made to open communications with the French Government. If Palmerston chooses to give way, he may make her wishes the pretext for doing so, and yield to them what he refuses to everybody else.

I saw Guizot, who showed me a letter he had written to

Thiers, telling him as far as he knew how matters stood, of the difficulties there were, and entreating him to moderate the French press. He also showed me a note from John Russell, in which, after thanking him for not speaking to him at Holland House, as it was better he should only talk to Palmerston or Melbourne, he added that he begged he would not consider that the articles which had lately appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Observer* were approved of by the Government, and repudiated any connection or concurrence with them. He had pronounced in the Cabinet a violent philippic against the newspapers, which was entirely directed at Palmerston, who, he knows very well, writes constantly in them, and Guizot knows this also. Guizot, therefore, if he had any doubt before of Lord John's sentiments, can have none now. An article appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday strongly in favor of peace and harmony with France and the acceptance of the Pasha's offers. Guizot, of course, was delighted with it; but I found it had taken in other quarters, for Dedel asked me if I had read it, and said it was the true view of the question, and Ben Stanley said the same thing to me at dinner, and that he had found at Manchester and elsewhere a strong public opinion, of which he was sure Palmerston was not aware, and would not believe in if told. Dedel showed me a letter from Fagel, giving an account of a conversation he had with Louis Philippe, in which the King disclaimed any ambitious design or desire for war, but said he was determined to put France in a respectable state of preparation; very firm language. Dedel had been at Peel's, but got nothing out of him except that he did not know whether he should have made such a treaty, but as it was made we ought to abide by it. The Tories will turn this business to good account, end as it may; they have *beau jeu*. But what Neumann said to Dedel is anything but confirmatory of Palmerston's stories of Austrian *stoutness*, for he told him it would be a very fortunate thing if the Sultan would accept Mehemet Ali's new proposals.[1]

Evening.—The Cabinet went off far better than could have been expected; indeed, as well as possible under all the circumstances. Lord John had previously intimated to Melbourne that he should expect him to take the lead upon this occasion, and it seems pretty clear that Melbourne had

[1] [M. Neumann was the Austrian Minister in London; M. Fagel the Dutch Minister in Paris.]

contrived to effect some arrangement with Palmerston. Accordingly, Melbourne (very nervous) began, said that the question was in the same state as when they last met, pronounced a few commonplaces, such as that the success or failure of the coercive means might by this time have been proved, only they could not yet know the event, but ended with referring to a paper delivered some time ago by Metternich, in which he had made certain contingent suggestions, of which the last and most important was, that in the event of "inefficacitté des moyens" becoming apparent some communication should be made to France for the purpose of drawing her again into the alliance (or something to that effect; I cannot recollect the exact words, but it was a peg on which a communication might be hung), and asking Palmerston if he had not got this paper.[1] Palmerston pulled it, all cut and dry, out of his pocket and read it. A good deal of talk then ensued, and some doubts and suspicions were expressed about France, which drew out Lord Holland, who said, "For God's sake, if you are so full of distrust of France, if you suspect all her acts and all her words, put the worst construction on all she does, and are resolved to be on bad terms with her, call Parliament together, ask for men and money, and fight it out with her manfully. Do this or meet her in a friendly and conciliatory spirit, and cast aside all those suspicions which make such bad blood between the two countries." This appeal (of which I only give the spirit) was very well received, and, after some more talk, Palmerston said that though he was still convinced success would crown the efforts now making in the East, and that it was unnecessary to take any other step, yet, if it was the wish and opinion of the Cabinet that some communication should be made to France, he was ready to make it. This was, of course, very well taken, and was a prodigious concession and change from his former tone. A great deal more discussion then ensued, and the result was that Palmerston is to see the Ministers of the Conference, either separately or together, to-morrow, and to propose to them that he should make a communication to France on the basis of Metternich's sug-

[1] Metternich's paper was a suggestion which he put into the mouth of the French Minister, and which he gave Leopold, who sent it here. He said, "If I were the French Minister, I would say so and so," to the effect that if the means of coercion did not prove efficacious, the Allies had better consider the matter afresh in conjunction with France, who would assist in settling it.

gestion. There can be no doubt of Neumann's acquiescence, and the Prussian will go with the Austrian ; the only doubt is Brunnow. They all agreed that nothing could be done but with the common consent of all, and as Russia has behaved exceedingly well since the signature of the Treaty, it would be wholly unjustifiable not to treat her with perfect good faith and every sort of consideration. If Brunnow objects, and will not consent to the communication being made, another Cabinet is to be summoned to-morrow afternoon ; if he acquiesces, Palmerston is to speak to Guizot immediately. If Brunnow is not consenting, Palmerston will equally speak to Guizot, but, instead of making a proposition, will say that Brunnow will apply for instructions, and that we have requested him to do so, to enable us, with the consent of all the three parties to the Treaty, to make the communication to France. Such is the substance and result of this important Cabinet, which I have very roughly and imperfectly put down, and I am conscious that I have forgotten some of the details which reached me ; however, I have preserved the essential parts. Lord John (to whom it is all due) said very little, Lansdowne not much ; Hobhouse was talkative, but nobody listened to him ; Melbourne, when it was over, swaggering like any Bobadil, and talking about "fellows being frightened at their own shadows," and a deal of bravery when he began to breathe freely from the danger.

October 2d.—Last night it was decided that Palmerston should call the Conference together, and propose to them to make a conciliatory advance to France. All Europe is looking with anxiety for the result of the Cabinet held yesterday ; and this morning the *Morning Chronicle* puts forth an article having every appearance of being written by Palmerston himself (as I have no doubt it was), most violent, declamatory, and insulting to France.

October 4th.—I was obliged to break off, and now resume the narrative. It was resolved at the Cabinet that Palmerston should summon the Ministers of the Conference and ask their consent to his making *some communication* to Guizot. The Austrian and the Prussian said they would consent to whatever Brunnow agreed to. Brunnow said he could say nothing till he had consulted his Court ; and he added that England could do what she pleased, but that he would not conceal from Palmerston that the Emperor would be exceedingly hurt if any step of the kind was taken without his

knowledge or consent.[1] On this the Cabinet again met on Friday afternoon to hear the report; but it must have been clear enough what the result of Palmerston's interview with the Ministers would be, after the appearance of the article in the *Chronicle*. I made the Duke of Bedford go to Lord John and tell him this ought not to be endured; and that if I were he I would not sit for one hour in the Cabinet with a man who could agree to take a certain line (with his colleagues) overnight, and publish a furious attack upon the same the next morning. Lord John said he had already written to Melbourne about it, that Palmerston had positively denied having anything to do with the *Morning Chronicle*, and he did not see what more he could do; but he owned that all his confidence in him was gone.

I received a note in the morning from Guizot desiring to see me, and I went. I told him that the article was abominable, but that so far from its being a true exposition of the intentions of the Cabinet, they had resolved upon the attempt at conciliation which Palmerston had himself agreed to make. I begged him to make allowance for the difficulties of the case, and be contented with a small advance; and I told him that the Cabinet were unanimously agreed upon the necessity of adhering to their engagements with their Allies, and at the same time endeavoring to bring about a *rapprochement* to France. He promised to make the best of it with his Government, and, making them comprehend that there was a strong peace party in the Cabinet, work in conjunction with that party here to keep matters quiet.

In the morning I went to Claremont for a Council, where the principal Ministers met; and after the Council they held a Cabinet in Melbourne's bedroom. It was not, however, till this morning that I knew the subject of their discussion. On arriving in town, indeed, I heard that Beyrout had been bombarded and taken by the English fleet, and a body of Turkish troops been landed; but this was not known at

[1] [It is obvious that when Lord Palmerston agreed to make a conciliatory overture to France, in order to allay the storm in the Cabinet, and prevent the threatened dissolution of the Ministry, he was perfectly aware that Brunnow and the Emperor of Russia would not concur in the proposal, or would, at least, delay it so long that it would be useless. Moreover, Lord Palmerston confidently relied, and in this it turned out he was right, on the success of his naval measures against the Pasha, and of the Pasha's inability to resist them. It was this prompt success—prompt beyond all conception and belief—that averted the catastrophe of a dissolution of the Ministry or a breach with France.]

Claremont, and not believed in London. Before I was dressed, however, this morning, Guizot arrived at my house in a great state of excitement, said it was useless our attempting to manage matters in the sense of peace here while Ponsonby was driving them to extremities at Constantinople, and causing the Treaty to be executed *à l'outrance*. He then produced his whole budget of intelligence, being the bombardment of Beyrout, the landing of 12,000 Turks, and the deposition of Mehemet Ali and appointment of Izzar Pasha to succeed him. He also showed me a letter from Thiers in which he told him of all this, said he would not answer for what might come of it, that he had had one meeting of the Cabinet and should have another ; but Guizot said he thought he would very likely end by convoking the Chambers.

I went immediately to John Russell and told him what a state Guizot was in, and showed him the papers. He said they were aware yesterday of the Constantinople news ; that on receiving the propositions of the Pasha by Rifat Bey, the Conference, considering them as a refusal, had immediately proposed to Redschid Pasha to pronounce his deposition ;[1] he agreed, and proposed to name a successor ; they objected to this, but ultimately consented to the appointment of a provisional successor in the person of the Seraskier commanding the Turkish troops in Syria; that it was not intended really to deprive Mehemet Ali of Egypt, and the sentence of deposition was only fulminated as a means of intimidation and to further the object of the Treaty ; Palmerston wrote to Lord Granville, and desired him to make an immediate communication to Thiers to this effect. Lord John admitted that it was all very bad, but seemed to think he could do nothing more, and that nothing was left but to wait and to preach patience. I went from him to Guizot, and told him what had passed ; but he said, with truth, that this resolution to drive matters to extremity, and to go even beyond the Treaty, made it very difficult to do any good here, and that the public would not be able to draw those fine diplomatic lines and comprehend the difference between a provisional and an actual successor to Mehemet Ali. He was going to Palmerston, and I told him Palmerston would no doubt tell him what had been conveyed to Lord Granville.

[1] [The Conference of the Ambassadors of the Four Powers at Constantinople, in which Lord Ponsonby played the most prominent part, and labored to drive matters to the last extremity.]

I then went to Holland House, found Lord Holland alone, and he entered fully, and without reserve, into the whole question. From him I learned that Metternich has expressed his strong disapprobation of the violent steps that have been taken, and that he wrote as much to Stürmer. Holland seemed to think that there had been a great difference of opinion among the Ministers of the Conference at Constantinople, but that Ponsonby had ultimately prevailed in persuading them to depose the Pasha; that he had concealed the fact of the division of opinion which had been revealed here by Lord Beauvale's letter from Vienna. Lord Holland went over the whole case, and told me everything that had occurred in great detail, the whole, or certainly the greatest part, of which I was already apprised of. Just now I saw Dedel, who told me again that Neumann had said to him, "Plût à Dieu que le Sultan acceptât les dernières propositions de Mehemet Ali, car cela nous tirerait d'un grand embarras." Neumann is a time-serving dog, for he holds quite different language to the Palmerstons, and to them complains of Holland House, and talks of firmness, resolution, etc.

October 7th.—Dined at Holland House on Sunday. Palmerstons, John Russell, and Morpeth, all very merry, with sundry jokes about Beyrout, and what not. At night Lady Holland was plaintive to Palmerston about an article in the *Examiner*, in which Fonblanque had said something about Holland House taking a part against the foreign policy, and they talked together amicably enough. Lady Palmerston and I had another colloquy, much the same as before. I told her what Neumann had said, but nothing would make her believe it. They have a marvelous facility in believing anything they wish, and disbelieving whatever they don't like. In fact, Lord John evidently has completely knocked under; he is unprepared to do anything more, and so ready now to go on that he had himself proposed to Palmerston that Stopford should be ordered to attack Acre. Of course, Palmerston desired no better; and it seems to have been agreed that conditional orders shall be sent to him—that is, he is to attack if he is strong enough, and the season is not too far advanced.

I dined again to-day at Holland House, and in the evening Guizot came. He told me that nothing could be more unsatisfactory than his interview with Palmerston; very

civil to himself personally as he always was, but "de Ministre à Ministre" as bad as possible. He had told him of the communication Lord Granville was desired to make to Thiers, but had not said one syllable of the disposition of the Cabinet to make an overture, nor held out the slightest expectation of the possibility of any modification. Guizot repeated how much he is alarmed, and talked of the probability of war. It is now quite clear that Palmerston has completely gained his point. The peace party in the Cabinet are silenced, their efforts paralyzed. In fact, Palmerston has triumphed, and Lord John succumbed. The Cabinet are again dispersed, Palmerston reigns without let or hindrance at the Foreign Office. No attempt is made to conciliate France; the war on the coast of Syria will go on with redoubled vigor; Ponsonby will urge matters to the last extremities at Constantinople; and there is no longer a possibility of saying or doing any one thing, for the whole question of reconciliation has been suffered to rest upon the result of a communication which Brunnow undertook to make to his Court, to which no answer can be received for several weeks, and none definite will probably ever be received at all. Palmerston's policy, therefore, will receive a complete trial, and its full and unimpeded development, and even those of his colleagues who are most opposed to it, and who are destitute of all confidence in him, are compelled to go along with him his whole length, share all his responsibility, and will, after all, very likely be obliged to combat in Parliament the very same arguments that they have employed in the Cabinet, and *vice versa*.

Lord John has disappointed me; and when I contrast the vigor of his original resolutions with the feebleness of his subsequent efforts, the tameness with which he has submitted to be overruled and thwarted, and to endure the treachery and almost the insult of Palmerston's newspaper tricks, I am bound to acknowledge that he is not the man I took him for. The fact is that his position has been one of the greatest embarrassment—but of embarrassment of his own making. He consented to the Treaty of July, without due consideration of the consequences it was almost sure to entail. When those consequences burst upon him in a very dangerous and alarming shape, he seems suddenly to have awakened from his dream of security, and to have bestirred himself to avert the impending evils; but while the magni-

tude of the peril pressed him on one side, on the other he was hampered by the consciousness of his own inconsistency, and that he could not do anything without giving Palmerston a good case against him. And when at last he did resolve to take a decisive step, he never calculated upon the means at his disposal to bring about the change of policy which he advocated. He moved, accordingly, like a man in chains. He distrusted Palmerston, and did not dare tell him so; Melbourne would not help him; he dreaded a breach partly official, partly domestic, with Palmerston, and only thought of keeping the rickety machine of Government together as long as possible, by any means he could, and was content to leave the issues of peace or war to the chapter of accidents. The rest of the Cabinet seem to have been pretty evenly balanced, feeling (as was very natural) that they had no good case for opposing Palmerston, conscious that Lord John's alarms were not without foundation, and that his position gave him a right to take a decisive lead in the Cabinet; still they were not inclined to act cordially and decisively with him, and hence vacillation and uncertainty in their councils. Palmerston alone was resolute; intrenched in a strong position, with unity and determination of purpose, quite unscrupulous, very artful, and in possession of the Foreign Office, and therefore able to communicate in whatever manner and with whomsoever he pleased, and to give exactly the turn he chose to any negotiation or communication, without the possibility of being controlled by any of his colleagues. From the beginning, Lord John seems never to have seen his way clearly, or to have been able to make up his mind how to act. My own opinion is, that if there had been a will, there might have been found a way, to do something; but Palmerston had no such will. On the contrary, he was resolved to defeat the intentions of his colleagues, and he has effectually done so.

October 8th.—Lord John Russell called on me yesterday morning, more to talk the matter over than for any particular purpose. He was, as usual, very calm about it all. I told him all I thought, and asked him why Guizot's offer had not been made use of; when he said that it had been considered, but for three reasons, which he gave me, it had been judged impossible to make it the foundation of a communication, and that Metternich's paper had been taken instead. Two of the reasons were: 1st. That the Viceroy's

offers would probably have been already rejected at Constantinople; 2dly. That the insurrection in Syria would have been organized, and it might entail consequences on the Syrians that it would be unjust to expose them to; 3dly. The necessity of the previous concurrence of the Allies. They all seemed to me very bad reasons.

I told him that Palmerston had gained his point, and that the whole thing turned upon the success of the insurrection. He admitted that it did, and stated the grounds there were for hoping that it would succeed. He owned to me that his reason for consenting to the Treaty was the refusal of France to join in coercive measures; which I told him was in my opinion the strong point of Palmerston's case. The fact is, the offer of France is come too late; the machine has been set in motion, and now there is no stopping it. But I shall ever think that if the advances of France had been met in another way, much might have been done. Lord John said the Queen had talked to him, and had expressed her anxiety for some settlement, but at the same time was quite determined to make no unworthy concession.

My brother writes me word that Lord Granville is so disgusted at his position, and at being kept entirely in the dark as to the real position of affairs, that he is seriously thinking of resigning. Bulwer[1] has, however, done his utmost to prevent him, and advised him to write instead and earnestly recommend that, if they meditate any change, whatever they mean to do should be done immediately.

I went to Lord John this morning, and read to him my brother Henry's letter. He is alarmed, and says that no doubt much might have been done in the way of conciliation that has not been done; admits that Palmerston (through whom everything must necessarily pass) will do nothing; and that the fact is he does not believe in war, and does not care if it happens. He showed me a paper he wrote with the project of making certain tranquillizing communications to the French Government; one of which was, that if the Allies resolved to attack Egypt, they would first give notice to France and try and arrange matters with her. The Emperor of Russia, it appears, is all for attacking Egypt; but no intention exists of taking Egypt from the Pasha in

[1] [Mr. Henry Bulwer (afterward Lord Dalling) was at that time First Secretary of the Embassy in Paris, and an ardent supporter of Lord Palmerston's policy—much more so than the Ambassador, Lord Granville.]

any case. I told him again that I thought an opportunity had been lost of responding to the last offer of France in a conciliatory way, and Lord John said he thought so too; he had written a paper on the subject, showed it to Melbourne —who highly approved of it, left it with him, never heard more about it, and nothing was done. Palmerston's extinguisher was, of course, put upon it. Lord John said he was tired of attempting to do anything; and he now appears to have resolved to wait patiently, and meet his destiny with the stoical resignation of a Turk.

October 9th.—Everything looking black these last two days, funds falling, and general alarm. Lord Granville has written to Palmerston both publicly and privately; in the former enforcing the necessity of some speedy arrangement, if any there is to be; in the latter remonstrating upon his own situation *vis-à-vis* of the Government. Lord John has again screwed his courage up to summon the Cabinet, with the determination of making another attempt at accommodation with France. He proposed this to Melbourne, who said "it was too late." This is what he always does: entreats people to *wait* when they first want to move, and then when they have waited, and will wait no longer, he says, "it is too late." Lord John's design is to have a dispatch written to Granville, with which he is to go to Thiers, inviting a frank explanation *de part et d'autre*, asking what France desires and expects, saying what England intends and does not intend, entering into the position in which all parties are placed, and expressing a readiness to conciliate France in any way that we honorably and consistently can, communicating to our Allies exactly what we say.

But what he would principally desire, and I perceive will not be able to effect, is the supercession in some shape of Lord Ponsonby, against whom grave charges do certainly lie. The other day (the day before the Council at Claremont), Palmerston produced at the Cabinet Ponsonby's dispatch announcing the deposition of Mehemet Ali, which he read aloud. Melbourne asked if there was not something said indicative of some differences of opinion among the Ambassadors (probably something grave struck him), to which Palmerston responded that there was nothing. The next day Beauvale's dispatch arrived with the report of the Austrian Internuncio to Metternich, who said that Ponsonby had assembled the Ministers at his house on Rifat Bey's ar-

rival, and proposed the immediate *déchéance* of the Pasha, to which he had made no objection, but that his Russian colleague had objected. His objections were, however, overruled by Ponsonby, who had taken upon himself to say that he would make England responsible for the whole and sole execution of the sentence of deposition. Nothing of this was hinted in Ponsonby's own dispatch, and the false account therefore which it conveyed of what had passed raised a general and strong feeling of indignation.

In the afternoon I saw Guizot, whom I found very reasonable, full of regret for the violence at Paris, and admitting that it was not only mad but ridiculous; said he had urged as forcibly as he could that they should do nothing for several days, and pay no attention to any events that might occur on the Syrian coast; that he had written to the Duc de Broglie and entreated him to exert all his influence to keep matters quiet; and then he said that he still did not despair of peace if we would only do *something* to pacify and conciliate France; that *some* concession in return for hers she must have, and without which her Government had not the power to maintain peace; that his conviction was, that if we would give Mehemet Ali Candia, or a little more of Syria—two out of the four Pashaliks—that this would be accepted, and that surely the alliance and concurrence of France were worth as much as this. I went from him to John Russell, and told him what he had said.

October 10th.—The Cabinet met this afternoon. Lord John Russell was to have taken the lead and developed his conciliatory notions, but a new turn was given to affairs by a note which Guizot placed in Palmerston's hands just before the Cabinet, which he only received from Paris this morning.[1] He called on Palmerston and gave it him; but without any observations. Palmerston brought it to the Cabinet, where it was read, and, to the extreme surprise of everybody, it was to the last degree moderate, and evincing a disposition to be very easily satisfied. This note is ill

[1] [This was the celebrated Note of which Thiers gave me a printed copy when I dined with him on the 8th of October at Auteuil. I came back to Paris, sat up all night with a friend to translate it, and dispatched it to England next morning. My translation appeared in the *Times* on the same day the Note was given to Lord Palmerston—which was another grievance. It was a very lengthy document, recapitulating the whole conduct of France in this affair, but ending in a very tame conclusion. Unfortunately Lord Palmerston did not display the same moderation, and his Notes continued to be as acrimonious as ever.—H. R.]

written, ill put together, and very tame. What a difficult task a French Minister must have, to defend at once such a note and such an expense as had been incurred! Probably Guizot did not much admire the production. The consequence was that the discussion turned on this document, and Palmerston immediately showed a disposition to haggle and bargain, and make it a pretext for extorting from France the best terms she could be got to yield, and all this in the spirit of a peddler rather than of a statesman. This was, however, overruled. A better and more liberal disposition pervaded the majority, and it was settled that Palmerston should see Guizot and speak to him in a conciliatory tone, and that a note, in a corresponding spirit, should be drawn up and sent to the French Government. This note is, however, to be first submitted for the approbation, and, if necessary, alteration of the Cabinet, so that care will be taken to make it what it ought to be. It would now appear that the French Government would be well enough satisfied if the original terms offered to Mehemet Ali were still held out to him, and if it is made clear that he will in no case be molested in the hereditary possession of Egypt; but Palmerston began talking of leaving him Egypt *for his life*, which was, however, instantly put down by the majority. A more decided disposition appeared in the majority of the Cabinet to adopt the conciliatory policy; whereas they exhibited at the previous meetings rather a doubtful manner, without, however, on any occasion saying much either way. Palmerston displayed the same overweening confidence, and the same desire to conceal whatever militated against his opinion. Besides talking of the success they had already obtained (which after all amounts to very little), he said he had seen somebody, who had seen somebody else, who knew that Louis Philippe was absolutely determined against war under any circumstances. It turned out that there was a dispatch from Sir Charles Smith (between whom and Napier there is some jealousy or misunderstanding), in which he says that the position they occupy is of no use whatever, but is purely defensive, and if Ibrahim does not attack the Turks, and expose himself to a defeat, they can do nothing against him. This, however, Palmerston held cheap, because it did not square with his wishes. On the whole the result was satisfactory; and if anybody but Palmerston was at the Foreign Office, everything must be settled at once;

but he is so little to be trusted that there is always danger while he is there.

I went almost immediately to Guizot, and told him that the reception of his note had given a new turn to the discussion, but that it had given the greatest satisfaction, and they were certainly not prepared for such a moderate communication. He laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "He should think they were not," any more than he was, that nothing could equal his surprise at receiving it, that it was very ill written, ill arranged, and he owned to me, in confidence, that he thought it went even farther than it ought; farther than he (much as he desired peace) could ever have consented to go. He did not disguise from me, and almost said in terms that he thought it very discreditable, and strikingly inconsistent with their previous language and ostentatious preparations. I said that I could not comprehend how such a note could emanate from the same quarter as all the denunciations and threats we had lately heard, and that though Thiers had, as everybody knew, a great deal of *savoir faire*, he would have some difficulty in defending both the note and the preparations. He seemed by no means sorry at the idea of Thiers having got into a scrape and dilemma, but not at all satisfied at the figure which France is made to act in the affair, and not much liking to play any part in the transaction. It is for this reason that he gave Palmerston the note without any remarks on its contents. When I asked him how it was all to be accounted for, he told me that the truth was, it was owing to the dissensions in the French Cabinet, and the determination of the King; and that it was the only mode by which an entire rupture in the Cabinet could be avoided. He said, however, that he would have preferred the rupture rather than a violent difference of opinion ending in such a measure (at least as I understood him, but I am not quite clear as to his meaning on this point). I told him that Palmerston would see him, and would (or ought at least to) speak to him in a very conciliatory tone; but that if he did not do so, if he was wanting in any proper expression of the sense of our Government of the conduct of that of France, and if he evinced any disposition to haggle and drive a bargain, he was not to believe that he expressed the sentiments of the Cabinet, but merely gave utterance to his own. We agreed that at all events the road to peace was

still open, and could hardly be missed. He said, it depended on us, and only entreated that the communication we made to the French Government might be full, cordial, and satisfactory, giving them all the assurances they could require, setting their minds at rest as to Egypt, and generally in a tone as conciliatory and moderate as theirs to us. He earnestly deprecated the idea of any bargaining, and said that if Palmerston hinted at such a thing with him he must make his proposals directly to Paris, for he would listen to none such here. On the whole, he was well satisfied at the prospect of the preservation of peace, but very much dissatisfied, and even disgusted, at the manner in which this consummation is likely to be brought about; conscious and ashamed of the false position in which the Government of France is placed, probably by their own conduct from the beginning, but certainly by their violent and declamatory language, so full of invective and menace, their expensive and ostentatious preparations, and now their tame (and if it were possible they could be afraid), pusillanimous conclusion. He did not say a great deal, but what he did say was with energy and strong feeling, and these I am certain are his sentiments.

The real truth I take to be that the King is the cause of the whole thing. With that wonderful sagacity which renders him the ablest man in France, and enables him sooner or later to carry all his points, and that tact and discernment with which he knows when to yield and when to stand, he allowed Thiers to have his full swing, and to commit himself with the nation, the King himself all the time consenting to put the country in a formidable attitude, but making no secret of his desire for peace; and then at the decisive moment, when he found there was a division in the Cabinet, throwing all his influence into the pacific scale, and eventually reducing Thiers to the alternative of making a very moderate overture or breaking up the Government. The King in all probability knew that in the latter event Thiers would no longer be so formidable, and that there would be the same division in the party as in the Cabinet, and that he should be able to turn the scale in the Chamber in favor of peace. It is probable that His Majesty looks beyond the present crisis, and sees in the transaction the means of emancipating himself from the domination of Thiers, and either getting rid of him, or, what would probably be more con-

venient and safe, reducing him to a dependence on himself.

Livermere, October 17th.—All this week at Newmarket, where I received regular information of all that went on. Before I left town I saw Lord Holland and Lord John Russell. The latter expressed himself better satisfied than he had yet been, but was still doubtful how far Palmerston could be trusted. Palmerston made no communication to Guizot, and seemed resolved to interpose every delay, though everybody kept on urging that something should be done without loss of time. But he assured Melbourne that in a few days we should hear of the total evacuation of Syria, and that then we should be in a better condition to treat. His colleagues, however, began to get alarmed at these delays, and none more than Melbourne, who would not say or do anything to accelerate Palmerston's movements, though he acknowledged to others that, so far from partaking of his confidence in the success of the operations in Syria, he expected no good news from that quarter. Palmerston went to Windsor, and there the Queen herself began to urge him more strongly than she had ever done, for she hears constantly from Leopold, who is mad with fright, and who imparts all his fears to her. All this did at last produce something, for there was a Cabinet the day before yesterday, at which a dispatch to Ponsonby was read, in which he was desired to move the Sultan to reinstate the Pasha in the hereditary government of Egypt, and this had been shown to Guizot, who had expressed himself satisfied with it. This, it may be hoped, will be sufficient, for the Note *requires* no more than this, and it may be taken as an earnest of our desire to meet the wishes of France. If it only produces a pacific paragraph in the King's speech the crisis will be over.

I do not quite understand how we can consistently send such an instruction to our Ambassador *separately*. The Sultan pronounced the deposition of Mehemet Ali by the advice of the Four Powers (that is, by that of the four Ambassadors), and I know not how we are entitled to do this act rather than any other without the concurrence of the rest. It was admitted that we could make no overture to France, no pacific communication even, without the consent of all. The Pasha has been solemnly deposed, all the Powers advised this measure, and now we are alone and separately recommending that he should be again restored to the government

of Egypt. Russia may not coincide in this recommendation; his deposition from Egypt is now a part of the Treaty. Whatever was the secret intention of the parties, we are now bound,[1] if the Porte insists on it, to exert all our power to expel the Pasha from Egypt as well as from Syria. Such are the inconsistencies into which the precipitate violence of Ponsonby has plunged us.

Downham, October 23d.—From Livermere to Riddlesworth last Monday, and home to-day. This morning I learned (by reading it in the *Globe*) the sudden death of Lord Holland, after a few hours' illness, whom I left not a fortnight ago in his usual health, and likely to live many years.[2] There did not, probably, exist an individual whose loss will be more sincerely lamented and severely felt than his. Never was popularity so great and so general, and his death will produce a social revolution, utterly extinguishing not only the most brilliant, but the only great house of reception and constant society in England. His marvelous social qualities, imperturbable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive information, sprightly wit, with universal toleration and urbanity, inspired all who approached him with the keenest taste for his company, and those who lived with him in intimacy with the warmest regard for his person. This event may be said with perfect truth to "eclipse the gayety of nations," for besides being an irreparable loss to the world at large, it turns adrift, as it were, the innumerable *habitués* who, according to their different degrees of intimacy, or the accidents of their social habits, made Holland House their regular and constant resort. It is impossible to overrate the privation, the blank, which it will make to the old friends and associates, political and personal, to whom Holland House has always been open like a home, and there cannot be a sadder sight than to see the curtain suddenly fall upon a scene so brilliant and apparently prosperous, and the light which for nearly half a century has adorned and cheered the world, thus suddenly and forever extinguished. Although I did not rank among the old and intimate friends of Holland House, I came among the first of the second class of those who were always welcome, passed much of my time there, and have been con-

[1] It is held (though this seems a nice point) that we are *not* bound.

[2] Lord Holland said, just before he died, to the page, "Edgar, these Syrian affairs will be too much for me. Mehemet Ali will kill me."

tinually treated with the greatest cordiality and kindness, and I partake largely and sincerely of the regret that must be so deep and universal.

Downham, October 24th.—I have a letter from Clarendon this morning from Windsor, overwhelmed with the news of Lord Holland's death (which he had just received) "when his mind was as vigorous and his perceptions as clear as ever, and when his advice, and the weight of his experience, were more necessary to his country than at any period of his life. To myself I feel that the loss is irreparable. He was the only one in the Cabinet with whom I had any real sympathy, and upon the great question now in dispute I feel almost powerless, for, with the anility of Melbourne, the vacillation of John, and the indifference of all the rest, Palmerston is now more completely master of the ground than ever." He goes on to say: "Guizot came down here last night; he goes to Paris on Sunday, to be present at the opening of the Chambers, and to defend himself. More, however, than that is in his mind, I am sure, and his feelings toward Thiers are anything but friendly. Thiers, it seems, means to put up Odillon Barrot (Guizot's favorite aversion) for the presidency of the Chamber, and, it is said, to resign if he is beaten. This, Guizot told me, was an inconceivable *faiblesse*, or an unpardonable *légèreté;* but that whichever it was, he should oppose it, and had written to tell the Duke de Broglie so, in order that he might not be accused of taking the Government by surprise. He said to me, '*Donnez-moi quelque chose à dire*, let it be ever so small, provided it is satisfactory. I will impose it on Thiers, or break up his administration; but unless I can have something of the kind, and, above all, something wherewith to *resserrer les liens entre les deux pays*, which is my great ambition, I shall neither be able to *calmer les esprits* nor to take on myself the government.'" He then goes on to say that Guizot tells him—and his own letters confirm it—that the late *attentat* on the King had made a much stronger impression, and excited more alarm, than any former one, and he had proposed to Melbourne to send a special ambassador to congratulate the King on his escape, who should also be instructed to *peace-make;* and suggested that the Duke of Bedford, Lord Spencer, or himself, should go. Melbourne admitted it would be a very good thing to establish some direct communication with the King and Thiers, as well as the truth of all the reasons by which

he supported this proposal; but the following day he came down with a whole host of petty objections, "which seemed to prevail in his perplexed and unserviceable mind." The Duke of Bedford writes to me that he expects this state of things will lead to a fresh combination of parties, and the breaking-up of this Government.

This is what, in my opinion, it ought to lead to; for, having now been behind the scenes for some time, I have satisfied myself of the danger of the interests of such a country as this being committed to such men as our Ministers. How astonished the world would be—even the bitterest and most contemptuous of their political opponents—if they could be apprised of all that has passed under my observation during the last two months!

Newmarket, October 27th.—At Downham laid up with the gout, and now here. Heard of Thiers's resignation on Sunday, and nothing since; but Lady Palmerston writes me word Guizot went to take leave of them in high spirits, and that there was no doubt he would accept the Foreign Office. Thiers had promised not to oppose the new Government.[1]

Guizot left London pretty well determined to take the Government; and after some little discussion everything was settled, and the new Cabinet proclaimed. The Press instantly fell upon him with the greatest bitterness, and the first impression was that he had no chance of standing, but the last accounts held out a better prospect. I have had no communication with him but a short note he wrote me on his departure, expressing his regret not to have seen me, and begging I would communicate with Bourqueney, and let him call upon and converse with me. I wrote to

[1] [I breakfasted with M. Guizot at Hertford House on the 24th October, having arrived in London on the 21st from Paris, where I had spent the preceding fortnight, and had learned from Thiers, and other friends there, the French side of these curious transactions. A courier arrived in London on the morning of the 24th, bringing a letter from the King to M. Guizot, which he showed me. It was written in his own bold hand, and contained the words, "Je compte sur vous, mon cher Ministre, pour m'aider dans ma lutte tenace contre l'anarchie!"

While I was in Paris, where the greatest irritation and alarm prevailed, my old friend and master, Count Rossi, retained his composure, and said to me, tapping a sheet of paper as he spoke, "When it comes to the Draft of the Speech from the Throne to be delivered to the Chambers, this will break up. The King will not consent to adopt Thiers's warlike language." This is exactly what occurred some ten days later. Rossi had a deeper insight into political causes and events than any other man whom I have known.—H. R.]

him yesterday a long letter, in which I told him how matters stood here, and expressed my desire to know what we could do that would be of use to him. In the meantime there has been a fresh course of wrangling, and a fresh set of remonstrances on the part of the peace advocates here, and lively altercations, both by letter and *viva voce*, between Lord John and Melbourne, and Lord John and Palmerston. Clarendon, in a visit of six days at Windsor, worked away at the impenetrable Viscount, and Lord Lansdowne battered him with a stringent letter, pressing for the adoption of some immediate measure of a pacific tendency; and in a conversation which Clarendon had with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he found him well inclined to the same policy, so that there is an important section of the Cabinet disposed to take an active part in this direction. But Palmerston at the same time wrote to Melbourne in a tone of the greatest contempt for all that was saying and doing in France, and, of course, elated by the recent successes in Syria, which, with his usual luck, have happened at this critical moment, and certainly do appear to be decisive.[1]

But just before the news came of the surrender of the Emir Beschir, Lord John had taken up the question in a much more serious and decisive tone than he ever did before; and in correspondence with Melbourne, and *viva voce* with Palmerston, had announced his determination to quit the Government altogether. The occasion for this vigorous outbreak was the arrival of a box of Foreign Office papers, in which, besides some long rigmaroles of Metternich's, there was a proposal (transmitted by Beauvale) for a congress for the settlement of all disputes, together with the draft of a short answer which Palmerston had written and sent, declining the offer. This Lord John considered to pass all endurance, no matter whether the congress was advisable or not; but that such an important suggestion should be received and rejected without any communication of it to the other members of the Government, especially to him who was their leader in the House of Commons, was so

[1] [Lord Palmerston's object in all these critical discussions with his colleagues had simply been to gain time for the operations in Syria against the Pasha to take effect, for he had never ceased to maintain that they would be completely successful, and in this, whether by superior information, by clearer judgment, or by extreme good fortune, he proved to be in the right, which insured his ultimate triumph. But if there had been the slightest failure, or check, or delay in any part of the operations, it must have proved fatal to the Government.]

outrageous that he was resolved not to pass it over, and he accordingly wrote his opinion upon it to Melbourne in the strongest terms, recommending him to transfer the lead of the House of Commons to Palmerston, and to dispose of his office as he pleased, as he would no longer go on; and he said that though there must be a Cabinet in a few days to settle about Parliament, he should not attend any more of them. To this Melbourne wrote a curious answer, because it was indicative of no approbation of, or confidence in, his brother-in-law and colleague. He said he thought Lord John had taken this up too strongly (he thinks everything is too strong), but that he had sent his letter to Palmerston, who would, no doubt, see him or write to him on the subject. He then went on to say that he presumed Lord John had well considered his determination, which would be, *ipso facto*, the dissolution of the Government, as he would not consent to carry it on with Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons; that the retirement of Lord John, and the substitution of Palmerston in such a post, would be such an announcement to all Europe of the intentions of the British Government to persevere in the extreme line of his policy that he could not for a moment contemplate such a thing. Therefore, if Lord John persisted, the Government was at an end. Shortly after, Palmerston called on Lord John. He admitted that he had done wrong—that he ought to have consulted him, and have made him privy to his answer, but that he had attached so little importance to the proposal, and had considered it so totally out of the question, that he had replied offhand.

They then went into the question itself, when Palmerston took that advantageous ground which he has always held and asked him how he reconciled his present opinions with his strenuous support of the Treaty itself, and complained again of his acting as he had done, while success was attending the coalition. They seem to have parted much as they met, with mutual dissatisfaction, but without any quarrel. Lord John, however, resolved upon action, and ultimately determined to propose the recall of Ponsonby as the *sine qua non* of his continuance in office. The violence of these disputes, and the peril in which the existence of the Government seemed to be placed, brought Melbourne up to town, and Lord John came to meet him, and imparted to him his intentions. Just in the nick of time, however, arrived the

news of the Emir's flight, which seemed to be almost conclusive of the Syrian question. On this, Palmerston took courage, and, no longer insisting upon supporting Ponsonby *à tort et à travers*, entreated that a damp might not be cast upon the enterprise just as the final success was at hand; and employed the argument *ad misericordiam* with regard to Ponsonby by saying, that he would be entitled to a pension if he was left there till December, and it would be hard to recall him before that term was accomplished. Lord John (never sufficiently firm of purpose) at last agreed to wait for the receipt of the official accounts of recent events in Syria which was expected in a few days, and to defer his demand for Ponsonby's recall till then, and Palmerston seems to have satisfied him that he is not at all desirous of quarreling with France. Indeed, Palmerston himself threw out, that it might be expedient to find a provision for the family of the Pasha, and render the grant of some appointments to his sons instrumental to the settlement of the question. There was a strange article, too, in the *Morning Chronicle* the other day, which talked of the probability of Ibrahim's being driven out of Northern Syria, and his intrenching himself within the Pashalik of Acre, which would then prevent the accomplishment of the Treaty of July. All this looks as if Palmerston was beginning to think he was driving matters too far, and that it was necessary to lower his tone and modify his policy, unless he was prepared to retire from office. At all events, Lord John was pacified for the moment by this indication of more moderate intentions, and began to hope better things for the future. To-morrow the Cabinet is to meet again.

While all these wranglings are going on here, and nothing is done, but a great deal contemplated, Bourquency presses for *something* on our part and keeps repeating that every minute is precious. On the other hand, the Emperor of Russia is highly satisfied with the state of things as it is, and he intimated to Bloomfield that he should be extremely indisposed to consent to any scheme for a fresh arrangement in which France should participate, while our vague notion is, that the coalition should fall to the ground as soon as its object is attained, and that we should bring in France as a party to some final settlement of the East, and dotation of the sons of Mehemet Ali. In the meantime the Chambers met yesterday, and all depends upon their proceedings.

November 7th.—Lord Palmerston has written a long and able letter, setting forth all the reasons why no special mission should be sent to Constantinople, and why Ponsonby should not be recalled; a skillful defense of Ponsonby showing how right he had been about Syria; what unprecedented influence he had obtained, having got both the Turkish fleet and army placed under the command of Englishmen, and how he had infused such spirit into the Turkish councils that they had made exertions of which nobody thought they were capable, and manifested a vigor it was not imagined they possessed. This letter must have been a very good one, for it entirely brought over Lord John to his opinion, and even convinced Clarendon himself; and the former had already written to Palmerston to say that he gave up his demand for Ponsonby's recall. There is, however, still too much reason to believe, that Palmerston is bent upon quarreling with France,[1] and that he is now fighting to gain time in hopes of some commotion in Egypt itself, which might lead to the complete ruin of the Pasha.

This evening Bourqueney called on me, and brought me a letter which he had received the day before from Guizot, which I shall copy here:

M. Guizot's Letter to Baron Bourqueney.

MON CHER BARON: Le discours de la Couronne est définitivement arrêté. Je crois que vous le trouverez conforme à la vérité des choses et aux convenances de la situation. Vous recevrez une circulaire que j'adresse à tous mes agents. J'y ai essayé de marquer avec précision l'attitude que le Cabinet veut prendre et qu'il gardera. Mais ce ne sont là que des paroles: il faut des résultats. On les attend du Cabinet. Il s'est formé pour maintenir la paix, et pour trouver aux embarras de la question d'Orient quelque issue; pour vivre il faut qu'il satisfasse aux causes qui l'ont fait

[1] [This was the real charge against Lord Palmerston and his policy, and it is impossible to doubt that he was actuated in the whole of this affair, not so much by a desire to support the Sultan and to ruin the Pasha of Egypt, as by the passionate wish to humble France, and to revenge himself on King Louis Philippe and his Ministers for their previous conduct in the affairs of Spain. At this very moment, far from wishing to strengthen M. Guizot in his efforts to maintain peace, Lord Palmerston addressed to him a most offensive dispatch, and published it, with a view to weaken and injure the French Ministry.—H. R.]

naître. La difficulté est extrême. L'exaltation du pays n'a pas diminué, la formation du Cabinet donne aux amis de la paix plus de confiance, mais elle redouble l'ardeur des hommes qui poussent, ou qui se laissent pousser, à la guerre ; les malveillants et les rivaux exploiteront, fomenteront les préjugés nationaux, les passions nationales. La lutte sera très-vive et le péril toujours imminent. Je dirai la vérité. Je m'applique à éclaircir les esprits et à contenir les passions : je ne puis que cela. Ce n'est pas assez ; pour que le succès vienne à la raison, il faut qu'on m'aide. Deux sentiments sont ici en présence, le désir de la paix et l'honneur national. Je l'ai souvent dit à Londres, je le répète de Paris. Le sentiment de la France—je dis de la France, et non pas des brouillons et des factions—est qu'elle a été traitée légèrement, qu'on a sacrifié légèrement, sans motif suffisant, pour un intérêt secondaire son alliance, son amitié, son concours. Là est le grand mal qu'a fait la Convention du 15 Juillet, là est le grand obstacle à la politique et à la paix. Pour guérir ce mal, pour lever cet obstacle, il faut prouver à la France qu'elle se trompe, il faut lui prouver qu'on attache à son alliance, à son amitié, à son concours, beaucoup de prix, assez de prix pour lui faire quelque sacrifice. Ce n'est pas l'étendue, c'est le fait même du sacrifice qui importe, qu'indépendamment de la Convention du 15 Juillet quelque chose soit donné, évidemment donné, au désir de rentrer en bonne intelligence avec la France, et de la voir rentrer dans l'affaire, la paix pourra être maintenue et l'harmonie générale rétablie en Europe. Si on vous dit cela se peut, je suis prêt à faire les démarches nécessaires pour atteindre à ce but, et à en accepter la responsabilité, mais je ne veux pas me mettre en mouvement sans savoir si le but est possible à atteindre. Si on vous dit que cela ne se peut pas, qu'on entend s'en tenir rigoureusement aux premières stipulations du traité, et ne rien accorder, ne rien faire qui soit pour la France une preuve qu'on désire se rapprocher d'elle, pour le Cabinet une force dans la lutte qu'il a à soutenir, la situation restera violente et précaire, le Cabinet se tiendra immobile, dans l'isolement et l'attente. Je ne réponds pas de l'avenir. Dites cela à Lord Palmerston, c'est de lui que l'issue dépend. Il vous parlera de l'état de la Syrie, de l'insurrection du Liban, des progrès que font les Alliés. Répondez simplement que c'est là pour la France une raison de se montrer plus facile à satisfaire, mais que ce n'est pas pour l'Angle-

terre une raison de ne rien faire en considération de la France. Je n'ai encore rien dit, rien écrit nulle part. J'attends ce qu'on vous dira à Londres. . . .

Nothing can be better, more serious, or better calculated to produce an effect, if anything can, upon our impenetrable Cabinet. Bourqueney showed it in the first instance to Melbourne, who told him to show it to Palmerston; but he said he had scruples in doing that lest Palmerston should make him an answer calculated to exclude all hope of accommodation; but Melbourne hinted that he would take care of this, and accordingly he took it to Palmerston this morning. He read it, said it was very moderate, and praised the tone and language. But when Bourqueney began to ask what he had to say to the *fond*, he only talked of the practical difficulties, and ended without saying anything the least promising or satisfactory, though nothing decidedly the reverse. Bourqueney had previously been with Bülow, who is just come back, and who desires no better on the part of his Government than to join in any conciliatory measure we may adopt; and Esterhazy, who is expected every hour, will, he doubts not, be equally well disposed. But although such is the disposition both of Austria and Prussia, though the Queen is earnestly desirous of seeing tranquillity and security restored, and almost all, if not quite all, the Cabinet, are in favor of an accommodation with France, and France herself is prepared to accept the slightest advance offered in a conciliatory spirit, the personal determination of Palmerston will probably predominate over all these opinions and inclinations. He will put down or adjourn every proposal that is made, and if any should be adopted in spite of him, he will take care to mar it in the execution, to remove no difficulties, and create them where they don't already exist. The most extraordinary part of the whole affair is, that a set of men should consent to go on with another in whom they have not only no confidence, but whom they believe to be politically dishonest and treacherous, and that they should keep gravely discussing the adoption of measures with a full conviction that he will not fairly carry them out. It is like Jonathan Wild and his companions playing together in Newgate. I understand the last decision of the Cabinet is that Guizot is to be invited to say what would suit his case. There would be a difficulty in specifying what concessions

we should make, either for Mehemet Ali or his sons, because events are proceeding rapidly in Syria, and we *might be* offering what we have already restored to the Sultan, and what the Porte has assisted to recover for itself. It is settled that all this shall be fairly stated to Guizot, with an assurance that we are desirous of assisting him, together with our willingness to concert with him the means. This may do, if honestly and truly carried out.

Friday, November 13th.—The day before yesterday Bourqueney called on me, and brought me a letter from Guizot in reply to the one I had written him. He then proceeded to tell me all that had occurred since I had before seen him, and to this effect: On Saturday the Cabinet had resolved upon an invitation to Guizot to announce his wishes and ideas, and proposed a frank explanation *de part et d'autre* on the whole question. On Sunday, Palmerston communicated this to Bourqueney, and very faithfully. On Sunday or Monday arrived a dispatch from Metternich, first of all confirming Neumann as sole Minister to the Conference, and secondly announcing that any concession in Syria was *now* quite out of the question. This he told Bourqueney, and conveyed to Palmerston, to whom it was a great accession of force, and by this the disposition of Austria, and with it that of Bülow, became entirely changed, and very unfavorable to any transaction. On Monday morning Bourqueney received a letter from Guizot saying that he had had a conference with Lord Granville, to whom he had suggested various alternatives for a settlement on the basis of a concession, which Granville was by the same post to transmit to Palmerston, and he at the same time told Bourqueney what they were: Egypt hereditary, St. Jean d'Acre for life, and either Tripoli or Candia for one of his sons; or the hereditary Pashalik of Acre instead. On Monday night Bourqueney met Palmerston at dinner at the Mansion House, when he said to him, "You have heard from Lord Granville, and he has transmitted to you M. Guizot's proposals (or suggestions)." "No," said Palmerston, "I have heard from Lord Granville, but he sent me nothing specific on the part of Guizot. But come to Lady Palmerston's to-night from hence, and we will talk it over." He went there, and Palmerston read to him a long dispatch from Granville, but which, to his surprise, did not contain any of the specific propositions which Guizot had notified to him, and, con-

ceiving that Granville must have certain good reasons for this reticence, he resolved to say nothing of them either, and confined himself to mere general inquiries as to what could be done, to which he obtained no satisfactory reply, not a hope being held out of any concession. In this condition of affairs he came to me to tell me what passed and consult me as to the future. I told him that though there was the same desire for a reconciliation with France, and the same anxiety to assist M. Guizot on the part of my friends, when they came to consider what was possible and would be safe and justifiable, they were unable to find any expedient to meet the immense practical difficulties of the case; that events had proceeded with such celerity, and placed the question in so different a position, that concessions formerly contemplated as reasonable and possible were now out of the question. They all felt that they could offer nothing in Syria; that it was possible the Sultan might be actually in possession of any town or territory at the moment they were offering it, and that now justice to the people, honor and fidelity to our allies, especially to the Sultan himself, forbade us to make any concession whatever in that quarter. Bourqueney did not deny the force of this, but he said Guizot was sanguine as to the acceptance of some such terms as he had suggested, and it was of the last importance he should be undeceived, and made acquainted with the real truth, and know what he had to rely on. He said he would write, but he entreated me to write to him too, and to tell him the substance of what I had imparted to him. Accordingly I did write to Guizot at great length, setting forth in terms as strong as I could, and without any disguise, the difficulties of the case, and the utter unreasonableness of the French public in requiring, as a salve to their vanity, terms which we could neither in good policy nor good faith concede. We both agreed that under existing circumstances it was not desirable that Guizot should make any proposal to our Government, and so we both of us told him. Such was the result of a conversation which when reported to Guizot will be a bitter disappointment to him; but I concur with the rest, that we could not now make any of the concessions he was disposed to ask. Bourqueney suggested that if the chances of war should be hereafter favorable to the Pasha, if the Allies should make no impression upon Acre or the southwest part of Syria, then possibly some transaction on

such a basis might be possible. This, however, it was useless to discuss. Yesterday I saw Dedel, who has lately been at Walmer, and he told me the Duke of Wellington's opinion exactly coincided with ours, coincided both as to the impossibility of our making any concession in Syria, and to its perfect inutility if we did. We might degrade ourselves, weaken our own cause, but we should neither strengthen Guizot nor satisfy the cravings of French vanity and insolence, still less silence that revolutionary spirit which, not strong enough in itself, seeks to become formidable by stimulating the passions and allying itself with all the vanity, pride, and restlessness, besides desire for plunder, which are largely scattered throughout the country.

It is curious that Austria, hitherto so timid, should all of a sudden become so bold, for, besides this notification to Neumann, Metternich has said that, though we have instructed Ponsonby to move the Sultan to restore Mehemet Ali to Egypt, he has not given the same instructions to Stürmer, and that he wants to see the progress of events and the conduct of the Pasha before he does so.

Events have so befriended Palmerston that he is now in the right, and has got his colleagues with him; but where he is and always has been wrong is in his neglect of forms; the more *fortiter* he is *in re*, the more *suaviter* he ought to be *in modo*. But, while defending his policy or attacking that of France, he has never said what he might have done to conciliate, to soften, and to destroy those impressions of intended affronts and secret designs which have produced such violent effects on the French public. On the contrary, he has constantly, in his State papers, and still more in his newspapers, said what is calculated to irritate and provoke them to the greatest degree; but Dedel says this has always been his fault, in all times and in all his diplomatic dealings, and this is the reason he is so detested by all the Corps Diplomatique, and has made such enemies all over Europe. Guizot will now be cast on his own resources, and must try whether the language of truth and reason will be listened to in France; whether he can, by plain statements of facts, and reasonable deductions therefrom, dissipate those senseless prejudices and extravagant delusions which have excited such a tempest in the public mind. It is clear enough to me that, if he cannot, if vanity and resentment are too strong for sober reason and sound policy, no concessions we could

make would save him from downfall, or save Europe from the consequences of this moral deluge.

November 15th.—Two days ago Lord John Russell called on me. We had some talk, but nothing very conclusive. He said the operations in Syria could not go on much longer, and we are threatened with the greatest of all evils, the hanging over of the question for another year. This he thought the worst thing of all. It is curious that he told me Stopford wrote word he must send his ships into port, and all the authorities, military and naval, say nothing can be done after the 20th. Palmerston keeps telling Bourqueney they can go on all the winter, and that the operations will not be suspended at all. I asked Lord John, if the campaign did close, leaving the Pasha in possession of all the southwest of Syria, from Damascus to the Desert, and Acre unattacked, whether on such a status an agreement could not be concluded, terminating the contest by the concession of the original terms of the treaty. He said Melbourne would like that very well, but that there would be difficulties, and France would not come into the treaty on those terms. I told him I was pretty sure France would, though I did not tell him what had passed between Bourqueney and me. However, I sent for Bourqueney, and told him to propose nothing new, but to wait till the campaign was over, and in the meantime to prepare the way for some specific proposition which France might make in a spirit of amicable intervention to put an end to the contest.

December 4th.—In the course of the last three weeks, and since I last wrote, a mighty change has taken place; we have had the capture of St. Jean d'Acre and the debate in the French Chambers.[1] Palmerston is triumphant; everything has turned out well for him. He is justified by the success of his operations, and by the revelations in the speeches of Thiers and Rémusat. So, at least, the world will consider it, which does not examine deeply and compare curiously in order to form its judgments; and it must be acknowledged that he has a fair right to plume himself on his success. His colleagues have nothing more to say; and as Guizot makes a sort of common cause with him in the Chamber, and Thiers makes out a case for himself by de-

[1] [The bombardment and capture of St. Jean d'Acre by the allied fleet took place on the 3d November, while these diplomatic troubles were going on in London and Paris. The French Chambers opened on the 6th November.]

claring objects and designs which justify Palmerston's policy and acts, and as the Pasha is now reduced to the necessity of submission, the contest is at an end. Guizot continued up to the eve of the discussion to press us to do or say something to assist him; but when he found we could or would do nothing, he took the only line that was left him, and the best after all, and threw himself on the sense and reason of the country. He told the truth, and justified himself by vindicating us. He has done very well, and shown himself a good debater; but the discussion has been disgracefully personal, and with all the talent displayed they have not an idea how a deliberating assembly ought to conduct its debates, and the disclosures and revelations of official secrecy and confidence have been monstrous. Thiers has all along been playing a false, shuffling, tricky part, and at last he got so entangled in the meshes of his own policy, and so confused by the consequences of his double dealing, that he evidently did not know what to do; and the King had no difficulty in getting him out of a Government that he could no longer conduct. He says now that he meant to make war by-and-by; but though these menaces and the reasons he gives afford Palmerston his best justification, and are appealed to triumphantly by him and his friends, my own conviction is that Thiers would gladly have closed the account by a transaction, and that *at last* he would have come into the Treaty—if Palmerston would have let him in—upon terms much worse for the Pasha than those to which he would not have consented before July. Nothing that has occurred shakes my conviction that Palmerston was very wrong not to endeavor to bring France into the Treaty and to offer the *status quo*, though it is very possible France would have refused it. If the French Government were on the one hand resolved to agree to nothing, and under no circumstances to join in coercing the Pasha, Palmerston on the other was as obstinately determined to settle the business his own way, and not to make any proposal to France which she would or could accept. They both stood aloof, and both were immensely to blame. Palmerston has taken his success without any appearance of triumph or a desire to boast over those who doubted or opposed him; whatever may be said or thought of his policy, it is impossible not to do justice to the vigor of his execution. Mr. Pitt (Chatham) could not have manifested more decision and resource. He would not

hear of delays and difficulties, sent out peremptory orders to attack Acre, and he provided in his instructions with great care and foresight for every contingency. There can be no doubt that it was the capture of Acre which decided the campaign; and the success is much more attributable to Palmerston than to our naval and military commanders, and probably solely to him.

Yesterday I saw the Baron Mounier, who is come over here, on a sort of mission, to talk about possible arrangements, from Guizot. He still pertinaciously urges our doing or saying something demonstrative of a disposition to be reconciled with France, and that, in the ultimate settlement of the Eastern Question, we wish to show her some deference. He wants (Syria being gone) that we should make out that it is from consideration for France that Egypt is left to the Pasha. I told him the only difficulty appeared to be that as we had already announced we had no intention to strip him of Egypt, and had signified long ago that we had advised the Sultan to restore him to that Government, I did not see how we could now make any such declaration available, and that it would go for nothing. But he said he thought by a not difficult employment of diplomatic phraseology much might be done; and he suggested that there must be some definite settlement of the whole question, including stipulations and guarantees for the Syrian population (of the mountains, I presume), and to this France might be invited to accede. In short, nothing will satisfy her but having a finger in the pie upon any terms. What Guizot now wants is to renew the English alliance. So he said when he went away; but it may well be doubted whether the French are not too sulky with us and too deeply mortified not to make this an unpopular attempt just now. Mounier is the son of Mounier the Constitutionalist, entirely in Guizot's confidence, a talkative man not seemingly brilliant, but he is well versed in affairs, an active member of the Chamber of Peers, and considered indispensable there as a *rédacteur* and transactor of Parliamentary business.

December 13th.—For the last week at Norman Court, during which little or nothing has happened; but I heard one or two things before I left town. Guizot had made a direct application to Palmerston for his permission to attribute the leaving of Egypt to Mehemet Ali, to the influence of France, and to a desire to gratify her. This Palmerston

(through Lord Granville) refused; but Guizot had not waited for the answer, and in his speech he said so, and it was not without its use. But while everything was on the point of being settled, Metternich (who is always in hot or cold fits of courage or cowardice) sends over a proposal that Egypt shall only be granted to Mehemet Ali for his own and his son's lives, and not hereditary. For what possible reason this absurd proposition was made, unless to create embarrassment and rekindle animosities, nobody can conceive; though probably the real solution is that Metternich is in his dotage, has no policy in his brain, and acts from foolish impulses. I have heard no more of it; and though Palmerston would not be at all averse to the proposal as a matter of inclination, I do not suspect him of the folly of listening to it, and, if he did, his colleagues would not.

December 29th.—Went on Thursday last to the Grange, and returned yesterday. Just before I went, the Duke of Bedford called on me; he was just come from Woburn, where he had had a great party—Melbourne, like a boy escaped from school, in roaring spirits. They anticipate an easy session, and all Melbourne's alarm and despondency are quickly succeeded by joy at having got out of a scrape, and confidence that all difficulties are surmounted and all opposition will be silenced. But it now comes out that of all who were opposed to Palmerston's policy, not one—not even Lord Holland—was *in his heart* so averse to, and so afraid of it, as Melbourne himself; and, nevertheless, he would say nothing and do nothing to impede or alter it. Palmerston is now doing his best to flatter Lord John out of any remains of sourness or soreness that their recent disputes may have left in his mind; and (passing over all that subsequently occurred) he writes to him to invite him to Broadlands, and says that while their recent successes have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, he never shall forget how much of them is owing to the powerful support which he (Lord John) gave to him (Palmerston) in the *Treaty*. There is, it must be owned, astuteness in this; for Lord John's original support of the Treaty, and Palmerston's success in the operations, bind them indissolubly together, and it is very wise to put this prominently forward and cancel the recollection of all the rest.

But while public opinion appears to be universally pronounced in Palmerston's favor, and the concurrent applause

of all the Tory papers indicates the satisfaction of that party, some circumstances lead me to believe that their approbation of the Treaty of July, and of all Palmerston's proceedings under it, is by no means so certain as the Government believe. At the Grange I found Lord Ashburton loud in his condemnation of the whole thing, talking exactly as we have all been talking and writing for many weeks past; and what surprised me much more was, that, in a conversation which I had with Granville Somerset yesterday, he expressed precisely the same opinions; and when I expressed my surprise at his language, and said that I had fancied all the Tories were enraptured with Palmerston, he replied that he had no reason to believe any such thing; that he had not met (among the many with whom he had conversed) with any such general and unqualified approbation; and he believed both the Duke and Peel had carefully abstained from pronouncing any opinion whatever on the subject, leaving themselves entire liberty to deal with the whole question as they might think fit. The notion is, that the Tories are charmed with a transaction which separates us from France, but Lord Ashburton and Granville Somerset—a bigoted Tory, if ever there was one—inveighed against the Treaty precisely because it had produced that consequence. It is the approbation expressed by Aberdeen, both before and since our successes, which has led to the general belief that the Tories are with the Government on this matter, for Aberdeen is regarded as their mouth-piece upon all questions of foreign policy. I had another conversation with Mounier just before he went. He had been to Strathfieldsaye, and was delighted with his reception by the Duke, and with the tone and tenor of his talk, anxious for a reconciliation with France, and entering into the whole history of our mutual relations from the Restoration to the present day, as he said, with the greatest clearness, precision, and solidity. He admitted that Guizot's was a very difficult situation, and the restoration of amicable feelings between the two countries very difficult also, but a thing earnestly to be desired.

December 31*st*.—The end of the year is a point from which, as from a sort of eminence, one looks back over the past, happy if the prospect is not gloomy, and if the retrospect carries with it no feelings of regret and self-reproach. The past year has been full (as what year is not ?) of events, of which that which has made the deepest impression on

society is the death of Lord Holland. I doubt, from all I see, whether anybody (except his own family, including Allen) had really a very warm affection for Lord Holland, and the reason probably is that he had none for anybody. He was a man with an inexhaustible good-humor, and an ever-flowing nature, but not of strong feelings; and there are men whose society is always enjoyed but who never inspire deep and strong attachment. I remember to have heard good observers say that Lady Holland had more feeling than Lord Holland—would regret with livelier grief the loss of a friend than this equable philosopher was capable of feeling. The truth is social qualities—merely social and intellectual—are not those which inspire affection. A man may be steeped in faults and vices, nay, in odious qualities, and yet be the object of passionate attachment, if he is only what the Italians term "*simpatico.*"

CHAPTER X.

Successes in India, China, and Syria—The Hereditary Pashalik of Egypt—Lord Palmerston's Hostility to France—Lord Palmerston and the Tories—His Extraordinary Position—A Communication from M. Guizot—Death of the Duchess of Cannizzaro—Her History—Dinner with Lady Holland—Macaulay's Conversation—Opening of the Session—A Sheriff's Dinner—Hullah's Music Lecture—Tory Successes—Duke of Wellington ill—Irish Registration Bill—Opposed by the Conservatives—Conservative Government of Ireland—Petulance of Lord Palmerston—Double Dealing of Lord Palmerston—Ill Temper of the French—M. Dedel's Account of the State of Affairs—M. Dedel's Account corrected—Termination of the Disputes with France—Bad News from China—Hostility of the United States—The Sultan's Hatti-sherif—The Hatti-sherif disapproved by some Ministers—Peel's Liberality—The Hatti-sherif disavowed—The Bishop of Exeter left in the Lurch—Poor-Law Amendment Bill—Lord Granville's Illness—Death of Mrs. Algernon Greville—Loss of "The President"—Government defeated—China Troubles—Danger of the Government.

January 7th, 1841.—Yesterday arrived (through the French telegraph) the news of the death of the King of Lahore, the surrender of Dost Mahomed, and the settlement of the Chinese quarrel, all coming just in time to swell out the catalogue of successes to be announced in the Queen's Speech. In France the aspect of affairs is improving, the King has given answers on New-Year's-Day which he would not have ventured to make a short time ago, and His Majesty assures Lord Granville that the war fever is rapidly diminishing. The French hardly trouble themselves now (except in an occasional undergrowl in some Liberal paper) about

Syria, and the Government considering Mehemet Ali's destiny decided, only desire to be readmitted into the great European Council, for the purpose of participating in the measures to be adopted for determining the condition of the Christian population of Syria, and for securing Constantinople from any exclusive protection or influence.

At this moment, however, everything is unsettled with regard to Egypt, and Lord Ponsonby has been acting in his usual furious style with such effect that it is not at all certain the question will be settled without a good deal of trouble. Upon the receipt, at Constantinople, of Napier's unauthorized Convention with the Pasha, Ponsonby instantly assembled the ambassadors, moved that it should be rejected and disavowed, and signified the same to the Ministers of the Porte, who, of course, desired no better than to acquiesce. At Ponsonby's instigation, Redschid Pasha wrote to say that the Sultan utterly disavowed this Convention; that he might be disposed, out of deference to his allies, and at their request, to grant some temporary favor and indulgence to the family of the Pasha, but as to the hereditary possession of Egypt, *he had never heard of*, or contemplated, any such thing, nor would ever listen to it; and he reminded the Allied Powers that such a grant would be in direct contravention of the principle of the Treaty itself, which had for its object the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It remains to be seen what will be done at Constantinople when the intelligence of Stopford's Convention (so to call it) arrives there, which, in fact, differs in no respect from that of Napier; but it is very extraordinary that Ponsonby should write word that the Sultan had never *heard* any question of the hereditary grant of Egypt, when, in the middle of October, a dispatch was written to him (which was at the same time communicated to the French Government) ordering him to propose to the Sultan this restitution. Unless, therefore, this dispatch was not sent, or he took upon himself to disobey his instruction, it must be false that the Turkish Government never heard of such a question. Lord John Russell, who went to Broadlands the other day, wrote to Melbourne that he found Bülow, Neumann, and Esterhazy there, and there seemed to be a great deal of discussion going on between them all, and much doubt as to the question of *hérédité*, but that he was of opinion that this question admitted of no doubt, and that

we were bound to insist upon it after the assurances we had given to France. Of Palmerston's opinions he did not say a word. However, whether Palmerston wishes to push matters to further extremities against the Viceroy or not, he will hardly attempt it, for, easy as he has hitherto found it, with the opportune aid of events, to baffle all opposition in the Cabinet, he would certainly meet with a resistance to any such design that he would not be able to overcome. His successes have not made him more moderate and conciliatory toward France, and I have no doubt that if he had the drawing up of the Queen's Speech, he would take an insulting and triumphant tone in it, which would fan the expiring flame of passion and hostility, and widen the breach between the two countries.

The other day Lord Clarendon wrote to him, sending a sort of message from the French Court (through Madame de Montjoie) expressive of a hope that a conciliatory disposition would prevail; to which he responded in a strain of insolent invective against France and her designs, saying that her object was to extort concessions from us which we should never make, and that now we were strong in our alliance with the other Powers we might defy her to injure us. This letter Clarendon showed to Melbourne, who had asked him if he knew what Palmerston's feelings were (he himself knowing nothing), and he was, of course, struck with the bitterness and asperity of his tone. Melbourne told Clarendon that Palmerston was still very sore at the articles which had appeared in the *Times*, and at the communications that had taken place between parties here and their French correspondents, and he particularly mentioned Reeve's with Tocqueville—Lord Lansdowne having probably shown Palmerston the letter which Tocqueville wrote to Reeve[1] just before the great debate in the Chamber. Clarendon said he could not imagine what Palmerston had to complain of in the *Times*, as, though there had been some articles attacking him, the far greater number had been in his favor.

[1] [This was a very remarkable letter M. de Tocqueville wrote to me in November, showing the danger of driving France to extremities, which might involve the overthrow of the Government in that country. Tocqueville was always penetrated with the conviction that the throne of Louis Philippe rested on no solid foundation; and undoubtedly the Treaty of July, 1840, was a severe blow to its stability, and led to further disputes, and more fatal consequences. The letter in question was shown by me to Lord Lansdowne, and I was told it was read to the Cabinet. At any rate, it was read by Lord Melbourne, who attached great importance to it.—H. R.]

Melbourne said there had been a great deal the other way, and that Palmerston and his Tory friends with whom he had communicated had been constantly surprised to find that there was an influence stronger than their own in that quarter.

January 9th.—The other day at Windsor, when Clarendon was sitting talking with Melbourne, the latter in his lounging way, as if thinking aloud, said, "In all my experience, I never remember such a state of things as the present; I never remember, in the course of my political life, anything at all like it; it can't last—it's impossible this Government can go on; Palmerston in communication with the Tories—Palmerston and Ashley—" and then he stopped. Clarendon said, "What! you think Palmerston and the Tories will come together?" To which Melbourne nodded assent. "And which," Clarendon persevered, "will come to the other: will Palmerston go to Ashley, or will Ashley come to Palmerston?" To which Melbourne chuckled and grunted, laughed and rubbed his hands, and only said, "Oh, I don't know." These are the sentiments of the Prime Minister about his own Government—a strange state of things: while Palmerston is in confidential communication with the Tories, or some of them, for the purpose of obtaining their support to his policy, half of his own colleagues, though committed, being adverse to it, and regarded by him as his worst adversaries. He and John Russell, the two Secretaries of State—the latter leader of the House of Commons—pass some days together in the house of the former, without exchanging one word upon the subject of foreign policy, and Lord John is reduced to the necessity of gathering in conversation from Neumann and Esterhazy what Palmerston's views and opinions are. These two diplomats expressed the greatest indignation at Ponsonby's proceedings, and Palmerston himself has renewed to Bourqueney the assurances of his resolution to adhere to the engagements he had already made to France with regard to Egypt. Melbourne, however, acknowledged that he was entirely in the dark as to Palmerston's real views and opinions, as he believed was every one of his colleagues. He has no intimacy, no interchange of thought and complete openness with anybody, and all they know is (and that only as soon as he thinks fit to impart it) his notions with regard to each particular question as its exigencies become pressing. His position, how-

ever, is now a very remarkable one. Belonging to a Government almost every member of which dislikes or distrusts him, he has acquired, by recent events, a great reputation, and is looked upon generally as a bold, able, and successful statesman. In the event of a dislocation of parties, he is free to adopt any course, and to join with any party.[1] Almost all the domestic questions which have hitherto excited interest have been settled, compromised, or thrown aside, and a sudden interest has been awakened, and attention generally drawn to our foreign policy and international relations. All that has recently occurred—our treaties and our warlike operations—are not looked upon as the work of the Government, but as that of Palmerston alone—Palmerston, in some degree, as contradistinguished from the Government. All this confers upon him a vast importance, and enables him, neither unreasonably nor improbably, to aspire to head and direct any Government that may hereafter be formed by a dissolution and fresh combination of parties.

January 13th.—Notwithstanding the comparative tranquillity which now prevails in France, the madness of that people having taken another turn, and venting itself upon a reckless expenditure, and the extravagant project of fortifying Paris, Guizot is evidently aware of, and alarmed at, certain intrigues now at work for the purpose of his ejection. Of these Molé is the object or the agent, or both. Guizot sent over the other day to Reeve a paper, cleverly done, in which Molé's position was discussed, and the morality as well as possibility of his coming into office with the aid of a coalition.

The other day died the Duchess of Cannizzaro, a woman of rather amusing notoriety, whom the world laughed with and laughed at, while she was alive, and will regret a little because she contributed in some degree to their entertain-

[1] [I believe at this time, Lord Palmerston, irritated by the opposition and distrust of his own colleagues, and encouraged by the applause of the Tories, who were delighted at the rupture of the alliance with France, and eager to bully that country, did contemplate a junction with the Tory party. But to this there was an insurmountable obstacle, the deep distrust and dislike of Sir Robert Peel, who thought Palmerston a dangerous and mischievous Foreign Minister, and the hostility of Lord Aberdeen. In fact, when these statesmen came into office a few months later, they applied themselves mainly to obliterate the traces of Palmerston's quarrels. Nothing would have induced Sir Robert Peel to take Palmerston into his Cabinet. It was otherwise, some years later, when Lord Stanley had succeeded to the leadership of the Conservative Party, and at that time the negotiations between him and Lord Palmerston were renewed, though without any result.—H. R.]

ment. She was a Miss Johnstone, and got from her brother a large fortune; she was very short and fat, with rather a handsome face, totally uneducated, but full of humor, vivacity, and natural drollery, at the same time passionate and capricious. Her all-absorbing interest and taste was music, to which all her faculties and time were devoted. She was eternally surrounded with musical artists, was their great patroness, and at her house the world was regaled with the best music that art could supply. Soon after her brother's death, she married the Count St. Antonio (who was afterward made Duke of Cannizzaro), a good-looking, intelligent, but penniless Sicilian of high birth, who was pretty successful in all ways in society here. He became disgusted with her, however, and went off to Italy, on a separate allowance which she made him. After a few years he returned to England, and they lived together again; he not only became more disgusted than before, but he had in the meantime formed a *liaison* at Milan with a very distinguished woman there, once a magnificent beauty, but now as old and as large as his own wife, and to her he was very anxious to return. This was Madame Visconti (mother of the notorious Princess Belgioso), who, though no longer young, had fine remains of good looks, and was eminently pleasing and attractive. Accordingly, St. Antonio took occasion to elope (by himself) from some party of pleasure at which he was present with his spouse, and when she found that he had gone off without notice or warning, she first fell into violent fits of grief, which were rather ludicrous than affecting, and then set off in pursuit of her faithless lord. She got to Dover, where the sight of the rolling billows terrified her so much, that, after three days of doubt whether she should cross the water or not, she resolved to return, and weep away her vexation in London. Not long afterward, however, she plucked up courage, and taking advantage of a smooth sea she ventured over the Straits, and set off for Milan, if not to recover her fugitive better half, at all events to terrify her rival and disturb their joys. The advent of the Cannizzaro woman was to the Visconti like the irruption of the Huns of old. She fled to a villa near Milan, which she proceeded to garrison and fortify, but finding that the other was not provided with any implements for a siege, and did not stir from Milan, she ventured to return to the city, and for some time these ancient heroines drove about the town

glaring defiance and hate at each other, which was the whole amount of the hostilities that took place between them. Finding her husband was irrecoverable, she at length got tired of the hopeless pursuit, and resolved to return home, and console herself with her music and whatever other gratifications she could command. Not long after, she fell in love with a fiddler at a second-rate theatre in Milan, and carried him off to England, which he found, if not the most agreeable, the most profitable business he could engage in. The affair was singular and curious, as showing what society may be induced to put up with. There was not the slightest attempt to conceal this connection ; on the contrary, it was most ostentatiously exhibited to the world, but the world agreed to treat it as a joke, and do nothing but laugh at it. The only difference "the Duchesse" ever found was, that her Sunday parties were less well attended ; but this was because the world (which often grows religious, but never grows moral) had begun to take it into its head that it would keep holy the Sabbath *night*. The worst part of the story was, that this profligate blackguard bullied and plundered her without mercy or shame, and she had managed very nearly to ruin herself before her death. What she had left, she bequeathed to her husband, notwithstanding his infidelities and his absence.

January 21*st*.—I dined with Lady Holland yesterday. Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to be pretty well forgotten.[1] The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob-cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century ago. Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world. Macaulay dined there, and I never was more struck than upon this occasion by the inexhaustible variety and extent of his information. He is not so *agreeable* as such powers and resources ought to make any man, because the vessel out of which it is all poured forth is so ungraceful and uncouth; his voice unmusical and monotonous, his face not merely inexpressive, but positively heavy and dull, no fire in his eye, no intelligence playing round his mouth, nothing which bespeaks the genius and learning stored within and which burst out with such extraordinary force. It is impossible to

[1] [He had been dead three months.]

mention any book in any language with which he is not familiar; to touch upon any subject, whether relating to persons or things, on which he does not know everything that is to be known. And if he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful. What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, that "his memory has swamped his mind;" and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less abundantly stored with the riches of the minds of others. We had yesterday a party well composed for talk, for there were listeners of intelligence and a good specimen of the sort of society of this house—Macaulay, Melbourne, Morpeth, Duncannon, Baron Rolfe, Allen and Lady Holland, and John Russell came in the evening. I wish that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down all the conversation, or that I could have carried it away in my head; because it was curious in itself, and curiously illustrative of the characters of the performers. Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. "Sir Thomas More," said Lady Holland, "I did not know he had been Speaker." "Oh, yes," said Macaulay, "don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?" and then he told the whole of that well-known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, among a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's "Life of Warren Hastings," which Macaulay said was the worst book that ever was written; and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished; when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had

had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went up-stairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, not a great deal. He had read Chrysostom when he was in India; that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast; and he had read some of Athanasius. "I remember a sermon," he said, "of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch;" and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland, got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro, and with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll?* when were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older; and quoted Persius for

"Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ,"

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll.

The conversation then ran upon Milman's "History of Christianity," which Melbourne praised, the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself, the opinion of the world thereupon, and so on to Strauss's book and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical. Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a *myth* by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of "mythical" it was not necessary to go so far back; that, for instance, we might take the case of William Huntington, S. S.: that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new

pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical. Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's "Life," but my farthing rush-light was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all-grasping and all-retaining memory, for he at once came in with the whole minute account of this transaction : how Huntington had prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

January 30th.—Parliament opened on Tuesday last with a very meagre speech, on which no amendment could be hung. The Duke spoke extremely well in the House of Lords, and Peel the same in the House of Commons. Both approved (the Duke without any qualification, Peel more guardedly) of the foreign policy of the Government, and both said everything that was conciliatory, flattering, and cordial to France. John Russell and Palmerston both spoke in the same tone, the latter especially, and his speech was totally free from anything like triumph or exultation ; in short, nothing could be more favorable for Government than what passed, and nothing more creditable to the country. It was temperate and dignified, and exhibited a strong contrast to the fury and bluster of the French debates and the Press, and consequently displayed the superiority in every respect of our national character over theirs. At present everything promises a very easy session, and the Conservatives are confessedly reduced to look to the chapter of accidents for some event which may help them to turn out the Government and get hold of their places.[1] Lord John said something about Lord Holland in the House of Commons, but Melbourne could not be prevailed upon to say anything in the House of Lords. Lady Holland was satisfied with Lord John's speech, but though it was a prettily turned compliment, it was of no great service in relieving him from the charges which have been leveled at him in some of the newspapers.[2]

[1] [It is curious that a session which was destined to witness the important proposals of the Whigs in the direction of free trade, and to end so disastrously for the Liberal party, and so well for the Conservatives, should have begun thus tamely.]

[2] [Lord Holland had been attacked for the part he took in opposition to the Treaty of July in the preceding year, and for his earnest endeavors to avert a rupture with France. The best answer to these aspersions on the conduct of a most excellent man and true patriot occurs in a letter from M. Guizot to Lady Holland of January 3, 1841, which has recently been published. I transcribe the following sentences :

"J'ai ressenti un vrai, un vif chagrin quand j'ai vu le nom qui vous est

February 1st.—The Sheriffs' dinner at the Lord President's on Saturday.[1] It must be owned they decide very conscientiously. One man asked for exemption because he had, by keeping away Conservative votes, decided an election in favor of a Whig candidate, and, though otherwise disposed to let him off, they made him Sheriff directly on reading this excuse. I sat next to Palmerston. It was amusing to see how everything is blown over, and how success and the necessity of making common cause has reconciled all jarring sentiments; and it was amusing to hear Melbourne in one house and John Russell in the other vigorously defending and praising Palmerston's policy. It must be owned that Palmerston has conducted himself well under the circumstances, without any air of triumph or boasting either over his colleagues or his opponents or the French. He has deserved his success by the moderation with which he has taken it. I saw Bourqueney last night, delighted with all that was said in Parliament, especially, of course, by the Duke and Peel, but well satisfied with John Russell and Palmerston, and he owned the tone of the latter was unexceptionable.

February 4th.—Went the night before last to Exeter Hall, to hear Mr. Hullah[2] give a lecture on the teaching of vocal music in the Poor Law Schools (and elsewhere). Very

cher compromis d'une façon si inconvenante dans nos débats. J'aurais voulu raconter moi-même, à tout le monde, sa bienveillance si sincère pour la France, son désir si persévérant de maintenir entre nos deux pays une amitié qu'il regardait comme excellente pour tous les deux, et en même temps sa constante préoccupation pour son propre pays, son dévouement si tendre pour la Reine, son attachement si fidèle pour ses collègues. Je n'ai rencontré personne qui sût concilier à ce point tous les devoirs, tous les sentiments, toutes les idées. Dans la confiance de nos entretiens j'ai bien souvent regretté que tout le monde ne fût pas là pour l'entendre, tout le monde, Anglais, Français, ceux dont il ne partageait pas les opinions comme ceux qui étaient de son avis. Il aurait exercé sur tout le monde une influence bien salutaire, et les absurdes propos qui ont été tenus, depuis qu'il n'est plus là, auraient été complètement impossibles."]

[1] [The list of Sheriffs for the ensuing year is settled at an annual dinner attended by the Cabinet Ministers, when the three names designated by the judges for each county are passed in review, excuses considered, and one of the number chosen to be submitted to the Queen.]

[2] [I had myself put Mr. Hullah in relation with the Government, and with Mr. Eden, who tried his system of musical instruction (based on Wilhem's plan) at the schools at Battersea. Indeed, I persuaded Hullah to go to France to study Wilhem's system, which was in operation there. Lord Lansdowne saw that musical education was a neutral ground on which all parties (those most divided) might agree; and he took up this idea with success. Sydney Smith went to this lecture, to Hullah's great delight, and it was very successful. Mr. Hullah, after a long and useful career, died in 1884.—H. R.]

interesting, well done, and the illustration of his plan by the boys of Dr. Kay's school and other (adult) pupils of Hullah's was excellent. The plan has been tried with great success in France, Germany, and Switzerland, and the Education Committee are disposed to assist in giving it a trial here. These plans, which are founded in benevolence and a sincere desire for the diffusion of good among the people, merit every encouragement, and will in the end get it, for there is, in the midst of much indifference and prejudice, a growing disposition to ameliorate the condition of the masses, both morally and physically.

Yesterday all the Tories were in high glee at their success at the Canterbury and Walsall elections, the former not having been expected by either party, and nevertheless they had a majority of 165 votes. It is certainly curious, for the Government have a right to be popular, or at least to expect that no tide of unpopularity should rise against them; and after all their successes, and the declared inability of their opponents to find fault with them, it is strange that they should lose ground to the extent that they have. The Government see all the danger of their position, and how very probable it is that they may be reduced to the necessity of resignation or dissolution, and, though they have no hopes of bettering themselves by the latter, they have made up their minds to try the experiment, in order that they may give the Queen no reason to accuse them of unnecessarily deserting her, and not exhausting every expedient to retain their places before they give them up. They are, however, very much divided upon the question of what to dissolve upon, some being for so doing on Stanley's Irish Registration Bill, if then defeated, while others (more judiciously, *mea sententia*) are against going to the country on any Irish question.[1]

[1] [The Irish system for the registration of voters differed materially from that of England. In Ireland, every person claiming to vote for the first time was obliged to prove his title; in England, all claims were admitted that were not objected to, and other abuses had crept in. Attempts had been made by the Government to remedy this evil, but in vain; and in 1840 Lord Stanley, then in Opposition, took it in hand, and brought in an Irish Registration Bill, which was opposed by O'Connell and by Lord Morpeth, then Irish Secretary, but on two successive divisions Ministers were beaten. This Bill was, however, withdrawn. In 1841 Lord Stanley and Lord Morpeth both brought in Irish Registration Bills; the former was meant to clear the Register of fictitious voters, the latter was a Reform Bill in disguise, for it extended the franchise to leaseholders rated at £5 a year. The contest between these two rival Bills occupied the early parts of the session. The second reading of Lord Morpeth's Bill

February 9th.—The Duke of Wellington had an attack the other night in the House of Lords, and was taken home speechless, but not senseless. It was severe, but short, and after the stomach was relieved, he rapidly recovered, and in a day or two *pronounced* himself as well as ever. Of course the alarm was very great. He is very eager about politics, and the Tory language is that of exceeding gloom about the general aspect of affairs, while their own affairs, as far as elections are concerned, flourish. In Monmouthshire the Whig has resigned without a contest; the Tories affect to consider Morpeth's Registration Bill as a revolution, while the Whigs pretend that Stanley's will make every county in Ireland a close Orange borough. Perhaps the debates may strike out something approaching to the truth. Great disquietude at the French armaments, considerable uneasiness at the dispute with America, and much disgust at our having been apparently bamboozled by the Chinese, form the principal topics of political grievance and complaint.

February 12th.—The other day I met Lord Howick, and had a talk with him about the Irish questions now pending. The Government are much pleased with his support of Morpeth's Bill. As he stands, as it were, midway between the two Bills, I asked him to explain to me the merits of the question, which he did, as it seemed to me, fairly enough. He approves of the machinery of Stanley's registration, and of Morpeth's definition of the franchise, not binding himself to *amount*, but not objecting to that proposed. He showed me a letter he wrote to Stanley, in a very amicable strain, setting forth the danger which he thought would attend any settlement of the question which did not embrace a definition of the franchise, and entreating him to reconsider the question, for the purpose of coming to some arrangement. The answer was not encouraging, for it consisted of a note from Lady Stanley to Lady Howick, in which she said that Stanley had got the gout in his hand, and could not write, but desired her to say that he entirely disagreed with Howick. Howick talked sensibly enough about it, and asked me if I could not do anything to bring about a compromise, his notion being that there should be a committee above-stairs to take evidence as to the effect of the £5 franchise, and that

was carried by 299 to 294, but eventually the qualification clause was struck out of the Bill in Committee by a division of 300 to 294 on April 29th. (See Walpole's "History of England," vol. iii, p. 520.)]

only the principle of definition should be admitted. I told him I had no means whatever, had no access to any of the leaders, that the only men to whom I could talk were Graham or FitzGerald, and that if I fell in with either, I would see if any possibility presented itself.

February 14th.—The day before yesterday I met Graham by accident at Boodle's, so I took the opportunity of talking to him about these Bills, and I soon found that there is no possibility of any compromise. He expressed the greatest alarm and disgust at Morpeth's measure; said that he had never seen Stanley so determined, and that he and Peel both entirely agreed with him; that he could not understand how John Russell, or indeed any member of Lord Grey's Government, could consent to such a violation of the principle of the Reform Bill, and to the formation of a new franchise, which, if granted, must entail similar concessions in England and Scotland; that the intention of the framers of the Reform Bill was that, in the counties, property and not numbers should have influence, and the effect of this Bill would be to transfer influence from property to numbers. He spoke much of the unpopularity of the Government, which he attributed to the Irish connection, and thought that this Bill would do them great harm in England. When I urged the importance of settling affairs in Ireland, and not leaving such a question as this to unite all the country against them, if they came in again, and to revive the great power of O'Connell, which had for some time been waning, and I pointed out the great danger that might arise from Ireland in the present unsettled state of Europe, he said, rather than consent to such a measure as this, he was prepared to encounter every difficulty and danger; he would never consent to transfer power from the landed interest to the multitude; and as long as the priests interfered in Irish elections, it could not be expected that landlords would not counteract that influence by diminishing as much as they could the numbers of those who were made to act under it; that the old saying that Cromwell had confiscated too much, or exterminated too little, was the truth; he saw no way of pacifying that country, and as to concessions they must have a limit, every concession had been made that could be reasonably desired, and he would do no more. If they came into power, he would be prepared to govern equitably, without fear or favor, encouraging, without reference to political

or religious opinions, all those who supported the British connection, and with a determination to uphold without flinching the national institutions. I asked him if he thought no transaction could be effected with the Irish priests, so as to reconcile them to Government; but he said that none was, he thought, now feasible. He had been for the measure, but now England would not grant an establishment to the Catholic clergy, and if she would, they would not accept it, for they never would abandon the advantages they enjoyed under the present system of voluntary contributions, which was in most cases more profitable than any provision which could possibly be held out to them.

The result of all this presents very serious matter for reflection, for this Irish question will probably draw a broad line of separation between parties, afford respective rallying-points, and secure a formidable and united opposition if the Tories come in; and one cannot regard without the greatest apprehension the prospect of a systematic determined hostility on the part of the Irish masses toward this country with the certainty almost that the ground on which the battle will be fought will be that of maintaining the Irish Church. This is in point of fact the interest which the Tory or English party regard. Ireland is denied her share in representation, hers is made an exceptional case, because she is under Catholic influence, and because that Catholic influence will, they suspect, if ever it is strong enough, exert its strength in overturning the English Church. I do not think anybody of sense and information believes that the Irish Catholic clergy or laity have any disinclination to British connection, except so far as they are in their own eyes degraded or injured by it. There exists, and there ever will exist, that one deep feeling, constantly kept burning in the minds of the laity by the undying zeal of the clergy, that Catholic Ireland is insulted and impoverished by the vast Protestant ecclesiastical establishment, that in the most important, the most heart-stirring of all interests, an interest at once temporal and spiritual, they are stripped of those equal and essential rights which are possessed by England and Scotland. I have never doubted that sooner or later this contest would arise, and that the end of it will be, however long in coming, the downfall of the Church of England in Ireland, as fall it ought.[1]

[1] [This prediction was fulfilled in 1868. But the measure was not followed by that cessation of discord which Mr. Greville hopefully anticipated from it.]

February 27th.—The debate lasted four nights on Morpeth's Bill, and Ministers got a majority of five, both sides bringing down the sick and the dying without remorse. A close division and parties nicely balanced, extinguish all feelings of humanity. The best speeches were Charles Buller's, Sheil's, Follett's, Peel's, and John Russell's. It is supposed this will bolster them up for the Session, but something still depends on Stanley's Bill.

Foreign affairs have assumed a better aspect. A negotiation is going on *here* for the purpose of inviting France to join the alliance, and take part in the final settlement of the Eastern Question, which she desires no better than to accept, and then to disarm; indeed, she has already begun to do so. The delay is occasioned by some difficulty as to the forms to be adopted. The French want some phrases, which don't seem unreasonable in themselves, but about which the Russian makes a difficulty. There is to be a Note, and in this Note Bourqueney wishes it to be expressly stated that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is now secured, but Brunnow makes this strange objection, that they should thereby be admitting the *de jure* occupation of Algiers by the French. This seems such a frivolous objection that it is difficult to conceive it can be the real one. The wonder is that Palmerston, who carries everything with so high a hand, does not overrule it *auctoritate sua.* He has been showing off his flippancy lately, not only to France, but to Austria, writing dispatches to Lord Granville, which are in such a tone that he complains bitterly of being instructed to read them to Guizot; and, with regard to Austria, this occurred: Metternich wrote some letter complaining of delay in settling the question of Mehemet Ali's hereditary possession of Egypt, which, it seems, nettled Palmerston, and he wrote a remarkably clever but very insolent answer, in which he reviewed the vacillations and inconsistencies of the Austrian Cabinet in a very offensive style. This dispatch was read by the Cabinet; and I fancy generally disapproved, very much so by Melbourne, who, however, did not interfere, and let it go. But Frederick Lamb, who has all the confidence and courage which Melbourne wants, very quietly put it in his drawer, and wrote word to Palmerston that circumstances were changed and he should not give it to Metternich. Melbourne was very much pleased at this, and said it was very judicious; but he forgot that it was his

business to stop it in the first instance, and that, thinking it imprudent, as Prime Minister he ought to have put his veto on it. But he is only Prime Minister in name, and has no authority. He is all in all at Buckingham Palace, but very little in Downing Street.

March 2d, Tuesday.—On Sunday I met Bourqueney at dinner. He was very gloomy, talked of the debate in the Chamber and the declarations in favor of keeping up the *isolement* as "*très-grave*," and then complained bitterly, but obscurely, of the difficulties he encountered here, and how hard it was, after the unanimous expressions in both Houses of Parliament, that such obstacles should be cast in the way of a settlement, hinting at Palmerston as the cause, but without being explicit; indeed, it was in the carriage going to Lady Holland's, and there was not time for more. To-day, however, I have heard more; and it seems that Palmerston has been at his tricks again, though I don't yet know precisely what he has done. My brother keeps writing me word that his tone in his communications to the French Government, through Lord Granville, is very offensive; but here he appeared to be really anxious to conciliate. It is, however, quite impossible to make out what he is at. He has contributed more than anybody to give this Government a *federal* character; for in the Foreign Office he has resolved to be, and he is, wholly independent of his colleagues. He tells them as much or as little of his proceedings as it suits his purpose or his fancy to do; and they are now so well aware of this, and have so little confidence in him, that when he does tell the Cabinet anything they feel no security that they are acquainted with the truth, or, at least, the whole truth. In the pending matter, Esterhazy and Bülow have been vehemently urging the completion of an arrangement, but the Cabinet settled that no overture should be made to France without previously ascertaining that she would accept it when made. All very proper! It was settled that the other Powers should beg Palmerston to invite France, in all their names, to join in a Convention for securing the free navigation of the Bosporus; and this Convention was arranged at a Conference some day last week, and at the same time a Protocol—which was to *precede* it—stating that, the objects of the July alliance being completed, the alliance was at an end. All this was agreed to, and on Saturday at the Cabinet the Convention was read

and approved of; but objections were made to the Protocol on the ground that questions might still arise requiring the intervention of the alliance, that no certain intelligence had yet arrived either of the evacuation of Syria by Ibrahim or the publication of the firman by the Sultan, and, therefore, it would be imprudent to break up the alliance just at this moment, and this operation might as well be deferred for a brief space. Such was the general sentiment. Melbourne said, "Are you sure France will take the Convention?" to which Palmerston replied, he had no doubt she would, as it had been put into his hands by Esterhazy, who had probably already communicated it to Bourqueney. But he did not tell the Cabinet that he had agreed at the Conference to the Protocol likewise, and had left his foreign colleagues under the impression that it would be agreed to by the Cabinet.

On Sunday night Bülow and Bourqueney met Normanby at Lady Holland's, when they both spoke to him in the strongest terms, more especially Bülow; who said it was very painful to him to complain to Normanby of the conduct of Palmerston, and he would not repeat what had passed at the Conference, but he must tell him if Palmerston continued to conduct himself as he did, the most fatal consequences would ensue, and the affairs of Europe would become more embroiled and be in a more perilous state than they had ever been yet. He frightened Normanby so much that the next morning he went off to Melbourne, told him what had passed, and entreated him to interfere. Melbourne promised he would, but of course he will not; and Palmerston will probably not care a straw what he says, or be in the slightest degree biased by any opinion he may express. As far as I can guess, Bourqueney's excessive discontent arises from this: He very naturally wants this Protocol, and Bülow and Esterhazy, no doubt, told him that Palmerston had consented to it and would propose it to him; whereas, in their conference on Sunday, Palmerston probably offered him the Convention but did not say a word about the Protocol, and this both he and Bülow consider a great breach of faith. Notwithstanding the good reason which there really is for not formally dissolving the alliance till all the arrangements concerning Egypt and Syria are completed, it is easy to understand that in the present temper of France it would be impossible for Guizot to enter into any relations with the other Powers till their separate and exclusive alliance is at

an end. It is no wonder, therefore, that Bourqueney looks upon the Protocol as an essential condition of his acceptance of the Convention ; and if he has been first given to understand that the Protocol was admitted, and then told by Palmerston that it could not be, he might naturally be indignant. One never knows what else Palmerston may have said nor what tone he may have taken.

While these difficulties are obstructing a pacific arrangement here, they are rendered much more serious by the discussions in the French Chamber on the Secret Service money, when the insolent and extravagant speeches in favor of keeping up the *isolement* and the state of armed observation were hailed with vociferous applause ; and this frantic violence is the Parliamentary response to the calm and dignified expression of peace and good-will to France which marked our first Parliamentary night, and in which the leaders of all parties joined with equal cordiality. If this goes on, and if Guizot is not strong enough to give effect to his pacific disposition and to venture upon a reconciliation, all amicable feelings toward France will be swallowed up in a general sentiment of indignation at her insolence ; and instead of wasting any more time in fruitless endeavors to bring her back into the councils of Europe, we shall begin to think of the means of securing ourselves against any possible effects of her ill-will and obstinate resentment. Those who have most strongly advocated the French alliance will be soon ready to cement that of the four great Powers, to curb the extravagant pretensions and mischievous designs of France, if the latter does not come to her senses and descend from her high horse very soon.

March 4th.—Yesterday morning Dedel, who was pretty accurately acquainted with all that has lately passed, called on me. His account confirmed my notions. The other Ministers of the Conference had told Bourqueney what he was to expect at his conference with Palmerston. When, therefore, the latter tendered him the draft of the Convention, he said, "This is very well, but have you nothing else to give me?" "No," said Palmerston ; "what do you mean? I know of nothing else." "Have you not also a Protocol, announcing the *clôture* to propose to me?" "Oh no ; that is impossible. There has been a question of such a Protocol, but great difficulties have arisen. Chekib says he cannot agree to such a Protocol without previous applica-

tion to his Court and receiving a specific authority." On this, Bourqueney very indignantly said, "he must know it was quite useless to offer him the one without the other, as the formal termination of the alliance of July was an indispensable preliminary of any convention to which France could be a party." A warm conversation followed, in the course of which (as Dedel says), Bourqueney saying, "Nous ne sommes pas pressés," Palmerston replied in his most insolent tone, "Et nous ne sommes pas pressés non plus; si vous ne craignez pas les bâtiments anglais, vous sentez bien que nous ne craignons pas les bâtiments français. . . ."[1]

March 5th.—At the Cabinet dinner the day before yesterday, Palmerston announced that "everything was going on well, everybody satisfied," and as this rose-colored aspect of affairs was so inconsistent with the gloom and discontent of Bourqueney and Bülow, and the account given me by Dedel, I resolved to call on Bourqueney, and find out from him in what position the affair stood. I did so, and the result proved with what caution one ought to listen to the reports of persons the best informed, and who relate what they have heard with the most veracious intentions. Instead of correcting or expunging what I have said above, I shall put down the substance of what Bourqueney said to me, which agrees with much of Dedel's account, but differs in some very important particulars. I told him that I had (as he would be sure) no desire to *fourrer* myself into his affairs, but that I thought a little conversation between us might be useful in promoting the object we had in common—that of restoring amicable relations between the two countries; and having seen how annoyed he was on Sunday last, and knowing what had passed, I wished to know if he was not *now* better satisfied than he was *then;* and that as I, and those with whom I communicated, only knew what passed between him and Palmerston, or at the conferences, from Palmerston's own reports, when he told his colleagues just what he pleased and no more, and as I had heard from other quarters an account of his interview on Sunday with Palmerston, I wished to know what had really passed. He had, he said, been extremely annoyed and disappointed, after being told that he was to have the Protocol (by Bülow and Esterhazy, of course), when Palmerston told him this was out of the question, as Chekib refused to sign it without

[1] [This was untrue, as appears by the next entry.]

orders. He then gave me the conversation between himself and Palmerston, which does not appear to have been acrimonious, and instead of Palmerston's having made that insolent speech which was put in his mouth when Bourqueney said, "Mais nous ne sommes pas pressés," he only said, "Ni nous non plus, c'est l'Autriche et la Prusse qui sont pressées"; so that all the offensive part was a fabricated addition, and I have no doubt of this by Bourqueney's way of speaking of it. He said, moreover, "Il faut rendre justice à Lord Palmerston, son ton a été excellent, et jamais il n'a prononcé le mot de désarmement;" that if he had, or had attempted to impose any condition, he should at once have rejected all overtures; but nothing of the kind had been attempted, and he admitted that every respect had been shown to France, and a sincere desire evinced to renew relations with her. He said, "Enfin vous êtes triomphants, et nous sommes humiliés," and you can well afford to treat us "avec des égards;" but he seemed to think that in point of fact the Conference was already practically dissolved, for both Bülow and Esterhazy had declared (in their anxiety for the *clôture*, as an indispensable preliminary to the Convention, for which their eagerness is intense), that, happen what might, they would take no further part in Eastern affairs. On the whole, the prospect is good, and it is but just to Palmerston to say that he does not seem to have acted unfairly or insolently, or to be obnoxious to any reproach in his relations with Bourqueney.

March 12th.—The Protocols were duly signed and the Convention sent to Paris. They were well received by Guizot, who returned them for some verbal alterations which have been agreed to, and if no new difficulties arise in the East to prevent a settlement, our relations with France will be restored. But within these few days a whole budget of bad news has poured in—from China, where the admiral has resigned on the plea of ill-health, having done nothing but lose half the troops he took out, and leaving affairs in a very uncertain and unsatisfactory state. I had a letter from Emily Eden[1] yesterday, in great disgust at the waste of time, money, and life, and the failure hitherto of all the objects

[1] [Miss Emily Eden had accompanied her brother, Lord Auckland, to India, where he was Governor-General. This impression of the state of our relations with China appears to have been erroneous. On February 1st, Captain Elliot annexed the island of Hong-Kong, which has been permanently united to the British Empire, and on April 18th, Her Majesty's forces occupied Canton.]

we had in view. The Chinese have bamboozled and baffled us, that is the plain truth.

Then the violence and bad spirit displayed in America have produced no small consternation here, though everybody goes on saying that a war between the two countries, and for so little cause, is impossible.[1] It does seem impossible, and the manifest interest of both nations is opposed to it; but when a country is so mob-governed as America, and the Executive is so destitute of power, there must be great danger. However, the general conviction is, that the present exhibition of violence is attributable to the malignity of the outgoing party, which is desirous of embarrassing their successors, and casting on them the perils of a war or the odium of a reconciliation with this country, and strong hopes are entertained that the new Government will be too wise to fall into the snare that is laid for them, and strong enough to check and master the bad spirit which is rife in the Northern States. The real difficulty arises from the conviction here, that in the case of McLeod we are in the right, and the equally strong conviction there, that we are not, and the actual doubt on which side the truth lies. Senior, whom I met the other day, expressed great uncertainty, and he proposes, and has written to Government on the subject, that the question of International Law shall be submitted to the decision of a German University—that of Berlin, he thinks, would be the best. This idea he submitted to Stevenson, who approved of it, but the great difficulty would be to agree upon a statement of facts. Yesterday Lord Lyndhurst was at the Council Office, talking over the matter with Sir Herbert Jenner and Justice Littledale, and he said it was very questionable if the Americans had not right on their side; and that he thought, in a similar case here, we should be obliged to try the man, and if convicted, nothing but a par-

[1] [This refers to the case of one M'Leod, who had been engaged as a member of the Colonial forces in repelling the attack made upon Canada from United States territory, and who had consequently acted as an agent of the British Government. But M'Leod was arrested at New York in 1841 upon a charge of the murder of one Durfee, who was killed during the capture of the "Caroline." The American authorities refused to give him up on the demand of the British Minister, who alleged that M'Leod's deed was a legitimate act, done in obedience to his superior officers. He was tried, and fortunately acquitted; but Mr. Webster, the American Secretary of State, subsequently admitted that individuals concerned in a public transaction under the orders of their Government could not be held responsible to the ordinary tribunals of law for their participation in it. See Halleck's "International Law," vol. i, p. 430; and Hale's "International Law," p. 261.]

don could save him. These opinions casting such serious doubts on the question of right, are at least enough to restrain indignation and beget caution.

Besides China and America, two days ago appeared the Sultan's firman restoring the Pasha, but on terms which he was certain not to accept. This document, which arrives just as we are renewing our relations with France, and which carries on the face of it the strongest marks of Lord Ponsonby's interference and influence, is well calculated to obstruct the arrangement, and so it appeared to Clarendon, to Lord Lansdowne, to Melbourne, and to John Russell. Clarendon immediately appealed to Lord John, who, however, took it very quietly, and was averse to saying or doing anything; and when he spoke to Melbourne, the latter said Palmerston had shown him Ponsonby's private letter, in which he said that he had nothing to do with it, that it was all Stürmer's[1] doing, and that for some time past he had not been able to make Redschid Pasha mind a word he said. On the other hand, Lord John also spoke to Palmerston, when Palmerston said not a word of Ponsonby's letter, but told him it was the best possible arrangement; that Mehemet Ali had not understood it at first, but that he would in the end be quite satisfied with it, and that it was the only way of preventing confusion. Of course Melbourne and Lord John were quite content, and fully partake of Palmerston's entire satisfaction. Yesterday morning, however, I found that Francis Egerton was full of indignation at this fresh outrage, as he considered it, of Ponsonby's, and had taken a resolution to bring the matter forward in the House of Commons, but previously to speak to the Duke and Peel. Nothing was done last night, and this morning he came and told me that they both agreed with him, but that the Duke urged the necessity of extreme caution, and of previously ascertaining the sentiments of the other Allies, as we must not do or say anything which might disturb our harmony with them. This caution, and not any indisposition to take the matter up, was the reason no notice was taken in the House of Commons last night, and they are now waiting for further information to determine what course to take.

March 14th.—On Friday, Francis Egerton put questions to Palmerston, and Peel took a part. He told me that he was much surprised at the way in which Palmerston received

[1] [M. Stürmer was the Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople.]

as well as answered them, as they had intended nothing hostile and thought it was doing him a service, and affording him an opportunity of explaining away the bad effect of the Hatti-sherif, but that he took it very ill, and answered with evident embarrassment. From his manner, and the way in which Labouchere cheered when Palmerston said that their intention had been to give a *bona fide hérédité* to Mehemet Ali, he inferred there was some disagreement in the Cabinet.

Yesterday Reeve went off to Paris, having had a conference with Lord Lansdowne, who not only expressed his dissatisfaction with the firman, but authorized him to say so to M. Guizot, and to assure him that this was the sentiment of the Government, and that it was quite inconsistent with any instructions to Ponsonby *which he had ever seen or heard of.*

The Tories were extremely dissatisfied with Palmerston's answers the other night, but they have an extraordinary reluctance to provoke any discussion on foreign affairs, though he is so vulnerable on all points. It is, however, highly probable that the matter will not be suffered to rest here. In such a manner does one bold, unscrupulous, and able man predominate over his colleagues, one of whom is John Russell, not less bold at times, and as able as himself; but of a quiet disposition, shrinking from contest, controversy, and above all, I take it, from the labyrinth of underhand dealing which he must thread and disentangle, if he insists upon a regular settlement of accounts with Palmerston. There is no other way of accounting for his acquiescence in the latter's proceedings. As for the rest, Melbourne is too indolent, Lansdowne too timid, and the others too indifferent to interfere. Clarendon has the will and the courage, but he can do nothing alone, and he cannot rouse anybody else to take part with him. If Lord Holland were still alive, something might now be done.

The other night Peel, who has been a good deal nettled by the attacks on him in a series of letters, signed "Catholicus," in the *Times*, made a very striking speech upon the education and recreation of the people, which was enthusiastically cheered by the Whigs, but received in silence by the Tories. He made a sort of reply in this speech to the charges of irreligion insinuated in these letters, and took the opportunity of expressing those liberal sentiments which

mark his own identification with the progress of society, and which render him, from their liberality and wisdom, the object of such suspicion, fear, and dislike with the Tory democracy who reluctantly own him for their leader.

March 16th.—On Friday last, after the House of Lords was over, the Ministerial Lords gathered on the bench and had a sort of Cabinet, a practice in which Melbourne takes pleasure. Clarendon held forth about the state of the Eastern Question, and said all he thought without reserve. He worked up Lansdowne to a considerable amount of zeal and resolution to bestir himself. The next day Lansdowne called on Melbourne, and he owned to Clarendon that he was shocked and surprised to find that Melbourne had never had any communication with Palmerston on the subject, and, in point of fact, knew very little about what was going on. The next day there was a Cabinet, when both Lansdowne and Clarendon expressed their opinion with vivacity, complaining of the proceeding at Constantinople, and urging the necessity of some decisive step being taken here to correct its effects. Palmerston knocked under; that is, he made no defense and no resistance, and ostensibly acquiesced in the opinions expressed, and promised to act in conformity with them. Though no reliance can be placed on him, and none is placed, it would appear as if he was become aware of the necessity of making his actions correspond with his professions and with the opinions which have been so strongly expressed in all quarters; for I met Bourqueney last night, who told me that he really did think they were at last making progress toward a satisfactory conclusion, that he had received his instructions (which I already knew were to say the French Government would hear of nothing till this Hattisherif was disavowed) and had instantly got the Conference convened, and that a formal notification had been made by the Four Powers to the Turkish Ministers of their disapprobation of the firman, and this seems to have been done in a way he considers satisfactory.

March 19th.—The Bishop of Exeter got a heavy fall in the House of Lords the other night on the St. Sulpice question.[1] He brought it forward in an elaborate speech the week before, with his usual ability and cunning; and he took the Duke of Wellington in; for, after hearing the Bishop protest, and apparently make out, that "a great blow

[1] [This related to the Catholic foundatian of St. Sulpice in Canada.]

had been struck at the Reformation, he got up, and, in total ignorance of the subject, committed his potential voice and opinion to an agreement with the Bishop's dictum. The truth, however, was that there was no case at all ; the Government had not only done what they were justified in doing, but they had acted in precise conformity with the conduct held by all their Tory predecessors, colonial secretaries, and with that of the Duke of Wellington himself, who had forgotten all that had occurred and the part he had previously taken. The consequence was that the Tories resolved to throw the Bishop over, and so they did, greatly to his rage and disgust and to the satisfaction of all the bigots ; not even a solitary Bishop or high Tory had a word to say in his favor. He was detected in the course of the debate of having sent a report to the *Times* of his former speech containing a very essential paragraph which he had omitted in the speech itself. He tried to back out of it, and brought the *Times* reporter as his witness ; but he stood convicted in general opinion.

Reeve is gone to Paris. He saw Guizot on his arrival, who announced to him what he meant to do. He waits till the Four Powers have settled the Eastern Question, in which he will not meddle in the slightest degree ; and when it is settled, he will be ready to join in the Convention. Bourqueney has signed the document *de bene esse ;* this is his wisest and most dignified course.

March 30th.—Nothing new for the last fortnight, the Eastern Question apparently progressing to a settlement through some not very important obstacles, and, what is of much greater consequence, a fair prospect of an amicable arrangement with America. The new President's inaugural speech, pedantic and ridiculous as it was, had the merit of being temperate ; and Webster had already written to Evelyn Denison, desiring him not to judge of the real sentiments of America by the trash spoken and the violence exhibited in Congress, or by the mob of New York. John Bull, too, who had begun to put himself into a superfine passion, and to bluster a good deal in the French vein, is getting more tranquil, and begins to see the propriety of going to work moderately, and without insisting on having everything his own way.

In Parliament there has been nothing of interest but the Poor Law Bill, debated with great heat, and the several

clauses carried by majorities very little indicative of the real opinion of the majority of the House. But the truth is that the Tories are (generally) behaving very ill on this question, and their shabbiness is the more striking because the Government have behaved so well. The Tories are just as anxious for the passing of the Bill as their opponents, or more so, nevertheless they stay away or abuse and oppose the clauses, in order to curry favor with their own constituencies and to cast odium on their opponents, by which they may profit in the event of a general election. There is probably not a man of them who would not be annoyed and disappointed to the greatest degree if the Bill should be impaired in its leading principles and material provisions. The Government might, if they had chosen it, have proposed the law as an experimental measure for a short period, so as to cast upon their opponents the ultimate responsibility of the measure, but they dealt with it liberally and wisely, and without reference to temporary interests or party purposes, which, so far from eliciting a corresponding spirit from their opponents, only afforded them the opportunity (of which, without shame or decency, they are availing themselves) to convert it into a source of unpopularity against the Government who bring it forward.

April 5th.—While the American question looks well, the affairs of the East are all unsettled again. The Pasha has, with all humility, declined the conditions of the Sultan's Hatti-sherif, and the whole thing remains still to be adjusted. Nobody, however, cares or thinks much about it at all, for the Eastern business is become as tedious as a twice-told tale. No more danger to the peace of Europe is apprehended from it; nobody cares a straw for Sultan or Pasha, and still less for the repose of the countries they misgovern or the happiness of the people they oppress.

Sir Robert Peel has dined at the Palace for the first time since the Bedchamber quarrel, and this is deemed important. All domestic interest is absorbed in the blow which has fallen upon Lord Granville at Paris, in the shape of a paralytic stroke, which, from the character of the man, his social position, and the important and unhappy consequences of this affliction to a numerous class of people, excites a very deep and general interest.

May 2d.—The approach of the Newmarket meetings usually absorbs my thoughts, oppresses me with its com-

plicated interests, and destroys all my journalizing energies. After a month's interval, I take up my pen to note down the events that have occurred in it. I went to Newmarket on Saturday before the Craven Meeting, and on Sunday morning received a letter informing me of the sudden death of my sister-in-law (Mrs. Algernon Greville), which obliged me to return to town. This grievous affliction, so heavy and irreparable to those whom it immediately concerns, matters but little to the mass of society, who for the most part good-naturedly sympathized with the sufferers; but the object, so precious to the narrow circle of her own family, was too unimportant to the world at large to be entitled to anything more than a passing expression of regret. I went down to the funeral, and was unutterably disgusted with the ceremony, with the bustling business of the undertaker, mixing so irreverently with the profound grief of the brothers and other relations who attended, the decking us out in the paraphernalia of woe, and thus dragging us in mourning-coaches through crowds of curious people, by a circuitous route, that as much of us as possible might be exhibited to vulgar curiosity. These are things monstrous in themselves, but to which all-reconciling custom makes us submit.

This is not the only misfortune which has fallen upon individual heads; but of all occurrences that which has excited the greatest interest has been the loss, as it must now be concluded, of the "President" steamer, with, among others, the Duke of Richmond's young son on board. Day after day people have watched and inquired with the most intense interest for the arrival or for news of this vessel, and are only now slowly and reluctantly abandoning all hope, while the wretched parents have been for weeks past agitated with all the alternations of hope and despair, and suffering a protracted torture worse than any certainty. So much for private woes.

In the world of politics we have had an interval of repose till after the recess, when Government sustained two defeats on the Irish Registration Bill,[1] and Walter came in for Nottingham on an Anti-Poor-Law cry, and by the union of Chartists and Tories to defeat the Whig candidate. After

[1] [Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill was withdrawn, two amendments having been carried by the Opposition by 291 to 270 votes. Mr. Walter was elected at Nottingham by a majority of 296 over the Government candidate.]

the first division, Clarendon wrote to me as follows: "The defeat last night was a signal one. We have had a Cabinet about it, and I went there fully expecting that resignation would be the order of the day—*the word never crossed the lips of any one!* Various expedients were suggested, but, except by me, the thought of going out was not entertained. The result is, that another trial of strength is to be had, and if we are beaten the Bill is to be withdrawn for the year. How Stanley's is afterward to be opposed remains to be seen, but for that we trust to luck and O'Connell's ingenuity in devising delays—not very creditable or satisfactory, but as John has to defend his course, he is the best judge of what he should do. He quite scouted to me afterward the idea of resigning, though he admitted the Tory chances had advanced prodigiously, and that Peel's language was quite that of determination, and of a man ready to take the government." Nobody has a guess what will happen—whether Government will try and go on, dissolve or resign; and a thousand speculations, and, of course, lies, are afloat.

The affairs of the East are still unsettled, but there seems a chance of their being patched up, though not in a way very creditable or consistent. Metternich is now threatening the Porte that, unless she consents to what the Conference shall suggest, he will quit the concern. Palmerston, meanwhile, talks of again licking Mehemet Ali, while Ponsonby is as furious as ever at Constantinople, and would blow up the coals again if he knew how. The manner in which things are mystified, and facts perverted from the truth, is curiously exemplified in the matter of the recent Hatti-sherif. It was affirmed, when the severity of its terms was objected to and Ponsonby blamed, that Ponsonby had had no hand in it whatever. This was true, but how? He insisted upon a *much more severe* clause being inserted, on the Pasha's being made a mere stipendiary of the Porte, and his revenue being levied by Turkish officers; and because the Turkish Minister would not go this length, Ponsonby flew into a rage, and refused to sanction the Hatti-sherif with his approval unless this clause was added, so that he had nothing to do with it, only because it was not so stringent and violent as he wished to make it.

March 3d.—Great agitation yesterday at the clubs, and excessive interest and curiosity about coming events, on which hang the existence of the Government. The Tories

are talking of a vote of want of confidence, and wish to follow up their successes by this decisive blow. There is the greatest difference of opinion among the Whigs as to the necessity of resigning, and, above all, as to a dissolution. The event of the day was the resignation of Gordon, Secretary of the Treasury, who could not stand the Corn alteration that is threatened. Nobody thinks Ministers will carry their Budget, and that will probably be their *coup de grâce*.[1]

CHAPTER XI.

Dissolution of Parliament discussed by Ministers—Death of Mr. Barnes—Impending Dissolution—Mdlle. Rachel in Hermione—Ladies of the Bedchamber—Question of Dissolution—Defeat of the Government—Vote of Want of Confidence—Government defeated on Peel's Resolution—Ascot Races—Dispute of Lord Stanley and Mr. Handley—Impending Elections—Conservative Reaction—The Queen at Oxford—The Queen at Chiswick—Whig Confidence—Parliament prorogued—Lord Campbell made Chancellor of Ireland—The Prince declines to dine at the Waterloo Banquet—Visit to North Wales—Conway Castle—Penrhyn Castle—Carnarvon—Beddgelert and Llanberis—Result of the Elections—Results of the Dissolution—A decided Tory Majority—Wise Conduct of Lord Melbourne—The Speakership—Sir Robert Peel's Liberal Views—Dr. Wiseman—The Queen at Woburn—Lord John Russell's Moderate Views—Judgment on Wood's Will—Last Council of the Whigs.

May 7th, 1841.—All the world thinks and talks of nothing but the division next week and its consequences. The Whig masses are clamorous for a dissolution, and are every day growing more so, endeavoring to make out that the gain is sure; some for one purpose and some for another are stimulating the Government to make this desperate plunge. Lord Melbourne, however, is exceedingly averse to it. In the Cabinet, Duncannon, Normanby, and Palmerston are all strongly and unhesitatingly for it. Clarendon, who is against a dissolution, set before Melbourne, the other day, all the reasons *for* such a measure, in order to elicit his opinion, and see if those reasons shook his previous con-

[1] [It turned out to be so. On April 30th the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his Budget. He proposed to meet the deficiency in the revenue of £2,421,000 by an increase of the duty on Colonial timber and a reduction of the duty on Baltic timber, and by a reduction of duty on foreign sugar. The debate lasted eight nights, and on May 18th Ministers were defeated on the sugar question by a majority of 36. On May 7th, Lord John Russell had given notice of a resolution to reduce the duties on corn to a fixed sum. On May 24th Sir Robert Peel gave notice of a vote of want of confidence in the Government, on which the House divided on June 4th, Ministers being beaten by a majority of *one*.]

victions ; but Melbourne said that he could not find anything in them to make him change his mind, and he thought the Crown ought never to make an appeal to public opinion unless there were solid grounds for believing that it would be responded to by the public voice. Yesterday there was a Cabinet, at which the question was fully discussed, and the result was satisfactory and creditable. The general opinion was that nothing should be decided till the state of public opinion in the country was seen, and the most careful investigation had been made into the electioneering prospects of the Government, so that a reasonable and probable conclusion might be arrived at as to the result ; and unless it should appear that there is a strong probability of Government acquiring a majority by a fresh election, the notion of a dissolution will be given up. This deliberation is undoubtedly due to the Queen and to the party, and I am assured there is a prevailing disposition to deal fairly with the evidence that will be before them. The Queen, though very unhappy, acquiesces in this view of the matter. From what Lady Palmerston told me last night, Her Majesty is prepared, in the last necessity, to resign herself to her fate.

May 8th.—Mr. Barnes died yesterday morning, suddenly, after having suffered an operation. His death is an incalculable loss to the *Times*, of which he was the principal editor and director ; and his talents, good sense, and numerous connections gave him a preponderating influence in the affairs of the paper. The vast power exercised by the *Times* renders this a most important event, and it will be curious to see in what hands the regulating and directing power will hereafter be placed. Latterly it must be owned that its apparent caprices and inconsistency have deprived it of all right and title, and much of its power, to influence the opinions of others, but this has been the consequence of the extraordinary variety of its connections and the conflicting opinions which have been alternately, and sometimes almost, if not quite, simultaneously, admitted to discharge themselves in its columns. Barnes was a man of considerable acquirements, a good scholar, and well versed in English, especially old dramatic literature.[1]

[1] [Mr. Barnes was succeeded in the Editorship of the *Times* by Mr. John Delane, then a young man of about four-and-twenty. It is unnecessary to remind the present generation with what assiduity, tact, and success he fulfilled the duties of his important position for more than thirty years. The friendly relations which had for some time subsisted between Mr. Greville and Mr.

May 9th.—The debate on the sugar duties began on Friday night, by an extraordinarily good speech from John Russell, as was admitted by his opponents, who qualified the praise, as usual, by calling it a good *party* speech. Handley and Lushington declared against Ministers—one on Corn, the other on Sugar. The certainty of a majority against Government is now generally admitted, and it is expected to be large. The question of dissolution gains ground. The strong supporters of Government are more and more urgent, and they say that they must choose between the dissolution of Parliament or the dissolution of the party; that Ministers had no right to bring forward such measures and then shrink from appealing to the country on them; that if they do not dissolve, many of their old Whig supporters will retire in disgust, and not contest their seats when the dissolution under another Government takes place. I see clearly that all this is making a strong impression, and that the resolution of those who think and feel they ought not to dissolve is waxing faint. Meanwhile the Queen is behaving very well. She is very unhappy at the situation of affairs, and at the change with which she is menaced; but she is acting with dignity and propriety. She says she will express no wish and no opinion; whatever she is advised to do she will do; but she remains perfectly passive, and makes no attempts to urge Melbourne to take any course which his own judgment does not approve. This the Duke of Bedford told me yesterday, and it is to her credit. The Tories will not believe that the Government have any thought of dissolving. Wharncliffe and Ellenborough both told me that they had not the slightest idea of their venturing on such a measure. Besides other objections there is a great technical difficulty in the shape of the sugar duty, which will expire in the beginning of July, before Parliament could meet again. Ellen-

Barnes were strengthened and consolidated under the administration of his successor. Mr. Delane was well aware that he could nowhere meet with a more sagacious adviser or a more valuable ally. He owed to Mr. Greville his first introduction to political society, of which he made so excellent a use, and where he gradually acquired the esteem of men of all parties and a position which no editor of a newspaper had before enjoyed. The influence of the *Times* newspaper during the ensuing ten or fifteen years can hardly be exaggerated, and, as compared with the present state of the press, it can hardly be conceived. Not a little of this influence was due to those who assisted the staff of the paper by information and counsel, derived from the best and highest sources both at home and abroad, and among these the author of these Diaries played an active and important part, some traces of which will from time to time be discovered in the pages of this work.]

borough said that the merchants would keep back their sugar (which they would be able to do in great measure), and then pour it in after the day had expired, free of duty, to the loss to the revenue probably of a million, and that the only way to counteract this would be by an Order in Council, which they would never dare pass merely for a party purpose, as this would be.

May 11th.—The question of dissolution is still contested, and the Whigs of Brooks's and the young and hot-headed are making such a clatter, and talking with so much violence and confidence, that they have produced a strong impression that the measure is intended. I have had long conversations with Clarendon, Normanby, and the Duke of Bedford. The second, to my great surprise, talked very reasonably and moderately, and told me distinctly he was opposed to a dissolution; that he saw no way of getting over the difficulty about the sugar duties, and that if they attempted it and failed, they should go out with discredit. From the other two I learned that Melbourne is in a state of great agitation and disquietude, laboring under a sense of the enormous responsibility which rests upon him, embarrassed on one side by the importunities of his friends, and, on the other, alarmed at the danger of taking so desperate a step; and he says very truly and sensibly that in his opinion the Queen should never make an appeal to the people which was not likely to be successful, and that he does not like to take upon himself the responsibility of carrying on the Government (while such important questions are in agitation) during the interval, with the almost certainty of meeting at the end of the term a hostile majority of the House of Commons. Of the Government with different shades of opinion, and each influenced by different motives and considerations, I think the most decided for a dissolution is Palmerston (who has never any doubts or fears, and is for fighting everybody), and the most against it Macaulay. The violent dissolutionists make light of the sugar difficulty, and talk of bringing in a Bill to meet the emergency, which they flatter themselves the Opposition would suffer to pass, because they would not venture, as they call it, to stop the supplies; and I was surprised to hear that John Russell, on whom the idea of the party being broken up seems to have made a great impression, partook of this notion. But in the midst of all this apparent doubt, I have none how it will end, and that

they will not venture to dissolve when the moment for decision arrives. They are in fact preparing for resignation, for the Duke of Bedford came to me yesterday morning to consult me as to the course which the Ladies ought to adopt, a matter which is occupying the serious attention both of Melbourne and Lord John ; and to do them justice, they seem only anxious to put matters in train for averting any repetition of the embarrassment which proved fatal to Peel two years ago, and which might again be productive of a good deal of difficulty and some unpleasant feeling. They want to make things go on smoothly, and to reconcile the dignity of the Queen with the consistency of Peel. Their own feelings, and those of the Ladies themselves, would suggest resignation, but then they shrink from the idea of deserting the Queen. Nice questions of conduct present themselves, which require much consideration. I told him I did not think the difficulty was now so great, for the question of an exclusively political household had been settled by the recent appointments of Tory Ladies, and that Peel might very well consider the circumstances as having changed, and that he is thereby himself released from the obligation of doing the same thing over again. But I advised the Duke of Bedford to go and talk the matter over with the Duke of Wellington, which he agreed to do. I think this will pave the way to some satisfactory arrangement, and at all events it will show a good disposition on the part of the present Ministers to aid rather than embarrass their successors. I rode with the Duke of Wellington yesterday, and had a little, but very little, talk with him about the present crisis. He does not talk as he used to do, and he struck me as miserably changed. His notion was that they would neither resign nor dissolve, but endeavor to go on as they have heretofore done.

I went to see Mdlle. Rachel make her *début* last night, which she did in Hermione.[1] As far as I could form an opinion, with my little habitude of French tragedy, and difficulty of hearing and following, I thought her very good—a clear and beautiful voice, graceful, with dignity, feeling, and passion, and as much nature as French tragedy admits of. I wish we had anything as good. The creatures who acted with her were the veriest sticks ; and the concluding scene of the madness of Orestes excited the hilarity of the audience

[1] [The chief part in Racine's tragedy of "Andromaque."]

far more than Laporte's Mascarille, which came after it, though that was very good. Rachel was received with great applause, and when called on at the end of the piece, was so overcome that she nearly fainted, and would have fallen had not somebody rushed on the stage to support her. Charles Kemble, Young, the actor, and Mrs. Butler were there, and greatly admired her; but the latter told me she would go home and act over there the last scene of Orestes, which tickled her fancy more than Hermione had struck her imagination.

May 12*th*.—The Duke of Bedford communicated with the Duke of Wellington yesterday morning through Arbuthnot. After some hesitation, because Melbourne had come to the conclusion that the Ladies had better all resign, the Duke of Wellington said he had never talked upon the subject to Peel, and he could say nothing himself; but he knew that there was an earnest desire to avoid any renewal of the old dispute, and that the circumstances were now in every respect so different, from the Queen's being married and the appointments of Tory Ladies, that he did not think there would be any occasion for it. Indeed, he thought, and so did Peel, that much of what had occurred before had arisen from mistake, and that if John Russell had in the first instance communicated with the Queen, instead of Melbourne, all would have been cleared up. It was agreed that what had passed should be communicated by the Duke of Wellington to Peel, and to Peel only, whenever (if at all) he thought it right and advisable to make the communication. This puts the affair in a good train. Melbourne means to advise the Queen to send for Peel himself at once, and without any intermediate, which is very wise, and will facilitate an amicable adjustment of delicate points. Lord John has written the Queen a letter, setting before her the actual state of the case, but giving no opinion of his own.

May 16*th*.—The debate was again adjourned on Friday night, having lasted a week, very languidly carried on, and up to the present time with very few good speeches since John Russell's; Sir George Grey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Labouchere on one side; Gladstone and Stanley the best on the other. All is speculation, and nobody has any certainty what will be done. The Government people say that everything tends to sanction a dissolution: that the reports from the country are in favor of their measures,

and the Anti-slavery cry a failure. But the truth is, there is no great feeling in the country one way or the other, but an extraordinary apathy or indifference. The Whigs persist that Peel would not venture to thwart their attempt to get the necessary supplies passed; the Tories maintain that Peel will never make himself the accomplice of a dissolution under the pretense of not opposing the supplies. But while the majority of the Cabinet seem now not indisposed to dissolve if they can, Melbourne's objections continue the same, and he will have to determine upon his own course, supposing the majority of his colleagues declare for dissolving. It is, I think, impossible that he as Prime Minister should give way upon a point of such vital importance. He must tell the Queen what his opinion is, and then the question will arise, whether she will consent to anybody else attempting to carry on the Government without him, and whether John Russell (the only possible alternative) will undertake it. Probably neither she nor he would try the experiment. Of the Government, the man most resolute, and desirous of trying a dissolution, is the Chancellor (Lord Cottenham), and Macaulay the most decided the other way. This is what few uninformed people would imagine, but there is no stronger political partisan than the Chancellor, or any man more prepared to go all lengths for his party.

I talked to Arbuthnot the other day about the Ladies, and the communication he had had with the Duke of Bedford. He said Peel was well disposed to do everything to conciliate the Queen; but now Melbourne has got a notion that he means to insist upon three resignations; and though he means to advise the Queen to consent to them, John Russell is much disturbed at the idea of what he thinks would be mortifying and derogatory to her. The Duke of Bedford told me this, and he fancies that some indirect communication has taken place, through some women, between Melbourne and Peel, by which the former is apprised of the latter's intentions.

May 19*th*.—They divided yesterday morning at three o'clock; division pretty much what was expected.[1] A very

[1] [This division was taken on Lord Sandon's motion against the reduction of the duty on foreign sugars, which was carried against the Government by a majority of 36 in a House of 598. On May 24 Sir Robert Peel moved a direct vote of non-confidence in Ministers, which was carried on June 4 by a majority of *one*—312 for the motion, 311 against it. On June 7 the intended dissolution of Parliament was announced by Lord John Russell.]

fine speech, three hours long, from Peel, which John Russell said he thought remarkably able and ingenious, but not statesmanlike. He has, however, always a prejudice against his great antagonist, and a bad opinion of him. Palmerston answered him in a speech of smart, daring, dashing commonplaces, not bad, but very inferior to Peel. Yesterday morning the Cabinet met, and they resolved not to resign, but to make an attempt at dissolution. John Russell had asked Peel the night before to let a day pass, that they might consult before they stated to the House of Commons the course they meant to pursue. Thus Melbourne's weak vacillating mind has been over-persuaded, and he consents to what he so highly disapproves. Clarendon has likewise been brought round, for he was also for resignation, and against dissolution. Feeble resolves, easily overthrown, and here are both these Ministers consenting to a measure, upon the pretext of its being required by public opinion, when in point of fact it is only insisted upon by the most violent of their own adherents, who think any evil tolerable but that of their party being weakened, and who would create confusion, and stir up excitement merely for the sake of embarrassing their opponents on their accession to office.

In the midst of all this, and while the decision of Ministers was doubtful, a *tracasserie* was very near growing out of the communications which have taken place concerning the Ladies. After I had been told by the Duke of Bedford that Peel was going to insist on certain terms, which was repeated to me by Clarendon, I went to Arbuthnot, told him Melbourne's impression, and asked him what it all meant. He said it was all false, that he was certain Peel had no such intentions, but, on the contrary, as he had before assured me, was disposed to do everything that would be conciliatory and agreeable to the Queen.

May 25th.—After the great division the Whigs were all in high spirits at thinking they had so quietly carried their point of dissolution, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer immediately introduced the Sugar Duties without comment and in the regular way. Nothing was said, but all the Tories were desirous of doing something, though the greatest doubt prevailed among them as to the steps it would be proper and feasible to take. They were content, however, to leave the matter in the hands of their leaders, and yesterday morning Peel convened a meeting at his house, made

them a speech, in which he told them all the objections there were to meddling with the supplies, and proposed the resolution of which he gave notice last night, which was hailed with general satisfaction.[1]

May 30th.—Having been at Epsom the whole week, I had no time to write, nor could I turn my mind to politics or from the business of the place to any other subject. I never saw greater difference of opinion than exists about Peel's resolution, the debate on which is dragging its slow length along. It was at first supposed (though by no means universally) that he was sure of a majority, and that unless he had such certainty it was a very false move. As the discussion proceeds it seems pretty clear that all the Corn and Sugar Whigs will rally round the Government again on the vote of confidence, and the prevailing opinion is at the present moment that Peel will be beaten by a very slender majority. But people seem now to think that it does not much signify what the result may be. The Whigs are determined to dissolve, and the Tories now aver that they wish for a dissolution as speedily as may be, and they think that this division will prevent the Government from doing what they suspect was their intention, viz., to linger on through the Session and dissolve in the autumn. Then they consider that another great advantage will be obtained from this fight—that of ascertaining once for all whom they are to regard as friends or enemies, and it settles the question of opposition to those Corn Law supporters, who merely went against this Budget, but who have no intention of changing sides altogether.

June 6th.—The division took place on Friday night, and there was a majority of one against the Government. For the last day or two it was a complete toss-up which side won, and it evidently depended on the few uncertain men who might or might not choose to vote. As it was, it all turned on an accident. John Russell wrote to Sir Gilbert Heathcote (who never votes), and begged him to come up on Thursday, and to vote. Sir Gilbert did come, but, as there was no division that night, he went home again, and his vote was lost. They left no stone unturned to procure a

[1] [The terms of Sir R. Peel's Resolution were that "Her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem essential to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution."]

majority, and brought down a lord who is in a state of driveling idiotcy, and quite incapable of comprehending what he was about. This poor wretch was brought in a chair; they got him into the House, and then wheeled him past the tellers. Charles Howard, Melbourne's private secretary, told me he thought it a monstrous and indecent proceeding. The Government people now want them to bring on a debate about Corn, and John Russell is to announce to-morrow what he means to do; but it would be so strong a case to convert the House of Commons into a mere debating society for their party purposes, that I don't think they can attempt it.

June 12th.—All the past week at a place called Harewood Lodge with the Beauforts for Ascot races. Dined at the Castle on Thursday; one hundred people in St. George's Hall; very magnificent, blazing with gold plate and light, and very tiresome. In the evening Mdlle. Rachel came to recite, which she did *à trois reprises* on a sort of stage made in the embrasure of the window, from "Bajazet," "Marie Stuart," and "Andromaque." It is so much less effective than her acting (besides my unfortunate inability to follow and comprehend French declamation) that it was fatiguing, but it served to occupy the evening, which is always the great difficulty in Royal society. The Queen was pretty well received on the course, and her party consisted in great measure of Tory guests.

On Monday John Russell announced very properly that after the vote last week he should not go on with any business but that which was indispensable, and Peel extorted from him an engagement to dissolve and reassemble Parliament as soon as possible. This latter point was, I think, contrary to their intentions, and that they would have delayed to call Parliament together as long as they decently could if Peel had not urged it. It was a great mistake, after Lord John's announcement on Monday, to bring on the Chancery Reform Bill, on which they got beaten, and suffered a severe and just rebuke from Peel. It was, in fact, inconsistent with their own declaration, and probably merely attempted for the sake of the patronage.

On the other hand, Peel and Stanley each were betrayed into great blunders, very unworthy of them, but each of them curiously illustrative of the characters of the two men. In the debate last week Stanley attacked Hanley with great

asperity, and, at the moment, with signal success, accusing him of manifold inconsistencies and tergiversations, and how he had at the period of Peel's attempt in '35 consulted him, and attended meetings at his house. Handley afterward wrote to Stanley, and the correspondence appeared in the newspapers, from which it is clear that Stanley's statement of facts was altogether incorrect. He had dashed it all out from imperfect recollection; doubtless not meaning to say anything untrue, but not giving himself the trouble to verify the accuracy of his recollections, and consequently he is exposed to the mortification of being compelled to acknowledge that his facts and his charges are unfounded. This damages a man like Stanley, and takes from the confidence which his word ought always to inspire. It would not have happened to Peel, who would never have attacked any man without carefully ascertaining that his facts were correctly stated, nor would he have brought forward charges upon any loose and random recollections.

On the other hand, Peel committed a blunder in repeating the absurd charge of the double Budget, which was no doubt put into his head by some of the low hangers-on of his party, and to which, if he had a more generous mind, or a greater knowledge of mankind, or more free communication with other men, he could never have given one moment's credit. It afforded the Government an opportunity once for all of denying this stupid charge, and in a manner which extorted from Peel an expression of his own conviction that it was not true, and this sets the matter for ever at rest. Stanley would not, I think, have fallen into this mistake; he would not have suspected anything of the kind, nor would Peel have got into such a scrape as Stanley.

All the world is now preparing for the elections, and all, as usual, sanguine in their expectations of the result, but I don't believe the Government really expect much gain, and they feel that their days are numbered. Normanby told me the day before yesterday that he expected none, but that they were obliged to pretend to expect it.

June 18th.—Everybody occupied with the approaching elections, but no excitement in the country, no enthusiasm for any party or men, no feeling for any measures, but as far as one can judge (appearances being always fallacious in electioneering matters) the current steadily running in the Conservative interest. There seems every probability of

Peel's having a large majority, and it is very desirable that he should, that we may at last have a Government clearly and positively supported by the House of Commons, which can act with something like freedom and confidence instead of living as it were from hand to mouth, never knowing whether Ministers are to be in a majority or minority on any one question. John Russell had a great meeting in the City the other day, was rapturously received, and Jones Lloyd made a very fine speech in proposing him to the meeting as their candidate.

The Queen went to Nuneham last week for Prince Albert's visit to Oxford, when he was made a Doctor. Her name was very well received, and so was the Prince himself in the theatre; but her Ministers, individually and collectively, were hissed and hooted with all the vehemence of Oxonian Toryism. Her Majesty said she thought it very disrespectful to the Prince to hiss her Ministers in his presence; but she must learn to bear with such manifestations of sentiment and not fancy that these Academici will refrain from expressing their political opinions in any presence, even in her own. They will think it quite sufficient to be civil and respectful to her name and her Consort's person, and will treat her obnoxious Ministers just as they think fit.

June 20th.—At Chiswick yesterday morning a party for the Queen and Prince Albert, who wished to see the place. The Duke of Devonshire, who had resolved to give no entertainment on account of Lady Burlington's death last year, only invited his own relations, and Normanby and John Russell, the two Secretaries of State, were the only exceptional guests. It rained half the time and it was very formal.

Duncannon told me that he could not believe in the great Tory gains, for his accounts represented matters as very favorable to his party, and he only wanted to know the truth and not be flattered into any false expectations: in fact, both sides are equally confident, and apparently one upon as good grounds as the other.

June 23d.—Parliament was prorogued yesterday with a very short speech. Nothing new about the elections, but unabated confidence on both sides, though the Whigs cannot expect to counterbalance the loss of almost all the counties. They start with a loss of fifteen seats, given up without contest. Everybody is wondering at the numerous changes

they are making, shuffling their cards at a great rate when the game is all but over, and the greatest disgust is expressed at the removal of Plunket and the appointment of Campbell.[1] Nobody would believe it at first, and when I told Clanricarde of it, he said if it were done and a vote of censure were moved upon it in the House of Lords, he would support the motion. But it is now said that he accepts the office with an engagement not to take the pension. He told Sheil so, but who will believe there is not some juggle in this, or that he would give up a business worth £10,000 a year to hold the Irish Seal for two months, and be left without any emolument at the end of that time?

Prince Albert would not go to the Duke's Waterloo dinner. The Duke invited him when they met at Oxford, and the Prince said he would send an answer. He sent an excuse, which was a mistake, for the invitation was a great compliment, and this is a sort of national commemoration at which he might have felt a pride at being present.

Chester, June 24th.—Parliament having been dissolved yesterday, all the world are off to their elections, and I resolved to start upon an excursion to North Wales, which I have long been desirous of seeing, and which I can now do with great facility and convenience in consequence of Lord Anglesey's having established himself for a short time at Plas Newydd, so there I am bound. I was induced to make this expedition partly by my wish to see the scenery of North Wales and the Menai Bridge, and partly from a desire to stimulate my dull and jaded mind by the exertion and the object. I think of all the tastes and interests I have ever had, of all sources of pleasure, that which adheres to me the most, which is still the least impaired and dulled, is my pleasure in fine scenery and grand objects whether of nature or art, and it is to rouse me to the contemplation of better things and give if possible a wholesome stimulus to my thoughts that I am making this experiment. I could not procure a companion, but was very near getting Landseer,

[1] [The Ministry, being on the verge of dissolution, compelled Lord Plunket to resign the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland in order to bestow it, with a peerage, on Sir John Campbell, the English Attorney-General. He went to Ireland and sat in Court a few times and then retired without a pension. But this was justly considered as one of the most outrageous jobs which any Government ever sanctioned. Lord Campbell afterward filled much higher offices in England, and he presided for several years in the Court of Queen's Bench, and died Lord Chancellor.]

who would have come with me if he had not been obliged to paint every day this week at the Palace ; and I also proposed the trip to Dr. Kay, who was prevented by his avocations from accepting the offer. I started by the six o'clock train and arrived here at three o'clock ; set off to Eaton, where I saw the outside of the house only, a vast pile of mongrel Gothic, which cost some hundred thousands, and is a monument of wealth, ignorance, and bad taste. I did not see the gardens, nor the front toward the Dee, which are, I believe, the best part. The woody banks through which the Dee runs and the reach of the river are very pretty. Walked afterward round the walls and through the arcades, so to call them, of the curious old city, unlike any English town I ever saw, and not unlike Bologna.

Some polyglot poet has cut these lines on the window of the room I occupy in this inn (the Royal Hotel) :

> In questa casa troverete
> Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez :
> Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
> Coaches, chaises, horses, harness.

In the evening Robert Grosvenor[1] came to me, who is here for his own election, and to assist in the desperate contest which they expect between Wilbraham and Tollemache. He told me (which I doubt) that if Palmerston had gone to Liverpool he would certainly have come in.

Plas Newydd, Sunday, June 27th.—Left Chester at half-past eleven on Friday morning, having stopped to hear service at the Cathedral, a poor, but very ancient building, with fine chanting, which I particularly like. A rainy day, nothing particular in the road till Conway, where the Castle is very fine, a most noble ruin, and the old walls of the town, with their numerous towers, so perfect, that I doubt if there is anything like them to be seen anywhere. It presents a perfect fortress of those times (the end of the thirteenth century), and Conway is so well worth seeing, that it alone would repay the trouble of the journey. The Castle appears to have been habitable and defensible till after the Civil Wars, the great epoch of the ruin of most of these ancient edifices. From Conway a fine and striking road along the seashore, and round the base of Penmaen Mawr, a mountain nearly as high as Snowdon ; crossed the Menai Bridge at

[1] Lord Robert Grosvenor, brother of the first Marquis of Westminster, afterward Lord Ebury.

dusk, with barely light enough to see the wonderful work, and arrived at this place between ten and eleven o'clock. Nobody here; Lord Anglesey not yet arrived in his yacht, which was beaten about on her passage by stormy weather. This is a most delightful place on the margin of the Menai Strait, with the mountains in full view, presenting as the clouds sweep round and over them, and as they are ever and anon lit up by the sun, glorious combinations and varieties of light and shade. All day yesterday wasted in looking out for Lord Anglesey (who arrived in the afternoon), or occupied in dipping into travels in, and accounts of North Wales, and in making out excursions for the few days I have to spend here.

We all went down to-day in the boats of Lord Anglesey's cutter to Bangor to attend the service in the Cathedral, passing under the Menai Bridge, which I had not been able to see well on my way to Plas Newydd. A poor Church at Bangor, Cathedral service, but moderate music. The Church is divided into two, half for the English and half for the Welsh; the nave is made the parish Church, and there the service is done in Welsh. There were very few, if any, of the common people at the English afternoon service; in fact, few of them speak anything but Welsh. It has an odd effect to see the women with their high-crowned, round hats on in church; the dress is not unbecoming. After the service we were followed by a crowd to our boats, and they cheered Lord Anglesey when he embarked.

June 28th.—We walked to the Menai Bridge, where we got into a car and drove to Penrhyn Castle, a vast pile of building, and certainly very grand, but altogether, though there are fine things and some good rooms in the house, the most gloomy place I ever saw, and I would not live there if they would make me a present of the Castle. It is built of a sort of gray stone polishable into a kind of black marble, of which there are several specimens within. It is blocked up with trees, and pitch dark, so that it never can be otherwise than gloomy. We then went to the ferry, and got a boat in which we sailed over to Beaumaris, and went up to Baron's Hill (Sir Richard Bulkeley's), with which I was delighted. The house is unfinished and ugly, but the situation and prospect over the bay of Beaumaris are quite admirable. Nothing can be more cheerful, and the whole scene around, sea, coast, and mountains, indescribably beautiful. They

compare this bay to that of Naples, and I do not know that there is any presumption in the comparison. Just below the house is the old Castle of Beaumaris, a very remarkable ruin, in great preservation, both the Castle and the surrounding wall. Drove home in another car; these cars are most convenient conveyances and in general use in these parts.

June 29th.—This morning at eight o'clock went with Lord Anglesey in the "Pearl" to Carnarvon, where he was, as Constable of the Castle, to receive an address. All the town assembled to receive him, and he was vociferously cheered and saluted with music, firing of guns, procession of societies, and all the honors the Carnarvonites could show him. After the ceremony we went to see the Castle, which is much finer and larger, as well as in better preservation, than Conway, but not in so grand a situation. Both Conway and Carnarvon were tenable, if not habitable, till after the Civil Wars, and I do not know why they were suffered to decay any more than Warwick, which has survived the general wreck. Carnarvon must have been much more magnificent than Warwick, but it has no surrounding domain, and is actually in the town. We then sailed about in the cutter, and saw Snowdon and the other Snowdonian mountains very advantageously.

July 2d.—On Wednesday I went on an excursion with Augustus Paget to see the country. We set off at eight in the morning in a boat to Carnarvon, where we breakfasted, got into a car, which took us to Beddgelert, walked to Pont Aberglasslyn and back, then in another car to Llanberis, saw the cascade, changed cars, and went to Moyldon Ferry, where we hired the boat of a *slater*, in which we were rowed home. We then went all round Snowdon; but the weather got so bad in the afternoon that ascending the mountain was out of the question. Nothing can be finer than the scenery between Beddgelert and Llanberis, and the latter is very wild and picturesque, though I was a little disappointed with the lakes. Yesterday and to-day it did nothing but rain, so any more exploring was out of the question, but I hope to come again into North Wales. I have never traveled in any country which appeared more completely foreign. The road from Beddgelert is perfectly Alpine in character, and the peasantry neither speak nor understand anything but Welsh, so that it is impossible to hold any communication with them. The women, in point of cos-

tume, have no resemblance to Englishwomen. Besides the round hats which they almost all wear, and which, though not unbecoming, give them a peculiar air, many, though not all of them, wear a sort of sandal on their feet, without soles I believe, but with something bound round their naked feet, the nature and purpose of which I could not exactly make out. The women are generally good-looking, with a vigorous frame, and a healthy cheerful aspect; all the common people are decent in their appearance, and particularly civil and respectful in their manner. The cars, which have in great measure taken the place of post-chaises, are very convenient, though, being totally uncovered, are only fit for fine weather. The horses which draw them—one horse—are excellent, and they go very fast; but the charge for them is enormous—a shilling a mile. It is really extraordinary that the English language has not made its way more among the mass of the people. It is spoken at all the inns, but, with the exception of people employed about the house or grounds of a proprietor, very few speak it, and many of those in his actual employment are wholly ignorant of it. A lad of eighteen years old here, who works about the house or on the water, and is in Lord Anglesey's service, cannot speak a word of English. The country seems to be very ill-provided with schools, nor is English taught at all in those which do exist. Nothing can be less advanced than education in these parts. The Welsh are generally poor and wages are low; their food consists principally of potatoes and butter-milk; the average wages of labor is about nine shillings a week. The people, however, are industrious, sober, contented, and well-behaved; they do not like either change or locomotion, and this makes them indifferent about learning English. They would rather remain where they have been accustomed to work, and live upon smaller wages, than go a few miles off to Carnarvon, where they might earn a couple of shillings a week more. The new Poor Law is only in partial operation here. There is a workhouse at Pwlhelly, and there are Boards of Guardians and all the machinery requisite; but the law is unpopular, and it has never been rigidly and universally enforced. The people are extremely averse to its establishment, and the old system works well enough, for which reason its operation has not been much meddled with, and they hope that some expedient will be found to prevent its being carried into effect here.

Llangollen, July 3d.—Left Plas Newydd this morning, and came to this place, stopping to see Pennant's slate-works—a beautiful road, certainly, for the greater part of the way.

London, July 9th.—I slept at Llangollen on Saturday night. On Sunday morning early clambered up to the ruin—a mere heap of rubbish—of the Castle of Dinas Bran, and after breakfast walked to Val Crucis Abbey, where there are inconsiderable remains of a Cistercian convent in a delightful spot. Then set off in magnificent weather, and, traveling through a beautiful country, arrived at Shrewsbury, only stayed there an hour, and slept at the place between that and Wolverhampton. Next morning went on to Newmarket, and got there on Monday night; very pleasant expedition, and in some measure answered my purpose—at least, for the time. However, I have tried traveling and scenery, and I will go again.

July 11th.—I find London rather empty and tolerably calm. The elections are sufficiently over to exhibit a pretty certain result, and the termination of the great Yorkshire contest by the signal victory of the Tories—a defeat, the magnitude of which there is no possibility of palliating, or finding any excuse for—seems to have had the effect of closing the contest. The Whigs gave the whole thing up as irretrievably lost; and though some of them with whom I have conversed still maintain that they did right to dissolve, they do not affect to deny that the result has disappointed all their hopes and calculations, and been disastrous beyond their worst fears. They now give Peel a majority of sixty or seventy. The most remarkable thing has been the erroneous calculations on both sides as to particular places, each having repeatedly lost when they thought the gain most certain. The Whigs complain bitterly of the apathy and indifference that have prevailed, and cannot recover from their surprise that their promises of cheap bread and cheap sugar have not proved more attractive. But they do not comprehend the real cause of this apathy. It is true that there has not been any violent Tory reaction, because there have been no great topics on which enthusiasm could fasten, but there has been a revival of Conservative influence, which has been gradually increasing for some time, and together with it a continually decreasing confidence in the Government. They have been getting more unpopular every day

with almost all classes, and when they brought forward their Budget the majority of the country, even those who approved of its principles, gave them little or no credit for the measure, and besides doubting whether the advantages it held out were very great or important, believed that their real motives and object were to recover the popularity they had lost, and to make a desperate plunge to maintain themselves in office. It was all along my opinion that their dissolution was a great blunder, that they would have consulted their own party interests better, and still more certainly the success of the fiscal measures they advocate, by resigning. But they thought they could get up excitement, and by agitation place matters in such a state that their successors would be unable to govern the country. This their understrappers and adherents kept dinning into their ears, and by urging the Cabinet one day in the name of the Queen, another in that of the Party, and setting before them the most exaggerated and erroneous representations of the state of public opinion, they at last persuaded Melbourne, Clarendon, and the two or three others who were originally against dissolution, to acquiesce in that desperate and, as it has turned out, fatal experiment. They richly deserve the fate that has overtaken them, for their conduct has been weak and disgraceful, and as no Ministry ever enjoyed less consideration while they held power, so none will ever have been more ignominiously driven from it. They have tenaciously clung to office, and shown a disposition to hold it upon any terms rather than give it up; and when at last they have made a formal appeal to the country, and demanded of public opinion whether they should stay or go, they have been contemptuously and positively bid to go. They have done their utmost to make the Queen the ostensible head of their party, to identify her with them and their measures, and they have caused the Crown to be placed in that humiliating condition which Melbourne so justly deprecated when the question was first mooted. In no political transaction that has ever come under my notice have I seen less principle and more passion, selfishness, absence of public spirit, and less consideration for the national weal. Rage for power, party zeal, and hatred of their antagonists have been conspicuous in the whole course of their language and conduct.

August 4th.—It is nearly a month ago that I wrote the

above, and in the meantime the elections progressed in favor of the Tories, and ended by giving them a majority of above eighty. Nothing was left for the Whigs but to comfort themselves with reflections upon the united state of their minority, and hopes of the disunion that would prevail among the Tories; and upon these considerations, and upon the distresses and embarrassment of the country, which they trust and believe will make Peel's Government very difficult, they build their sanguine expectations of being speedily restored to office. Above all, they look to Ireland as a great and constant source of difficulty, and they evidently hope that O'Connell's influence will now be successfully exerted to render the government of Ireland impossible. And they insist upon the certainty, almost the necessity, of the Orangemen being so *exigeants* that Peel will have as much difficulty in dealing with them as with the O'Connellites, and between both that he will be inevitably swamped. In these fond anticipations I believe they will find themselves egregiously disappointed, especially in what they expect from the Orangemen. My own expectation is that the Orangemen will no longer aspire to an exclusiveness and ascendency which are unattainable, and that with the protection, justice, and equality which they will obtain under a Conservative Government they will rest satisfied, and will not be fools enough to quarrel with Peel, and open a door to the restoration of the Whigs, because he does not do for them what it would be unreasonable to require, and what he never can have the power to do.

The next thing from which the Whigs hope to derive benefit is the hostile disposition of the Queen toward the Tory Government, and this they do their utmost to foster and keep up as far as writings and speeches go; but I do not believe that Melbourne does any such thing, and he alone has access to the Queen's ear and to her secret thoughts. With him alone she communicates without reserve, and to none of his colleagues, not even to John Russell, does he impart *all* that passes between them. The best thing she can possibly do is to continue in her confidential habits with him as far as possible, for I am persuaded he will give her sound and honest advice; he will mitigate instead of exasperating her angry feelings, and instruct her in the duties and obligations of her position, and try at least to persuade her that her dignity, her happiness, and her interest are all

concerned in her properly discharging them. He has faults enough of various kinds, but he is a man of honor and of sense, and he is deeply attached to the Queen. He will prefer her honor and repose to any interests of party, and it is my firm conviction that he will labor to inspire her with just notions and sound principles, and as far as in him lies will smooth the difficulties which would be apt to clog her intercourse with his successors.

August 10th.—The Tories were beginning to quarrel about the Speakership, some wanting to oust Lefevre, but the more sensible and moderate, with Peel and the leaders, desiring to keep him. The latter carried their point without much difficulty. Peel wrote to four or five and twenty of his principal supporters and asked their opinions. All, except Lowther, concurred in not disturbing Lefevre, and he said that he would not oppose the opinions of the majority. So Peel wrote to Lefevre, and gave him notice that he would not be displaced. The Whig papers, which were chuckling at the prospect of an early schism, were very sulky, and much disappointed at this settlement of the question. It would have been a very bad beginning for Peel if he had been overruled by the violence of the Ultra Tories. If he takes a high line, taking it moderately and discreetly but firmly, if he evinces his resolution to lead and not be driven, to govern the country according to his own sense of its necessities and rights, and to moral and political fitness, he may be a great and powerful Minister; but if the party he leads is so disunited, or so obstinate and unreasonable, that they will not consent to be led on these terms, if they will put forward their wants and wishes, and insist upon his deferring to their notions, prejudices, and desires, contrary to his own judgment, and to the sense and sentiment of the country, his reign will be very short. The party will be broken up, and the Government soon become paralyzed and powerless. To this consummation, in full reliance upon his weakness, and the exactions of his party, the hopes of the defeated Whigs are anxiously directed, but I think they will be disappointed. All Peel's conduct for some time past, his speeches in and out of the House of Commons, upon all occasions, indicate his resolution to act upon liberal and popular principles, and upon them to govern, or not at all. That many will be dissatisfied, and many disappointed, there can be no doubt; but on the whole I think the dissi-

dents will, with few exceptions, come into his terms; and as to the conscientious few, who on certain points will inflexibly maintain their opinions or principles, he will be able to afford to lose them. No man ever acquires greatness of mind, which is innate; but a man may acquire wisdom, and one may act from prudence as another would do from magnanimity. Peel's mind is not made of noble material, but he has an enlarged capacity and has had a vast experience of things, though from his peculiar disposition a much more limited one of men. If he takes a correct and a lofty view of his own situation—and to be correct it must be lofty—he will succeed, and the really essential thing is that he should have a deep and determined feeling that possession of office is utterly worthless if it is to be purchased by concessions and compromises which his reason condemns, and that he should enter on the Government with an unalterable determination to stand or fall by the principles he professes.

August 12th.—The day before yesterday I met Dr. Wiseman at dinner, a smooth, oily, and agreeable Priest. He is now Head of the College at Oscott, near Birmingham, and a Bishop (*in partibus*), and accordingly he came in full episcopal costume—purple stockings, tunic, and gold chain. He talked religion, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Puseyism, almost the whole time. He told us of the great increase of his religion in this country, principally in the manufacturing, and very little in the agricultural districts. I asked him to what cause he attributed it; if to the efforts of missionaries, or the influence of writings, and he replied that the principal instrument of conversion was the Protestant Association, its violence and scurrility; that they always hailed with satisfaction the advent of its itinerant preachers, as they had never failed to make many converts in the districts through which they had passed; he talked much of Pusey and Newman, and Hurrell Froude, whom Wiseman had known at Rome. He seems to be very intimate with Dr. Pusey, and gave us to understand not only that their opinions are very nearly the same, but that the great body of that persuasion, Pusey himself included, are very nearly ripe and ready for reunion with Rome; and he assured us that neither the Pope's supremacy nor Transubstantiation would be obstacles in their way. He said that the Jesuits were in a very flourishing state, and their Order governed as absolutely, and their General invested with the same author-

ity and exacting the same obedience, as in the early period of the institution. As an example, he said that when the Pope gave them a College at Rome, I forget now what, the General sent for Professors from all parts of the world, summoning one from Paris, another from America, and others from different towns in Italy, and he merely ordered them on the receipt of his letters to repair forthwith to Rome. He invited me to visit him at Oscott, which I promised, and which I intend to do.

Yesterday I went to Windsor for a Council, and there I found the Duke of Bedford. After the Council I went into his room to have a talk. He gave me an account of the Queen's visit to Woburn, which went off exceedingly well in all ways. She was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and an extraordinary curiosity to see her was manifested by the people, which proves that the Sovereign as such is revered by the people. I asked him if she was attentive to the Duke of Wellington, but he said that the Duke kept very much in the background, and his deafness, he thought, deterred the Queen from trying to converse much with him. However, though it is clear that she showed him no particular attention, the Duke was highly satisfied, for he told the Duke of Bedford so, and said he thought this progress a very good thing. The Duke had no conversation on politics with Melbourne. He told me that Melbourne had worked hard to reconcile the Queen's mind to the impending change, and to tranquillize her and induce her to do properly what she will have to do; and the Prince has done the same, and that their efforts have been successful. The Ladies mean to resign, that is, the Duchesses of Sutherland and Bedford and Lady Normanby. He gave me to understand with reference to what passed some time ago between Peel, Arbuthnot, and himself, that Peel had had some sort of private communication on the subject, but he would not tell me all he had to say, making the mysterious for no reason that I could discover, and promising a fuller explanation in a short time.

But what was of much greater importance than any questions about these Ladies was a letter which he showed me from his brother John, written a day or two before his marriage, in which he told him what his political intentions were. He said that while he would be in his place to support what he considered the good cause (a somewhat vague

phrase), he would adhere to a moderate course, and he was aware in so doing that he should run the risk of giving great offense to many of his party, and probably of determining his own exclusion from office. This declaration is in exact conformity with his intentions, when the Tories were on the point of coming in two or three years ago, and when he published his famous Stroud letter. I believe he will adhere to this resolution, which cannot fail to have an important influence upon the prospects and the position of the Opposition party. It proves how fallacious is their reckoning of the union that is to prevail among them, and how much greater elements of disunion exist among the Whigs than among the Tories, though they have not yet of course begun to exhibit the symptoms of it. But Lord John, besides his intention to adopt the passive course of moderation, has a mind to make an attack upon O'Connell. He has been lately reading over O'Connell's speeches at different places, and is so disgusted and exasperated at them that he told the Duke of Bedford he felt exceedingly inclined to attack him in the House of Commons. This, however, the Duke means to dissuade him from doing. It would be unnecessary, and such an open and early schism would throw the whole Whig party into confusion, and excite their indignation against their leader. But when such are his sentiments, and when the three hundred men who compose the Opposition consist of three distinct sections of politicians—the great Whig and moderate Radical body, owning Lord John for their leader, the Ultra Radicals following Roebuck, and the Irish under O'Connell—and when the Whig leader abhors the Roebuck doctrines, can hardly be restrained from attacking O'Connell, and is resolved to be meek and gentle with his Tory antagonists, it does seem as if Peel's difficulties, whatever may be their nature or magnitude, would not be principally derived from the compact union of his opponents. Lord John said that they should leave the country to the Tories in a very good condition, excepting only the financial distress, *which their measures would have relieved*—a tolerably impudent assertion in both respects.

August 14th.—The letter of John Russell's to which I have alluded was a very amiable and creditable production. As it was written in habitual confidence to his brother, it is impossible to doubt his sincerity. After speaking of his political intentions, and his probable exclusion from office,

he proceeded to say that he looked forward with delight to his establishment at Endsleigh and to the opportunity of resuming some long-neglected studies, and he said that he should be under the necessity of attending to those domestic economies which he had also not had time to think of; that he cared not for poverty; should have a sufficiency for comfort, and could always by writing and publishing add a few hundreds to his income. I was struck with the calm philosophy and the unselfish patriotism which his letter breathed, and with the grateful feelings he expressed at the happiness which seemed yet to be reserved for him. It is pleasant to contemplate a mind so well regulated, at once so vigorous, honest, and gentle; it cannot fail to be happy because it possesses that salutary energy which is always filling the mind with good food, those pure and lofty aspirations which are able to quell the petty passions and infirmities which assail and degrade inferior minds, and, above all, those warm affections which seek for objects round which they may cling, which are the best safeguard against selfishness, and diffuse throughout the moral being that vital glow which animates existence itself, is superior to all other pleasures, and renders all evils comparatively light.

August 18th.—The day before yesterday the Judicial Committee gave judgment in the great case of James Wood's Will, reversing the whole of Sir Herbert Jenner's judgment both as to the will and the codicil. The surprise was great and general, for everybody expected that the judgment would have been affirmed, and this impression was the stronger, because they had had so little discussion and so few meetings on the matter. They seem to have made up their minds as the cause went on, and they kept the secret so well, that nobody had the least notion what their decision would be, everybody guessing at it from their own opinions, or the circumstance I have alluded to. Brougham was there,[1] and arrived long before the appointed hour. He told me that Lyndhurst would deliver the judgment, and, he concluded, would affirm. Soon after Lyndhurst arrived, when he took Brougham aside, and told him what they were going to do. I never saw a man so pleased. He came up to me and, giving me a great poke in the side, whispered: "See

[1] [Lord Brougham had not heard the appeal, nor did Dr. Lushington sit on it, on account of their supposed intimacy with Alderman Wood, who was one of the principal legatees.]

how people may be deceived ; they are going to reverse the whole judgment." Lord Lyndhurst read the judgment, the delivery of it lasting about an hour. It was, I think, very superficial, and when he reversed so elaborate a judgment as Jenner's, it was due to the character of the Judge below, as well as to the importance of the cause, to go into much greater detail, and to reason the case more, and reply to those legal grounds on which Jenner's judgment was grounded. On these they did not touch at all. Having satisfied their minds that the documents were authentic, and that it was the intention of the testator that the four executors should have his money, they decided accordingly, stepping over the technical objection which arose upon the disjunction of the papers A and B, and discarding from their minds, as they were right in doing, all consideration of the misconduct of the parties interested. But it struck me as very extraordinary that they should not have expressed a stronger opinion on that point, and that they should have allowed Alderman Wood to take his £200,000, and Philpotts his £40, or £50,000, without one word of animadversion upon their behavior. The Chancellor had said on the Saturday preceding that he thought the judgment would be reversed.

August 24th.—On Saturday at Windsor for a Council, for the Speech : the last Council, I presume, which these Ministers will hold. Nothing particular occurred. I believe that the Queen is extremely annoyed at what is about to take place, and would do anything to avert it ; but as that is impossible, she has made up her mind to it. She seemed to me to be in her usual state of spirits. The truth is, when it comes to the point, that it is very disagreeable to have a complete change of decoration, to part with all the faces she has been accustomed to, and see herself surrounded with new ones. That, however, is a very immaterial matter in comparison with the loss of Melbourne's society, and of those confidential habits which have become such an essential part of her existence.

CHAPTER XII.

Debate on the Address in the Lords—Conservative Majority in the New Parliament—Sir R. Peel's Audience of the Queen—Auspicious Policy of Peel—Council at Claremont—Change of Ministry—Lord Melbourne's Message to Sir R. Peel—What Sir R. Peel said to the Queen—Lord Melbourne's View of the Recent Appointments at Court—The Duke of Wellington on the Recent Appointments—A Party at Windsor—Future Course of Events predicted—Visit to Woburn—Junius—Jobbing at the Foreign Office—Contempt for the late Government—Summary—Louis Philippe—Forgery of Exchequer Bills—The Tower Fire—Birth of the Prince of Wales—Delicate Questions—Prince Albert receives the Keys of the Cabinet Boxes—Charles Elliot—Strength of the Government—Lord Ripon and John Macgregor—French Intrigues in Spain.

London: August 25th, 1841.—The Duke of Bedford has just come here with an account of the House of Lords last night.[1] Lord Spencer was good; Lord Ripon very good indeed, the best speech he ever heard him make. The amendment to the Address was admirably composed, most skillful and judicious. Melbourne was miserable; he never made so bad a speech, mere buffoonery, and without attempting an answer to Ripon. The Duke of Richmond was strong both in manner and matter, threatening if the new Government did anything, *as some said they would,* that they would turn them out likewise. The Duke of Wellington complimented Melbourne handsomely on the judicious advice and the good instruction he had given the Queen. Lord Lansdowne was good, and quoted with effect a speech of Mr. Robinson's in favor of a fixed duty. Brougham was very bitter; he voted with the Government, but attacked Melbourne, and taunted him with not having answered Ripon's speech. Lord John had communicated the Queen's Speech to Peel on Monday, in order that he might have time to frame his amendment. He behaved very well about this. He said that it was a very extraordinary occasion: that as the Speech was one which invited an amendment, it was fair to give the other side an opportunity of framing it in the most advisable manner, his great object being that the Queen's dignity and *position* should be consulted and cared for. Accordingly, he proposed to the Cabinet that he should be authorized to send the Speech to Peel, to which

[1] [The first Session of the New Parliament opened on August 24, the Whigs being still in office. Lord Ripon moved an Amendment to the Address in the House of Lords, which was carried by a majority of 72 against Ministers. In the House of Commons Ministers were defeated on the Address upon the 28th of August by a majority of 91.]

they would not agree. On this he took it upon himself to do so, and he wrote to Fremantle, and told him if Peel would like to see the Speech he would send it him. Peel was very glad to have it, so Lord John sent it through Fremantle, and this gave them time to consider their amendment, and excellently done it is. The Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord John during the debates, to offer to adjourn the House till Friday. All these proceedings are decorous and graceful, and when such a spirit animates the Leaders, one feels that the great interests must be safe.

In the other House a very bad debate, Roebuck making a clever speech, and attacking John Russell and the Whigs, which shows how little union there is likely to be in the Opposition. Lord John has been in communication with Lord Stanley for a good while. When he found how the elections were going, and that the Government was virtually at an end, he began communicating with Stanley about certain colonial matters which, he thought, had better be left to the discretion of his successor; and they seem to have been corresponding very amicably on the subject for some time.

The Duke of Bedford has sent in the Duchess's resignation, as he found that Peel meant to require the retirement of the three Ladies of the Household connected with the Government—Sutherland, Bedford, and Normanby.

August 28th.—The House divided last night, and gave the Opposition a majority of ninety-one, almost all the Conservatives attending, and some of the others being absent. Peel seems to have spoken out, and to have announced to friend and foe that he will resolutely follow his own course. If he adheres to this and takes a bold flight, he may be a great man. Yesterday morning Arbuthnot told me that the Duke certainly would not come to the Council Office. He does not like it, says he knows nothing of the business, and won't have anything to do with it; but he told me what surprised me more, and that is, that two years ago, when everybody supposed he was to have been President of the Council, he was in fact to have been Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and it would not much surprise me if he were to take the Foreign Office again, for whatever others may think, he fancies himself as fit as ever to do the business of any office.

The answer to the Lords' Address was given yesterday, and was satisfactory; but there is some perplexity as to the

answer to the Commons, whether Melbourne can give it, or if it must be left to Peel. To show how difficult it is to get at the truth on any subject, Clarendon told me yesterday that John Russell never had proposed to the Cabinet to send the speech to Peel; that it was after the Cabinet on Friday that he (Clarendon) suggested it to Lord John, who at first objected to it, but afterward did it, and told his colleagues at Windsor that he had done so. Lord John also sent to Peel and offered to bring in the Poor Law Bill for a year, if he liked it. Peel sent him word he was much obliged to him for the offer, but that he must exercise his own discretion in the matter. They thought this very *Peelish* and over-cautious, but I don't know that he could do otherwise. It is creditable and satisfactory to observe the good tone and liberal feeling mutually evinced between the Leaders. The other night Goulburn made a really excellent speech in reply to Baring, and after the debate Baring came over and shook hands with him, saying, "You have made an admirable speech to-night."

September 1*st*.—On Monday morning Peel went down to Windsor. He was well enough satisfied with his reception. The Queen was civil, but dejected; she repeated (what she said two years ago) the expression of her regret at parting with her Ministers. Peel, with very good taste, told her that, as he had never presumed to anticipate his being sent for, he had had no communications with anybody, and was quite unprepared with any list to submit to her, and must therefore crave for time. It was settled that he should have another audience this morning. Up to this time no appointment is known but that of Lord de Grey as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Peel sent for Francis Egerton and told him that he should have proposed that post to him, had he not known that it would not suit him to go to Ireland; and Francis said he was quite right, and that it was not his wish to take any office. If Peel had any occasion for his assistance, he would readily afford it, but he apprehended that his difficulty would be found rather in the abundance than the lack of candidates for office. Peel shook his head, and said it was so indeed, and added that he had not had a single application for office from anybody who was fit for it. It seems clear that the Duke will hold no office. In June he wrote a letter to Peel urging all the reasons why he should not hold office, but expressing his readiness to do

anything he might think most serviceable to his Government. Among other reasons he said that a war was not improbable in the unsettled state of European politics, and in the event of its breaking out he should most likely have to take the command of an allied army in Germany, thus exhibiting his own reliance on his moral and physical powers. I did not know (what I heard yesterday) that last year the King of Prussia sent to the Duke, through Lord William Russell, to know if he would take the command of the Forces of the German Confederation in the event of a war with France. He replied that he was the Queen of England's subject, and could take no command without her permission; but if that was obtained, he felt as able as ever, and as willing to command the King's army against France.

It is impossible for Peel to have begun more auspiciously than he has done. I expected that he would act with vigor and decision, and he has not disappointed my expectations. His whole conduct for some time past evinced his determination. Those liberal views, which terrified or exasperated High Tories, High Churchmen, and bigots of various persuasions; those expressed or supposed opinions and intentions which elicited the invectives of the "British Critic," or the impertinences of "Catholicus," were to me a satisfactory earnest that, whenever he might arrive at the height of power, he was resolved to stretch his wings out and fly in the right direction. He must be too sagacious a man not to see what are the only principles on which this country can or ought to be governed, and that, inasmuch as he is wiser, better informed, and more advanced in practical knowledge than the mass of his supporters, it is absolutely necessary for him immediately to assume that predominance over them, and to determine their political allegiance to him, without establishing which his Government would be one of incessant shifts and expedients, insincere, ineffective, and in the end abortive. I never doubted that, if he had the boldness and the wisdom to take a high line, and assume a high tone at the outset, they would all, *bon gré, mal gré*, succumb to him, and follow and support him on his own terms. He has now a grand career open to him, and the means of rendering himself truly great. The mere possession of office and the dispensation of patronage can be nothing to him; worse than nothing, to hold office on terms he could not but feel to be humiliating, which would not lead to fame, and would prob-

ably in the end entail downfall and disgrace. It is not worth his while, with his immense fortune, high position, and great reputation, to be a mere commonplace Minister, struggling with the embarrassments and the prejudices of his own party. This would be mere degradation and loss of character. He must therefore contemplate the illustration of his administration by the establishment of principles at once sound and popular, combining the essence both of Conservatism and Reform, scrupulously preserving from all assaults the Constitution in all its purity, and carefully extending every sort of improvement and reform that the wants of the people or the imperfections of particular institutions may require. He must reconcile Conservatism with reform, and prove to the world that instead of their being antagonistic principles, they only appear to be, or are rendered so by the exaggerations and perversions with which interested or bigoted men invest them both. He must satisfy the people of this country, that by the maintenance of the ancient Constitution, and the suppression of Radicalism, their real and permanent interests will be promoted and secured, and animate and invigorate the sentiment of loyalty and attachment to the Crown and Constitution, by teaching the universal lesson, that under its protecting shade the greatest attainable amount of happiness and prosperity may in all human probability be obtained. The Opposition fondly hope that Peel's followers will desert him rather than subscribe to his more liberal and generous maxims of government. I do not believe it. If success attends him, and they see his policy producing prosperity and tranquillity, they will be too happy to "increase the triumph and take the gale," and, after all, their greatest object must be to secure the Constitution from Radical inroads, and exclude from power a Government which they believe could only retain it, if restored, by enormous concessions of a democratic tendency. I think, therefore, Peel is in no danger of being abandoned by the great body of the Conservatives, and if the liberality of some of his measures entails the loss of some Ultra Tories, it will be so much the better for him. What he has to do is to make himself popular with the country—not with "the uninformed mob that swells a nation's bulk," but with "those who are elevated enough in life to reason and reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a Court,"—as Burns terms them, "a nation's strength."

September 4th.—Went yesterday to Claremont for the Council, at which the new Ministers were appointed—a day of severe trial for the Queen, who conducted herself in a manner which excited my greatest admiration and was really touching to see.[1] All the Members of the old Government who had Seals or Wands to surrender were there (not Melbourne), and in one room; the new Cabinet and new Privy Councilors were assembled in another, all in full dress. The Household were in the Hall. The Queen saw the people one after another, having already given audience to Peel. After this was over she sent for me to inform her in what way the Seals were to be transferred to the new men. I found her with the Prince, and the table covered with bags and boxes. She desired I would tell her what was to be done, and if she must receive them in the Closet, or give them their Seals in Council. I told her the latter was the usual form, and it was of course that which she preferred. Having explained the whole course of the proceeding to her, she begged I would take the Seals away, which I accordingly did, and had them put upon the Council table. She looked very much flushed, and her heart was evidently brim full, but she was composed, and throughout the whole of the proceedings, when her emotion might very well have overpowered her, she preserved complete self-possession, composure, and dig-

[1] Sir Robert Peel's Administration was composed as follows:

First Lord of the Treasury	Sir Robert Peel
Lord Chancellor	Lord Lyndhurst
Lord President	Lord Wharncliffe
Lord Privy Seal	Duke of Buckingham (and, on his retirement, the Duke of Buccleuch)
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Right Hon. H. Goulburn
Home Secretary	Sir James Graham
Foreign Secretary	Earl of Aberdeen
Colonial Secretary	Lord Stanley
Secretary at War	Sir Henry Hardinge (and, on his departure for India, Right Hon. Sidney Herbert)
Board of Control	Lord Ellenborough (and, on his departure for India, Lord FitzGerald — on his death, Earl of Ripon)
Board of Trade	Earl of Ripon (and subsequently Mr. Gladstone)
Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Granville Somerset
Postmaster-General	Lord Lowther
First Lord of the Admiralty	Earl of Haddington
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	Earl de Grey
Woods and Forests	Earl of Lincoln

The Duke of Wellington sat in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet of 1841 without office. Sir E. Knatchbull was Paymaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet.

nity. This struck me as a great effort of self-control, and remarkable in so young a woman. Taking leave is always a melancholy ceremony, and to take leave of those who have been about her for four years, whom she likes, and whom she thinks are attached to her, together with all the reminiscences and reflections which the occasion was calculated to excite, might well have elicited uncontrollable emotions. But though her feelings were quite evident, she succeeded in mastering them, and she sat at the Council Board with a complete presence of mind, and when she declared the President and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland her voice did not falter. Though no courtier, I did feel a strong mixture of pity and admiration at such a display of firmness. The Household almost all came to resign, but as Peel had not got their successors ready, she would not accept their resignations, and she was right. They came to me to know what was to be done. I went to Peel, who wrote down the only people he had to name—Master of the Horse, Steward, and Vice-Chamberlain. I gave the paper to the Queen, and it was settled that Errol and Belfast should alone resign. Lord Jersey kissed hands as Master of the Horse, and the rest continued to discharge their functions as before. Peel told me that she had behaved perfectly to him, and that he had said to her that he considered it his first and greatest duty to consult her happiness and comfort; that no person should be proposed to her who could be disagreeable to her, and that whatever claims or pretensions might be put forward on the score of parliamentary or political influence, nothing should induce him to listen to them, and he would take upon himself the whole responsibility of putting an extinguisher on such claims in any case in which they were inconsistent with her comfort or opposed to her inclination. I asked him if she had taken this well, and met it in a corresponding spirit, and he said, "Perfectly." In short, he was more than satisfied; he was charmed with her. She sent to know if any of the new Ministers wished to see her, but the only one who did so was the Duke of Wellington, who had an audience of a few minutes. He told me afterward that she reproached him for not taking office, and had been very kind to him. He told her that she might rely on it he had but one object, and that was to serve her in every way that he possibly could; that he thought he could be more useful to her without an office than with one; that

there were younger men coming on whom it was better to put in place; and, in or out, she would find him always devoted to her person in any way in which he could render himself useful to her. So that everything went off very well, plenty of civilities, and nothing unpleasant; but, for all these honeyed words, affable resignation on her part, and humble expressions of duty and devotion on theirs, her heart is very sore, and her thoughts will long linger on the recollections of the past.

In the evening I dined at Stafford House and met Melbourne. After dinner he took me aside and said, "Have you any means of speaking to *these chaps?*" I said, "Yes, I can say anything to them." "Well," he said, "I think there are one or two things Peel ought to be told, and I wish you would tell him. Don't let him suffer any appointment he is going to make to be talked about, and don't let her hear it through anybody but himself; and whenever he does anything, or has anything to propose, let him explain to her clearly his reasons. The Queen is not conceited; she is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly; neither does she like long audiences, and I never stayed with her a long time. These things he should attend to, and they will make matters go on more smoothly." I told him I would certainly tell Peel, and then I told him how well she had behaved in the morning, and all Peel had said to me, and that he might rely on it Peel wished and intended to consult her comfort in every way, and that he had spoken to me with great feeling of the painful situation in which he was placed, and how impossible it was for any man with the commonest feelings of a gentleman not to be annoyed to the greatest degree at being the instrument, however unavoidably, of giving her so much pain. I told him that I knew Peel, so far from taking umbrage at the continuance of his social relations with her, was desirous that they should not be broken off. Melbourne said, "That was a very difficult matter, not on Peel's account, for he had never imagined he would feel otherwise, but from other considerations." This morning I called on Peel and told him word for word what Melbourne had said to me. He said, "It was very kind of Lord Melbourne, and I am much obliged to him; but do you mean that this refers to anything that has already occurred?" I said, "Not at

all, but to the future." Melbourne, knowing the Queen's mind better than Sir Robert possibly could, wished to tell him these things in order that matters might go on more smoothly. He said that he had hitherto taken care to explain everything to her, and that he should not fail to attend to the advice. I then repeated to him pretty much of the conversation I had had with Melbourne, and added that I had told him I was sure from what I had heard from others (not from Peel himself), that so far from taking umbrage at any continuance of the social intercourse between him and the Queen, he was perfectly content it should continue. He said that "it was ridiculous to suppose he could have any jealousy of the kind, that he had full reliance on the Queen's fairness toward him, and besides he knew very well how useless it would be to interfere, if there were any disposition to act unfairly toward him, as he was sure there would not be. Nothing he could do could prove effectual to prevent any mischief, and therefore implicit confidence was the wisest course. People told him that Mr. M—— was a person to be guarded against, but he treated all such intimations with the greatest contempt. The idea of a Prime Minister having anything to fear from Mr. M——, or anybody in his situation, was preposterous."

He then talked of his communications with the Queen. He said that he had told her that if any other Ministerial arrangement had been possible, if any other individual could have been substituted for him, as far as his personal inclinations were concerned, he should have been most ready to give way to such person; but it was impossible for him not to be aware that no man but himself could form the Government, and that he had taken on himself responsibilities, and owed obligations to his Party, which compelled him to accept the task. The Queen had agreed upon this necessity, and upon the impossibility of anybody else being substituted for him. He said a great deal to me of his own indifference to office, of the enormous sacrifices which it entailed upon him; and as to power, that he possessed enough of power out of office to satisfy him, if power was his object. He had told the Queen that his present position enabled him to make concessions to her which it was impossible for him to do in '39, when he was so weak and in a minority in the House of Commons; that now he could consult her wishes in a manner that was then out of his power, and with regard to

her Household she should have no one forced upon her contrary to her own inclination. As to her Ladies, he hoped, under the circumstances, she would take Conservatives, but he had no desire to suggest any particular individuals. Those who were most agreeable to her would be most acceptable to him, and he begged her to make her own selection. As to the men, she had said she did not care who they were, provided they were of good character; but every appointment had been made in concert with her, and it so happened that they were all exactly such as he had wished to make, as well as such as she liked to have. He then repeated that he would not suffer her to be annoyed with the pretensions of any people who would be disagreeable to her. He knew that there were many expectations, and would be many disappointments, but he could not help that, and if Conservatives were not ready to make some personal sacrifices—if for the advantage of having their Party placed in power they would not postpone their claims—he could not help it, and must take the consequences whatever they might be.

He was a good deal disappointed at the Duchess of Buccleuch's refusal to be Mistress of the Robes. Besides the extreme difficulty of finding a fit person for the office, it is awkward and mortifying to have so much difficulty in filling up these high places; and the Duke of Rutland's refusal to be Chamberlain, and the subsequent offer to Lord Exeter (who had not given his answer), made it more mortifying to those candidates to whom no offers are made. He has, in fact, deeply offended and mortified a great many expectants of office, and first and foremost the Duke of Beaufort, who, after having received the Queen at his house, and been distinguished with rather peculiar marks of favor, fully expected that he would have been selected as one especially agreeable to Her Majesty, instead of finding himself in a manner proscribed, he cannot tell why. The Irish lords, Glengall and Charleville, are also furious, and consider Ireland—that is, Orange Ireland—insulted and neglected in their persons; the Beauforts are only sulky. Wilton is another disappointed aspirant; but the Irish lords are open-mouthed and abusive. On the other hand, his Whig enemies accuse him of endeavoring to shift the odium of these exclusions on the Queen, which is certainly not true; but in these times bitterness and disappointment never fail to engender swarms of lies.

With regard to Peel and his conduct, I think he is doing

well, and acting a fair, manly, and considerate part. He was wrong, I think, to ask her to name Conservative Ladies. The principle of a mixed household having been admitted, he had better have placed no limitation on her discretion, and she would probably have taken Conservatives. While he was talking to me, I felt some surprise—some at his tone about office and power, some at what he said about M——, and all that. I thought to myself, "You are a very clever man; you are not a bad man; but you are not great." He may become as great a Minister as abilities can make any man; but to achieve real greatness, elevation of mind must be intermingled with intellectual capacity, and this I doubt his having. There is a something which will confine his genius to the earth instead of letting it soar on high. I dare say he can be just, liberal, generous, and wise, but he has been so long habituated to expedients, to partial dissimulation, to indirect courses, and has such a limited knowledge of the world and human nature, and so little disposition or desire for reciprocal confidence with other men, that I doubt his mind ever expanding into a true liberality and generosity of feeling. However, he has never before been in possession of real and great power, his course has been impeded and embarrassed by all sorts of obstructions and difficulties. It remains to be seen how he will act in his new capacity, and whether he will assert his independence to its fullest extent; above all, whether he will elevate his moral being to "the height of his great argument."

September 6th.—Yesterday I called on Melbourne and told him what had passed between Peel and myself. We had a great deal of talk about things and people connected with the Court, about the appointments and the exclusions which were producing so much heart-burning. The woman the Queen would prefer for her Mistress of the Robes is Lady Abercorn. She said Peel was so shy, that it made her shy, and this renders their intercourse difficult and embarrassing, but Melbourne thinks this may wear off in time. I said it might be eased by his cultivating the Prince, with whom he could discuss art, literature, and the tastes they had in common. After a good deal of loose talk, we parted, he saying that if anything else occurred to him he thought desirable to communicate, he would send to me. So here am I strangely enough established as the medium of communication between the present and the past Prime Ministers, and have got the

office of smoothing away the asperities of royal and official intercourse. If I can do any good, and prevent some evil, above all destroy the effects of falsehood and malignity, and assist in making truth prevail, I shall be satisfied.

September 7th.—I fell in with the Duke of Wellington yesterday coming from the Cabinet, and walked home with him. He seemed very well, but totters in his walk. The great difference in him is his irritability, and the asperity with which he speaks of people. Everybody looks at him, all take off their hats to him, and one woman came up and spoke to him. He did not seem to hear what she was saying, but assuming as a matter of course that she wanted something, he said, "Do me the favor, Ma'am, to write to me," and then moved on as quickly as he could. Not that by her writing she would get much, for he has answers lithographed, to be sent to his numerous applicants, which is rather comical because characteristic. I had some talk with him about the applicants, when he told me, in confirmation of what Melbourne had said, that it was the Prince who insisted upon spotless character. He said it was impossible to explain all this, and he was aware how mortified and angry these people are, but he said some means must be found of pacifying them in other ways, and he talked in such terms of Beaufort's capacity that I began to think he was contemplating an embassy for him. They have been very fortunately delivered from the embarrassment of Lord Londonderry by the extravagance of his pretensions. They offered him Vienna, which he rejected with disdain; he wanted Paris, and not getting this, he went off in high dudgeon, and they were too happy to make him their bow and have done with him. In my opinion they were very wrong to offer him anything at all. It was a great blunder six years ago to have proposed to send him to Petersburg. He is neither useful abroad nor dangerous at home, and might very properly be left to his fate and his indignation.

September 8th.—Peel's troubles about the Household are drawing to a close, as he has prevailed on the Duchess of Buccleuch to take the Robes, and most of the others are named—on the whole pretty well, but with some exceptions.

September 17th.—A Council at Windsor on Wednesday, the first since the change. It went off very well, all the new Ministers being satisfied with their reception. The Queen was very gracious and good-humored. At din-

ner she had the Duke next to her (his deaf ear unluckily) and talked to him a good deal. After dinner she spoke to Aberdeen and then to Peel, much as she used to her old Ministers. I saw no difference in her manner. She talked for some time to Peel, who could not help putting himself into his accustomed attitude of a dancing-master giving a lesson. She would like him better if he would keep his legs still. When we went into the drawing-room Melbourne's chair was gone, and she had already given orders to the Lord-in-waiting to put all the Ministers down to whist, so that there was no possibility of any conversation, and she sat all the evening at her round table with Lady De la Warr on one side and Lady Portman on the other, perhaps well enough for a beginning, but too stupid if intended to last. There was no general conversation. The natural thing would have been to get the Duke of Wellington to narrate some of the events of his life, which are to the last degree interesting, but this never seems to have crossed her mind. Peel told me that nobody could form an idea of what he had had to go through in the disposal of places, the adjustment of conflicting claims, and in answering particular applications, everybody thinking their own case the strongest in the world, and that they alone ought to be excepted from any general rule. I take it the examples of selfishness and self-sufficiency have been beyond all conception. A few I heard of: Old Maryborough at seventy-nine years old is not content with passing the few years he may have to live in repose, and is indignant that nothing was offered to him. Lefroy, Peel told me, was with him for an hour consuming his precious time, and he had been forced to tell him that he must and would make his judicial appointments according to his own sense of their fitness and propriety. Chin Grant wanting to be Chairman of Ways and Means; everybody, as Peel said, fancying that to any office they had ever held they had a sort of vested right and title, and forgetting that younger men must be brought forward. I told him that he had had a great escape in Londonderry's refusal to go to Vienna, and that the appointment would have done him infinite mischief. The Duke of Beaufort has now applied for the Embassy at Vienna by letter to Peel.

September 22*d.*—Peel is going on skirmishing in the House of Commons, where a Whig or a Radical every now and then fires a little shot at the new Government. John

Russell is gone into the country. The grand topic of complaint is the refusal of Government to bring forward any measures of relief to the suffering interests, and any financial projects, before the usual period of meeting next year. But the Opposition have made no case, though perhaps Peel would have done wisely to call Parliament together again in November. The appointments are most of them completed, except the diplomatic posts, which are still uncertain, and the Governor-Generalship of India. This was offered to Haddington, who refused it, and it is a curious circumstance that a man so unimportant, so destitute not only of shining but of plausible qualities, without interest or influence, should by a mere combination of accidental circumstances have had at his disposal three of the greatest and most important offices under the Crown, having actually occupied two of them, and rejected the greatest and most brilliant of all. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he refuses to be Governor-General of India, and he is First Lord of the Admiralty. To the list of the discontented I find one may be added in the person of Chief-Justice Burke, who came over here to bargain for his retirement and solicit a peerage. He has held on that a Conservative Government might dispose of his office, and he thinks he has a good claim to be made a peer. But he has not only not got what he wants, but complains that Peel has been wanting in courtesy in not having any personal communication with him. He expected Peel would send for him, but he did not, and the Chief is gone back to Ireland with a strong sense of neglect and ill-usage.

September 27th.—Went on Friday to Woburn, and returned yesterday. Nobody there but Sir George Seymour and his wife, and old Lord Lynedoch, who is ninety-six, and just going to Italy for the winter. Not much talk on politics, but, with reference to the sanguine expectations of Palmerston of a speedy restoration to office, the Duke confirmed what I before thought, that, even if the road was again open, the old Government never could be reconstituted, and that, whatever others might do, Lord John never would consent to its restoration *tale quale*, for example, with Melbourne at its head, with all his vacillation and weakness. But as the Queen has no notion of a Whig Government except that of Melbourne, and cares for nobody else, it would not at all meet her wishes and expectations to propose the

formation of a Cabinet with any other Chief. I suspect Lord John would agree to no plan which did not make himself Prime Minister, and he would be quite right. Palmerston would agree to anything which took him back to the Foreign Office; but he would find the Foreign Office under Lord John a very different thing from the Foreign Office under Melbourne; and as the vindictive nature of Palmerston will never forgive Lord John for the part he took in the Eastern business, and as Lord John, though with a strange facility he became reconciled to Palmerston, has no confidence in him, I do not see how they could possibly go on.[1] It is very pleasant to be at Woburn, with or without society, a house abounding in every sort of luxury and comfort, and with inexhaustible resources for every taste—a capital library, all the most curious and costly books, pictures, prints, interesting portraits, gallery of sculpture, garden with the rarest exotics, collected and maintained at a vast expense—in short, everything that wealth and refined taste can supply.

I read there a Diary of John Duke of Bedford (Junius's Duke), which is not at all interesting, but it affords strong evidence to show the injustice of Junius, and that he was a very good sort of man instead of being the monster that Junius represents him. The Duke told me that the intimacy in which Sir Philip Francis had lived with his uncle, and his having been an habitual guest at Woburn, was quite enough to account for his concealing and denying that he was the author. It would certainly have drawn a host of enemies upon him, as all the Russells and Fitzroys would have felt in duty bound to resent the fierce and savage attacks of Junius upon their grandfather and father. He had every motive for concealment, and none for disclosure, and as to his vanity, that must have been amply gratified by the general suspicion and acknowledgment (implied by the suspicion) that he was *capable* of writing Junius. I never had a doubt that Francis was Junius, and that belief is growing very general.

[1] [This is precisely what did occur, though it was many years afterward. Lord John Russell returned to office as Prime Minister in 1846, and Lord Palmerston resumed the direction of Foreign Affairs; but, after innumerable disputes, which will be related here *en temps et lieu*, his colleagues could endure it no longer and turned him out in December, 1851; but this event led shortly afterward to the dissolution of Lord John Russell's Government, as is here foretold.]

Nothing new in politics. Lord John is gone to Endsleigh, but Palmerston sticks to his place in the House of Commons. There is a good deal of skirmishing, and Peel's opponents have done him great service by making very feeble and ineffective attacks on him, which just enabled him to make good speeches in reply, and to put forth his case to the country, for the course he is pursuing, in the manner most likely to make an impression. His answer last Friday to a pert speech of Patrick Stewart's was excellent.

September 29th.—Mellish gave me an account, last night, of Palmerston's last doings at the Foreign Office. He created five new paid attachés without the smallest necessity, and all within a few days of his retirement. This was done to provide for a Howard, an Elliot, and a Duff, and a son of Sir Augustus Foster, whose provision was made part of the conditions of another job, the retirement of Sir Augustus to make way for Abercromby, Lord Minto's son-in-law—all foul jobbing at the public expense, and to all this useless waste the austere and immaculate Francis Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Cerberus who growls at every claimant on the Treasury, no matter how just his claims may be, gave his consent, complacent to his daring and unscrupulous colleague. Mellish told me another anecdote of Palmerston, that eleven thousand pounds (I put it in letters, because in figures some error might have been suspected) had been spent in *one year*, at the Foreign Office, in chaises-and-four conveying messengers to overtake the mail with his private letters, which never were ready in time. Nothing ever equaled the detestation in which he is regarded at that Office; still, they do justice to his ability and to his indefatigable industry, and they say that any change of Government which would take place must include him in the new arrangement.

Last night Charles Buller told me he did not think Peel's Government would last, because he did not go the way to make it last, but that he thought Peel himself had done admirably well in every respect; and he must own the Government, as far as they had gone, had behaved properly and handsomely, especially about the Poor Laws and Canada—better than the late would have done as to the last. It is remarkable that the very people belonging to the late Government had no respect for it and no confidence in it. He owned to me that it was time such a miserable apology for a

Government as the late Cabinet was (these were my words, not his) should come to an end: a Government of departments, absolutely without a chief, hating, distrusting, despising one another, having no principles and no plans, living from hand to mouth, able to do nothing, and indifferent whether they did anything or not, proposing measures without the hope or expectation of carrying them, and clinging to their places for no other reason than because they had bound themselves to the Queen, who insisted on their continuance in spite of their feelings of conscious humiliation and admitted impotence, merely because she loved to have Melbourne domesticated at Windsor Castle, and she could not have him there on any other terms.

November 8th.—Above a month since I have written anything in this book. I left London the second week in October; went to Burghley, thence to Newmarket, to Thornhill's; Newmarket again, Charles Drummond's, and London this day week. In this interval my history is very brief and uninteresting. The principal events consist of the affair at Canton, and the failure of the Spanish Christina plot, the Exchequer Bill business, the burning of the Tower, and now we are occupied with the approaching delivery of the Queen, and the probable death of the Queen Dowager.

Elliot[1] is expected home any day. There is a mighty clamor against him, but he confidently asserts, and his friends fondly hope, that he will be able to make his case good. The Government will treat him impartially, for Lord Wharncliffe said to me the other day that he was not at all sure it would not turn out that Elliot was quite right in what he had done at Canton; but the disappointment, and disapprobation of the General and the Admiral have naturally damaged him in public opinion here, and people are so sick of this silly, inglorious, but mischievous war, that they are exasperated at any opportunity having been lost of terminating it by a decisive blow.

In the Spanish business Louis Philippe has been intriguing up to the chin, without the participation, but not at least without the knowledge, of Guizot. Everybody knows this, and our press has let loose against him without reserve;

[1] [Captain, afterward Sir Charles Elliot, had been the diplomatic agent of the Government in the ports of China at the time of the seizure of opium by the Chinese Government. He was blamed at the time, but subsequent events showed him to have been right.]

but we must screen his delinquency as well as we can, and pretend not to see it. It is a marvelous thing that so wise a man can't be a little honest, and, as has been remarked, a striking fact that, notwithstanding his great reputation for sagacity, he is constantly engaged in underhand schemes, in which he is generally both baffled and detected; and it is also remarkable that, though a humane and good-natured man, and both brave and politic, and felt to be necessary to France and Europe, he is both disliked and despised. His history and his character afford materials for a fine moral essay.

The Exchequer Bill business is very disagreeable, coming in the midst of our other embarrassments, and the depth of it is not yet fathomed. The Government were very much dissatisfied with Monteagle,[1] who, they thought, did not evince a disposition to act cordially and effectually with them: not that they suspected him of any improper motive or culpable conduct, but he made difficulties, and stood on absurd punctilios, which provoked and annoyed them; but latterly they have been better satisfied.

The Tower will cost money,[2] but there is no great loss sustained except that of some new percussion muskets, about 11,000. The old arms were useless and unsalable, so that they are rather glad to have got rid of them.

November 11*th*.—The Queen was delivered of a son at forty-eight minutes after ten on Tuesday morning the 9th. From some crotchet of Prince Albert's, they put off sending intelligence of her Majesty being in labor till so late that several of the Dignitaries, whose duty it was to assist at the birth, arrived after the event had occurred, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord President of the Council. At two o'clock a Council was held, and the usual thanksgiving ordered. Last year the Prince took the chair, which was all wrong; and this time I placed him at the top of the table on the left, the Archbishop next him. None of the Royal Dukes were summoned. "God save the Queen"

[1] [Lord Monteagle was Comptroller of the Exchequer when this great forgery of Exchequer Bills took place, to a very large amount, which the Treasury lost. These bills were put into circulation by a man named Rapallo, the same who advanced money to Louis Napoleon for his Boulogne expedition in 1840. It is probable, therefore, that there was some connection between the two events.]

[2] A fire broke out in the Tower of London, October 31, which consumed the grand storehouse and small armory. The total loss in stores and buildings was estimated at £200,000.]

was sung with great enthusiasm at all the theatres, and great joy manifested generally. The event came very opportunely for the Lord Mayor's dinner. It was odd enough that the same day Peel had been engaged with two or three more to dine at the Palace, and had been forced to send excuses to the Lord Mayor, though the Queen must have known it was Lord Mayor's Day. Melbourne under similar circumstances would have gone to the Mansion House, but these people are forced to stand rather more on ceremony than he was.

A curious point has arisen, interesting to the Guards. It has been the custom for the officer on guard at St. James's Palace to be promoted to a majority when a Royal Child is born.[1] The guard is relieved at forty-five minutes after ten. At that hour the new guard marched into the Palace Yard, and at forty-eight minutes after ten the child was born. The question arises which officer is entitled to the promotion. The officer of the fresh guard claims it because the relief marched in before the birth, and the keys were delivered over to him; but the other officer claims it because the sentries had not been changed when the child was actually born, his men were still on guard, and he disputes the fact of the delivery of the keys, arguing that in all probability this had not occurred at the moment of the birth. The case is before Lord Hill for his decision.

It is odd enough that there is a similar case involving civic honors at Chester. The Prince being Earl of Chester by birth, the Mayor of Chester claims a baronetcy. The old Mayor went out and the new Mayor came into office the same day and about the same hour, and it is doubtful which functionary is entitled to the honor. The ex-Mayor was a Whig banker, and the new one is a Tory linen-draper.

I find that, during the Queen's confinement, all the boxes and business are transmitted as usual to the Palace, and the former opened and returned by the Prince. He established this practice last year. At first orders were given to the Foreign Office to send no more boxes to the Palace; but two days after, fresh orders were received to send the boxes as usual, and to furnish the Prince with the necessary keys.

November 19th.—Met Captain Elliot at dinner yesterday, who was very amusing with his accounts of China. He seems (for I never saw him before) animated, energetic, and

[1] They found on inquiry that there was no precedent for the promotion, but they have given it notwithstanding. The old guard got it.

vivacious, clever, eager, high-spirited, and gay. He, of course, makes his own case very good, and, whatever may be the merit or demerit of his conduct, taken as a whole, I am inclined to think he will be able to vindicate his latest exploit at Canton. He casts as much blame on the Admiral and General as they did on him—that is, he treats them, and their notions and censures, with great contempt. He also disapproves of the course we are meditating, and says that we are all wrong to think of waging war with China in any way but by our ships, and, above all, to wish to establish diplomatic relations with her.

All is quiet enough here. The new Ministers tell me they are strong in the country, and that a general feeling of satisfaction and security is diffused by the substitution of a real working Government for the last batch. They are certainly working very hard, and mean to allow themselves no repose. Cabinets have been constantly held, and in the beginning of December they are to meet for the purpose of regular and unbroken consultation. As yet, whatever Peel may contemplate, he has proposed nothing to his colleagues, so that no dissensions can have taken place among them, for the simple reason that there has been no discussion. I asked Lord Wharncliffe what the Duke of Buckingham would do when they came to discuss the Corn Laws, etc. He said he did not know; hitherto he had given no indications, and had, in fact, done nothing but apply to all the Ministers for places, being exceedingly greedy after patronage. He describes him as a very ordinary man, and apparently without any habits of, or taste for, business. Such as he is, however, he is at the head of a powerful interest, and they did well to take him in, end as it may. If Peel proposes Liberal measures, and can prevail on Buckingham to go along with him, his task will be much easier. If he is obstinate, and they turn him out, it will tell well with the country. I never contemplate the other alternative of Peel succumbing to the Duke of Buckingham and the Corn Law monopolists.

Meanwhile, Lord Ripon's conduct with regard to Macgregor is not calculated to excite favorable expectations with reference to Free Trade,[1] only it may have arisen more from

[1] [Lord Ripon was President of the Board of Trade and a Protectionist; Macgregor a strong Free-Trader, and it is due to him to add that he contributed considerably, as Secretary of the Board of Trade, to the triumph of Free-Trade principles, though he was a very inferior man to his colleague, Mr. Porter.]

personal than political motives. As soon as he came into office he told Macgregor that, after his evidence (on the Import Duties), he could have no confidence in him, and it was better frankly to tell him so. Macgregor expressed his regret, said that his opinions were unaltered, and that he was confident time would prove their correctness, and that Lord Ripon himself, or whoever might be Minister, would in the end be obliged to adopt the principles he had propounded. Some days afterward Ripon again spoke to him in the same strain, informed him that he had no confidence in him, and could not, therefore, with any satisfaction transact business with him. To this Macgregor responded that it was better he should once for all make known to his Lordship that he had no intention of resigning, that he should give his best assistance to him as President of the Board of Trade, without reference to any political considerations, and that if he chose to turn him out in consequence of the evidence he had given before the Committee of the House of Commons, he was of course at liberty to do so. This silenced Ripon, and he has never since returned to the subject. The truth seems to be that he wants the place for H. Ellis, and thought he could make Macgregor resign by what he said to him.

My brother writes me word that Louis Philippe has been plunging chin-deep into the Spanish intrigues, and is now furious at having been detected, and at the abuse which is lavished on him. We seem to have taken a very proper course, keeping matters quiet, and without any interference, giving the most cordial and amicable assurances to the Spanish Government. Guizot is supposed to have had no concern in these underhand dealings, but he can hardly avoid being mixed up in them, and he will probably in the end be forced to become an unwilling party to the King's manœuvres, or to give up his office to Molé, who will be glad to take it on any terms, and the King too happy to have him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Anecdotes about the Exchequer Bill Forgery—M. de St. Aulaire Ambassador in London—Morbid Irritability of the Duke—Macaulay on Street Ballads—Sir Edmund Head, Poor Law Commissioner—The Duke's Delusion—The Lord Chief-Justice closes the Term—Armorial Bearings of the Prince of Wales—Relations of Ministers with the Queen—Lord William Russell recalled from Berlin—Arbitrary Appointment of Magistrates—Anecdote of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Lord Spencer on the Corn Laws—Lord-Lieutenancy of Northamptonshire—Visit to Bowood—Mrs. Fanny Kemble—Macaulay's Conversation—Macaulay's Departure—Lord Ashburton's Mission—The Chinese War—Unpopularity of Lord Palmerston—A Diplomatic Squabble—Prussian Treatment of Newspapers—Fire at Woburn Abbey—Duke of Wellington himself again—King of Prussia arrives—Proceedings of the Government—The Duke of Buckingham resigns—Relations with France—Opening of the New Parliament—King of Prussia's Visit—The Speech from the Throne—Lord Palmerston's Hostility to France—The Queen and her Ministers—Dispute about a Scotch Judge—Corn Laws—A Letter from Jellalabad—The Corn Law Debate—The Battersea Schools—A Calm—Sir Robert Peel's Budget—The Disaster at Cabul—Death and Funeral of the Marquis of Hertford—Sir Robert Peel's Financial Measures—The Whig View of Peel—Archdeacon Singleton—Lord Munster's Death—Colonel Armstrong—Theatricals at Bridgwater House—Summary of the Session—The Occupation of Afghanistan—Lord Wellesley's Opinion—Afghan Policy of the Government—Lord Ashburton's Treaty—The Missing Map.

November 24th, 1841.—If I do not vary the nature and enlarge the scope of this Journal, I shall very soon be completely aground, and have nothing whatever to put down, for I am placed in very different circumstances with the present and the late Government. I have no intimacy or social habits with any of these people, and the consequence is that I know little or nothing of what is going on. I have, for a long time past, accustomed myself to what is, I believe, a very foolish, unprofitable way of writing. I have almost entirely given up entering anything except such scraps of political information as I have picked up by one means or another, and consequently have grown very idle, and my entries have often had long intervals between them. Somebody remarked the other day what innumerable things were lost for want of some curious observer and chronicler, who would be at the trouble of recording and hoarding them in something less voluminous, and therefore more accessible than the columns of a newspaper. I was struck with the truth of this, and thought how many anecdotes, verses, *jeux d'esprit*, and miscellanies of various kinds I might have rescued from oblivion, but had never thought of doing so, because they had appeared in newspapers. Partly, therefore, because it may be more or less interesting and amusing, and partly because I think I shall have no political facts or circumstances to record, I have resolved to fill my pages with

more general matter, although, such is the inveterate force of habit, I am anything but sure that I shall adhere to my resolution.

The other night I heard how the Exchequer Bill affair was first discovered. Some merchant in the City wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and told him that there was some great negligence in the Exchequer Bill Office, for he was in possession of two bills, both of the same number. Goulburn sent for Maule, and told him to go to the Exchequer and inquire into this. He went and told his errand, on which Smith asked him to go with him into the next room. He went, when Smith said, "The fact is, one of these bills is forged. There has been a system of forgery going on for many years, and I am guilty of being concerned in it." Maule asked him if he had any objection to repeat this confession in the presence of his clerk, who was below, and he said, none whatever. He might easily have got away, but now they think his confession was a stroke of policy, and that he made it, believing that no law will reach him.

Another curious thing has happened. Lord Sudeley went with his brother to some sparring exhibition, where their pockets were picked. The brother had had the precaution to clear his of everything valuable, but Lord Sudeley lost three Exchequer bills of £1,000 each. He gave notice of his loss, and the usual means were adopted for recovering the bills, the numbers stopped, and so forth. Not long ago a man came into a banker's at Liverpool, and said he was going abroad, and wanted money, and would be much obliged if they would give him some in exchange for an Exchequer bill. He handed the bill in, when the banker, on looking at it, thought it was the same number as one of the advertised bills, and he told the gentleman that such was the case. The man expressed ignorance and surprise, but said that of course he could not expect the money under such circumstances, and begged he would give him back the bill. The other said he was sorry he could not do that, as he was bound to detain it. "Well, then," said the man, "if that is the case, I will call again to-morrow, and you will be able, in the meanwhile, to inquire further into the business." But the banker replied he could not allow him to go either, and was under the necessity of detaining him as well as the bill. A police-officer was sent for, and the gentleman was led into

another room. Having secured his person, they concluded that the other Exchequer bills were probably not far off, and that somebody would call in the course of the day to make inquiry about the person in custody, and for this expected visit they set a watch. In a short time a man did come and inquire, when they told him the gentleman had been obliged to go off to London. The officer followed the inquirer to his lodging and into his room, where he explained the object of his visit. The man said he might make any search he pleased, which he immediately did, but without success. He was therefore preparing to leave the room, but as he passed the bed his eye fell upon a waistcoat, which the man had just taken off and thrown upon it. He had already searched the pockets before the man had taken it off, but nevertheless was tempted to take the waistcoat up again, when suddenly the man flew upon him, and seized him by the throat. A violent struggle ensued, but eventually the officer was able to examine the waistcoat closely, and concealed therein were the other two Exchequer bills. Thus all three were recovered, but they turned out to be all three forged.

I have had a letter from M. Guizot, desiring I would make M. de St. Aulaire's acquaintance, and be civil to him, and St. Aulaire told Reeve that he had been desired by Guizot to cultivate him and me as the two most valuable acquaintances he could make.[1] I have been presented to him, and we had a long palaver the other night, in which he was extremely civil and cordial ; but I am so out of the habit of speaking French, that I find myself floundering terribly when I get into great talk, which is very stupid and mortifying. I have written to Guizot, and told him I should be very happy to do anything I could for St. Aulaire, and especially to render any assistance in my power to *him*, but that I must candidly tell him I do not know half so much of what was going on now as I had done when the late Government were in office.

They tell me that Aberdeen is doing very well, working very hard, taking up every question, writing well on them all, and displaying much greater firmness than he did before.

[1] [The Marquis de St. Aulaire arrived about this time as Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James's. He was the finished type of a French nobleman and diplomatist of the old school, remarkable for the elegance of his manners and the *finesse* of his conversation. Nor was he devoid of literary accomplishments. His "History of the Fronde" was regarded as one of the best works of the period.]

The Duke of Wellington is remarkably well. I saw him yesterday for the first time since the Council at Windsor, and he said he never was better. But he is altered in character strangely. He has now a morbid aversion to seeing people, which nearly amounts to madness. Nobody can get access to him, not even his nearest relations. When anybody applies for an interview, he flies into a passion, and the answers which he dictates to letters asking for audiences, or asking for anything, are so brutally uncivil and harsh that my brother Algy constantly modifies or alters them. The Duke fancies he is so engaged that he cannot spare time to see anybody. This peculiarity is the more remarkable, because formerly his weakness was a love of being consulted by everybody, and mixed up with everything. Nobody was ever in a difficulty without applying to him; innumerable were the quarrels, *tracasseries*, scandals, intrigues, and scrapes which he had to arrange and compose. He has for a long time past kept up a correspondence with Raikes, encouraging him to write at great length, and punctually answering his letters. Raikes came over here to see what he could get, and the Duke interested himself in his favor, and spoke to Aberdeen; but although they have so long been correspondents, Raikes has never been able to obtain an audience at Apsley House, for though he solicited that favor as soon as he came, the Duke has never once admitted him. I was yesterday with Messrs. Sidebottom, in Lincoln's Inn, for the purpose of settling the disputes between Lord de Mauley and Lord Kinnaird, when they told me what had passed about the Duke's personal property, when a bill was brought in, upon Douro's marriage, to settle a jointure on Lady Douro. They urged him to take that opportunity to entail on the title all the curious and valuable things which had been given him by emperors and kings, and to have a clause inserted in the Bill for that purpose. He consented, but when he saw it, he said he did not like it; he thought the enumeration *flashy*, and he would have it expunged. At last they hit on an expedient, and they introduced a clause to the effect that anything which he should appoint by deed within two years should be entailed on the title forever, and they prevailed on him to sign the deed on the very last day of the two years. The value of the property is said to amount to half a million, and a great number of things were brought to light which he did not know that he possessed. If his

two sons die without issue, which is very probable, the disposal of all these valuables reverts to him.[1]

November 27th.—On Thursday I dined with Milman,[2] to meet Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Babbage. Pretty equal partition of talk between Sydney and Macaulay. The latter has been employing his busy mind in gathering all the ballads he can pick up, buying strings of them in the streets, and he gave us an amusing account of the character of this species of literature, repeating lines and stanzas without end. The ballad-writers, who may be supposed to represent the opinions and feelings of the masses for whose delectation they compose, do not, according to Macaulay, exhibit very high moral sentiments, as they evince a great partiality for criminals, and are the strenuous opposers of humanity to animals. We dined at the Prebendal House, once Ashburnham House, very handsome, and with one of the most elegant staircases I ever saw anywhere, the work of Inigo Jones. Yesterday I dined with Bingham Baring, Henry Taylor, John Mill (son of the historian and a very clever man), and Emerson Tennant, agreeable enough. The day's newspapers announced the sudden death of Chantrey, the most eminent of contemporary sculptors, but not, I suspect, for I am no judge, of a high order of genius. His busts were very happy, but I am not aware of any great work of imaginative art which he has produced, and his two children in Lichfield Cathedral have always been quoted as the greatest proof of his power.[3]

November 30th.—Graham has made Sir Edmund Head Poor Law Commissioner, an appointment very creditable to him. The Government are certainly going on well, and Tufnell, as strong a Whig as any, told me last night he thought their appointments excellent, and that they were doing very well. This appointment of Head is what Normanby was urged, but was afraid, to make. He shrank from it, however, for very poor reasons, not honorable to himself or to others concerned. First of all, John Russell's trying to thrust Rich upon him, a man not for one moment to be com-

[1] [The then Marquis of Douro lived to succeed his father, and became the second Duke of Wellington, dying in 1884 without issue. His brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, died before him, and the title descended to his son, the third and present Duke of Wellington.]

[2] [Dr. Milman was at this time a Prebendary of Westminster Abbey, afterward Dean of St. Paul's.]

[3] [The Lichfield monument was designed by Stothard, and executed in sculpture by Chantrey.]

pared with Head, and then because Chadwick was against him. Accordingly, he left it to the Tories, fully expecting they would appoint Colonel A'Court; but Graham has thrown over all party considerations, and having, after strict inquiry, satisfied himself that Head is the ablest and the fittest man, he has given him the situation.

A correspondence has just appeared in the papers between the Duke of Wellington and the Paisley deputation, which is exceedingly painful to read, calculated to be very injurious to the Government, whom their enemies are always accusing of indifference to the public distress, and which, in my opinion, exhibits a state of mind in the Duke closely bordering on insanity. This deputation is come up to represent the distress prevailing at Paisley, and they ask for an interview to lay the case before the Duke. He refuses to see them, and writes a letter much in the style of his printed circulars, alleging that he has no time, and that he holds no office, and has no influence. They remonstrate temperately and respectfully, still press for the interview, and then he makes no reply whatever. All this is lamentable; it is a complete delusion he is under; he has nothing to do, and he has boundless influence. When we reflect upon his habits at the time he was Prime Minister, still more when he was in Spain, with such weight on his Atlantean shoulders, when he would find time for everything and for everybody's affairs, and when we compare the language of his dispatches, and the conduct they exhibit, with his present querulous tone and pertinacious seclusion, we are painfully struck with the great change that has come over his noble spirit, and it becomes impossible not to regret that in his seventy-third year, and after three epileptic fits, he was not permitted to hold himself free from the trammels, cares, and duties of Executive Government. He might and would have been a great *amicus curiæ*, aiding with his moral influence the Government, adjusting differences and disputes, ready to be appealed to, to advise and assist in any case of necessity, but not wearing himself out by real or imaginary business, and neither committing the Government by his strange fancies, nor injuring his own popularity by his mortifying and almost savage behavior to the various people who approach him.

December 3d.—I dined again with Bingham Baring yesterday and met Lord FitzGerald, with whom I had a long talk, the first time I have seen him since he came into office.

We discussed the Duke of Wellington's Paisley correspondence, and he fully confirmed my impression of the vexation it would cause the Government. It is clear enough that they would be very glad to be without him; and after talking of the unhappy and increasing infirmity of his temper, he expressed his apprehension of the probable consequences in the House of Lords,[1] and that the Government may be seriously compromised by some imprudent or intemperate expressions of the Duke; that, last year, nothing but the extreme forbearance of Brougham, and his good-nature, had prevented some disagreeable results of this kind; and it was now the more serious, when the Duke was to be the organ of the Government, and from his habits and his deafness it would be impossible for anybody to check or restrain him, Lyndhurst placed afar off on the woolsack, and the Duke sitting with his head buried in his chest, and neither consulting with, nor attending to, any one. In 1835, he said, it had been the Duke's wish to do what he is now doing—to lead the House of Lords without a place; but Peel had then thought this was open to constitutional objections. Why he did not raise the same objections now, I don't know, unless it was that he found the Duke bent on forming part of the Government, and that he would have insisted on the Foreign Office again, if he was not permitted to lead without one. This, however, is mere conjecture. FitzGerald owned that it would have been better if he had retired, and kept aloof from Government. It has been his great misfortune never to have people about him who ventured to oppose his opinions, and he has always liked the society of those who applauded to the skies everything he said and did. As long as his faculties were unimpaired, it is difficult not to believe that if he had had candid and intelligent friends he would have listened to and considered their opinions, for his obstinacy is not the result of pride or vanity, from both of which he is singularly free, but arises from the habit, become in-

[1] [The Duke of Wellington took office in Sir Robert Peel's Government without any department or salary; but he led the House of Lords. At this very time, however, and long afterward, his judgment and power of dealing with public affairs were great if not unabated. His correspondence with Lord Ellenborough in 1843 and 1844 shows that he paid particular attention to the affairs of India, read all the papers, and was much more than Lord Ripon the Minister for India; in 1845 and 1846 it was his influence which carried the repeal of the Corn Laws in the House of Lords; and in 1848, at the time of the disturbances on April 10, he astonished the Cabinet by the masterly arrangements he made for the defense of London.]

veterate, of trusting entirely to himself and to his own judgment. FitzGerald told me that he had never been more struck by anything than by the dispatches and State-papers of Lord Auckland, and that he had no sort of idea he was so able a man; that he was, with the sole exception of John Russell, by far the ablest man of his party—his views most statesmanlike, and his government of India particularly just. I never heard a warmer panegyric than he passed upon Auckland.[1]

There has been a great sensation in the courts of law, in consequence of Lord Denman's suddenly closing the term, on the last day of it, in consequence of the absence of the counsel. He did it in a passion, and though there is much difference of opinion, on the whole he is blamed for it. The evil required a remedy, and the Judges would have done right to lay down some rules for the future; but they have punished the innocent suitors by what they did, and most people think it was wrong in the Chief Justice to vindicate the dignity of his court at their expense.

December 5th.—The difficulties and trouble that may be caused by trifles may be well illustrated by a matter which is now pending. Peel sent for me the day before yesterday, to talk to me about the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales, a matter apparently very simple and insignificant, but not at all so in fact. The Queen and Prince are very anxious to allot to this baby his armorial bearings, and they wish that he should quarter the arms of Saxony with the Royal arms of England, because Prince Albert is alleged to be *Duke of Saxony*. The Queen gave the Princess Royal armorial bearings last year by warrant, but it is conceived that more formal proceedings are necessary in the case of the Heir-Apparent. The last precedent is that of 1714, when George the First referred to the Privy Council the question of the Prince of Wales's arms, who reported to His Majesty thereupon. On that occasion the initiative was taken by the Deputy Earl Marshal, who transmitted to the Council a draft, which was afterward approved. Then, however, the case admitted of no doubt; but now the Heralds, and others who have considered the matter, think that the Saxon arms ought not to be foisted upon the Royal arms of England. It is Her Majesty's predilection for everything German which makes her insist on this being done, and she

[1] [Lord FitzGerald was at this time President of the Board of Control.]

wants it to be done offhand at the next Council without going through the usual forms of a reference and report. Peel, however, is not disposed to let the thing be thus hurried over; he thinks that it is a matter in which the dignity of the Crown is concerned, and that whatever is done should be done with deliberation, and that if the Privy Council are to advise, they ought to advise what is right and becoming, and not merely what she and the Prince wish. The difficulty, therefore, is, how to set the matter going. The Earl Marshal will not stir without an order to do so. If the Home Office order him to submit a draft of the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales, they can only order him to make out what is right according to the rules and laws of heraldry, and the Earl Marshal is of opinion that what the Queen and Prince wish to be done is inconsistent with those rules. The matter therefore remains in suspense. I have sent to Lord Wharncliffe, by Peel's desire, to come up from Wortley to meet Graham, in order that they may put their heads together and settle this delicate and knotty affair. Melbourne would have made very light of it; he would have thought it did not signify a straw, which, in fact, it does not, and that any fancy the Queen had should be gratified in the most summary way.

December 8th.—This foolish business of the coat of arms has cost more trouble than many matters a thousand times more important. Peel has had to write at least a dozen long letters about that and the alteration in the Liturgy, and whether *His Royal Highness* should be inserted before Prince of Wales. Yesterday Wharncliffe, Graham, and I had a conference at the Home Office, when Graham produced a letter from Peel, with one from the Queen to him, pressing for the speedy arrangement of the affair, and treating it as a thing settled. Graham said it was not worth while to squabble about it, and better to gratify her, and he proposed to take it on himself, and let the Council have nothing to do with it, but, on his own responsibility, order the Earl Marshal to draw out a coat of arms, with the achievement according to her wishes, no matter whether right or wrong. We agreed this was the best way. Peel had written to me about the Liturgy, and I wrote him word that when Prince Albert's name was inserted, the Archbishop particularly desired there might be no "Royal Highness," and so it was left out.

December 9th.—I saw Graham again yesterday about this business. They have gazetted the child "Duke of Saxony," which is very absurd, and at Lady Holland's, last night, the precedence given to that title over the English titles was much criticised. It was amusing to hear Lady Palmerston finding fault, and when I told her it was a particular fancy of the Queen's, to which she clung very tenaciously, she said that "it was the duty of the Ministers to tell her it was wrong, but they had not the courage to do so." I asked Graham how they were going on with the Queen. He said, "Very well. They sought for no favor, and were better without it. She was very civil, very gracious, and even, on two or three little occasions, she had granted favors in a way that was indicative of good-will." He said that they treated her with profound respect and the greatest attention. He made it a rule to address her as he would a sensible *man*, laying all matters before her, with the reasons for the advice he tendered, and he thought this was the most legitimate as well as judicious flattery that could be offered to her, and such as must gratify her, and the more because there was no appearance of flattery in it, and nothing but what was fit and proper. He said Ellenborough had immediately ingratiated himself with her, by giving her very good summaries of Indian intelligence, and explaining everything to her in his own very good style, so that the moment Peel proposed him to go to India, she said he was the fittest man he could select. I told him that Ellenborough might thank me for this, for I had advised him, the day we went to Windsor, to do so, and told him that she liked to have this done.

Woburn Abbey: December 15th.—Came here last Thursday. A foolish party of idle people; no serious man but Lord Spencer, who came the day before yesterday. I had some talk with the Duke about Lord John's speech at Plymouth, which he does not approve of any more than I do, but he can't venture to say so; also about his other brother William, who is very angry at being recalled from Berlin, though so far from being angry, he ought to be ashamed of himself for not having resigned, for with his violent politics and his bitterness against, and abuse of, the present Government, he ought not to have thought of staying there. Aberdeen has treated him with great civility, and has accompanied his recall with many expressions of regret and

personal kindness, for which he ought to be grateful. Palmerston had ordered all his diplomatic tribe to stick to their places, but William Russell should have felt in his case that it was impossible. The Duke of Bedford, however, disapproves of his conduct, and thinks he should have resigned when the Government was changed.

I have seen here a correspondence between the Chancellor and Lord Carrington about the appointment of Buckinghamshire magistrates, which is very discreditable to the former, and exhibits an example of authority exercised directly in the teeth of all the principles laid down by the Tories in a case very analogous three years ago. On this occasion the Chancellor, almost immediately after he got the Great Seal, peremptorily appointed fifteen magistrates, which Carrington of course knew very well was a list of the Duke of Buckingham's. He was very angry, and expressed his resentment, but the Chancellor would not give way, and could not satisfy him. Three years ago Lord Howard complained, in the House of Lords, of Lord Cottenham for appointing eight magistrates at Leeds. On that occasion the Duke of Wellington made a speech, in which he laid down what the Lord Chancellor ought to do, and what he ought not to do, and, if he had made it in reference to this case, it could not contain a stronger and more applicable censure of the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst. The circumstances, too, make this a much stronger and more odious case than the other.

I have been employed in reading the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence with her two granddaughters, successively Duchesses of Bedford, and most amusing it is. I have urged the Duke to publish it, and, if Lord John, who is going to publish a volume or more of Bedford papers, does not choose to take the Duchess of Marlborough's letters in hand, to let me arrange them for the press, which he has promised to do. I hardly ever read any letters more expressive of character, and more natural than these, and they abound in shrewd observation and knowledge of human nature, besides a very good sprinkling of anecdotes, some very entertaining. I took Lord Spencer down with me to the librarian's room to look at them, when he told me two anecdotes of John Spencer, her grandson, to whom, after quarreling with him violently, as she did with everybody else, she left all the property at her disposal.[1] The first was

[1] He was father of the first Lord Spencer.

about the cause of their quarrel. She gave a great dinner on her birthday to all her family, and she said that "there she was, like a great tree, herself the root, and all her branches flourishing round her;" when John Spencer said to his neighbor that "the branches would flourish more when the root was under ground." This produced great hilarity, which attracted the notice of old Sarah, who insisted on knowing the cause, when John Spencer himself told her his own *bon mot*, at which—and no wonder—she took great offense. She afterward forgave him, and desired him to marry. He expressed his readiness to marry anybody she pleased, and at last she sent him a list, alphabetically arranged, of suitable matches. He said he might as well take the first on the list, which happened to be letter C, a Carteret, daughter of Lord Granville's, and her he accordingly married. Lord Spencer told me that his father and mother had destroyed a good many papers of old Lady Spencer's, some of which he much regretted, particularly a series of gossiping letters of old Lord Jersey's, who was a great friend of hers, and wrote to her all that was passing in the world every day. He has kept all his own correspondence while in office, and, since he went out, that with Brougham on various subjects, which he says is very voluminous, and will be very curious. It is, however, all in confusion at present.

We talked a little about Corn Laws and politics. He said that he had always been persuaded, and was still, that the present Corn Laws could not be maintained, but that he thought the prevailing distress would pass away. He had been surprised that no stronger Anti-Corn Law spirit had been got up during the elections, but people had been indifferent about it, and still were so. They did not think the distress was owing to these laws, or that their repeal would bring relief; and, though he thinks Peel must be conscious that in the end they must go, the fact of there being no pressure on him for change, and very considerable pressure for standing still, will prevent his doing anything considerable.

Bowood,[1] *December 20th*.—Came to town on Saturday, and here to-day. Saw Graham yesterday and told him what a scrape the Chancellor has got into about the Buckinghamshire magistrates, and discussed the whole matter with him, not mincing my opinion. He owned it was bad, but

[1] The seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne in Wiltshire.

had no better excuse to suggest than that Lord Cottenham had established a bad principle, and *they* must therefore carry it out. He said he should tell Peel. I found they are not going to give the Northamptonshire Lieutenancy to Lord Spencer, but to Lord Exeter, who lives in a corner of the county, takes no part in its affairs, and is already Lieutenant of Rutlandshire. The party would without doubt have been offended if Lord Spencer had had it, but the question was whether so good an opportunity might not and ought not to be taken to relax the rigorous practice of conferring these appointments always on political adherents. I found a very different party here from what I left at Woburn. There nothing but idle, ignorant, ordinary people, among whom there was not an attempt at anything like society or talk; here though not many, almost all distinguished more or less—Moore, Rogers, Macaulay, R. Westmacott, Butler and Mrs. Butler, Dr. Fowler and his wife, Lady H. Baring, Miss Fox. Mrs. Butler read the last three acts of "Much Ado about Nothing," having read the first two the night before. Her reading is admirable, voice beautiful, great variety, and equally happy in the humorous and the pathetic parts.

December 23*d.*—Three days passed very agreeably. Charles Austin came yesterday, Dundas and John Russell to-day. Last night Mrs. Butler read the first three acts of the "Hunchback," which she was to have finished to-night, but she ran restive, pretended that some of the party did not like it, and no persuasion could induce her to go on. Another night, Moore sang some of his own Melodies, and Macaulay has been always talking. Never certainly was anything heard like him. It is inexhaustible, always amusing and instructive, about everybody and everything. I had at one time a notion of trying to remember and record some of the conversation that has been going on, and some of the anecdotes that have been told, but I find it is in vain to attempt it. The drollest thing is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard, nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he can't help admiring, and he will revive to-morrow when Macaulay goes. It certainly must be rather oppressive after a certain time, and would be intolerable, if it was not altogether free from conceit, vanity, and arrogance, unassuming, and the real genuine gushing

out of overflowing stores of knowledge treasured up in his mind. We walked together for a long time the day before yesterday, when he talked of the History he is writing. I asked him if he was still collecting materials, or had begun to write. He said he was writing while collecting, going on upon the fund of his already acquired knowledge, and he added, that it was very mortifying to find how much there was of which he was wholly ignorant. I said if he felt that, with his superhuman memory and wonderful scope of knowledge, what must ordinary men feel? He said that it was a mistake to impute to him either such a memory or so much knowledge; that Whewell and Brougham had more universal knowledge than he had, but that what he did possess was the ready, perhaps too ready, use of all he knew. I said what surprised me most was, his having had time to read certain books over and over again; e. g., he said he had read Don Quixote in Spanish, five or six times; and I am afraid to say how often he told me he had read "Clarissa." He said that he read no modern books, none of the novels or travels that come out day after day. He had read "Tom Jones" repeatedly, but "Cecil a Peer" not at all; and as to "Clarissa," he had read it so often that, if the work were lost, he could give a very tolerable idea of it, could narrate the story completely, and many of the most remarkable passages and expressions. However, it would be vain, nor is it worth while, to attempt to recollect and record all his various talk. It is not true, as some say, that there is nothing original in it, but certainly by far the greater part is the mere outpouring of memory. Subjects are tapped, and the current flows without stopping. Wonderful as it is, it is certainly oppressive after a time, and his departure is rather a relief than otherwise. Dundas, who is very agreeable, and very well informed, said to-day that he was a bore; but *that* he is not, because what comes from him is always good, and it comes naturally, and without any assumption of superiority. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing is the quantity of trifling matter which he recollects. He gave us verses of James Parke's,[1] and others of Laurence Peel's,[2] ludicrous lines, written on different occasions. His memory treasures up all sorts of trash and nonsense, as well as the most seri-

[1] [Baron Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale.]

[2] [Sir Laurence Peel, formerly Chief-Justice of Bengal. He died in 1884.]

ous and most important matter ; but there is never any confusion.

December 26th.—Macaulay went away the day before Christmas-day, and it was wonderful how quiet the house seemed after he was gone, and it was not less agreeable. Rogers was all alive again, Austin and Dundas talked much more than they would have done, and Lord Lansdowne too, and on the whole we were as well without him. It does not do for more than two or three days ; but I never passed a week with so much good talk, almost all literary and miscellaneous, very little political, no scandal and gossip. And this is the sort of society which I might have kept instead of that which I have. I have had all the facilities I could desire for adopting either description of society, for spending my time among the cultivated and the wise, or among the dissipated, the foolish, and the ignorant ; and with shame and sorrow I must admit that by far the largest proportion of my time has been wasted on and with the latter.[1]

January 2d, 1842.—On Monday last I left Bowood, Rogers and I together, and went to Badminton, where I found a party and habits as diametrically opposite as possible from that which we left behind. The stable and the kennel formed the principal topic of interest. On Saturday came to town.

January 8th.—Lord Ashburton's appointment to America[2] to settle all our disputes was much praised at first, but now the public mind is changed, and there is a general disposition to find fault with it. People reflect on his vacillation and irresolution, and think age and absence from affairs are not likely to have cured the defects of his character ; however, it is creditable to him to make the sacrifice.

Accounts from China of fresh successes, but the capture of Amoy is like an operation in a pantomime rather than in real war. Nobody is killed or wounded, nothing found in the place, which was directly after evacuated. Sir Charles Grey,[3] who called on me yesterday (and though a ridiculous-

[1] At Bowood there were people professing six, if not more, different religious opinions : Moore, Catholic ; Lady John Russell, Presbyterian ; Mrs. Butler, Unitarian ; Butler, Independent ; Rothschilds, Jews ; then Church of England people, and what besides I know not, but the assemblage was uncommon.

[2] [One of the first measures of Sir Robert Peel was to send Lord Ashburton to the United States, to settle the long-pending dispute on the boundary of Maine, which he accomplished by a compromise, or, as it was termed by Lord Palmerston, a capitulation ; but it was approved by the country.]

[3] [Sir Charles Grey, formerly Chief-Justice of Bengal, not to be confounded with his namesake the Minister. *This* Sir Charles Grey was a somewhat ludi-

looking, not at all a stupid man), said that we had now gone so far, and made such an exposure of the weakness of the Chinese Government, that we had no alternative, and must proceed to the conquest of China, and the foundation or establishment of another Indian Empire; for if we did not, some other Power (probably the French) infallibly would. I hope this prediction will not prove true, but it is worth recording. The only chance, he said, was the timely submission of the Emperor, and the sagacity of the Chinese Government being sufficient to enlighten them as to the magnitude and imminence of their danger.

January 11th.—I dined with Lady Holland on Sunday, and had a talk with Dedel, who said that Palmerston had contrived to alienate all nations from us by his insolence and violence, so that we had not now a friend in the world, while from the vast complication of our interests and affairs we were exposed to perpetual danger—of which much is true, but it is not true that we are without friends absolutely. We are very well with Spain and with Austria. Yesterday I saw Bidwell,[1] who agreed with Dedel about Palmerston, for all the Foreign Office abhor him. He said that Palmerston's tone on every occasion, and to every Power, not only had disgusted them all, but made it very difficult for his successor to adopt another tone without some appearance of weakness. However, Aberdeen is doing well, avoiding Palmerston's impertinence of manner, and preserving his energy as to matter. He has taken a very fair and impartial part in the squabble between Salvandy and Espartero, and is urging the latter not to insist upon what is untenable and contrary to precedent. He is also trying to get Austria to send a Minister to Madrid, and would probably have succeeded but for this French quarrel.

January 13th.—While waiting for the greater interest to be excited by the meeting of our Parliament on the 3d of next month, all Europe is thrown into a state of agitation, and the gravest statesmen are occupied with the quarrel between Espartero and Salvandy, or rather Louis Philippe, for there seems no doubt that it originates with him, animated by spite and hatred of the Spanish Regent. This

crous person, and was commonly known as "Mr. Pickwick." He wore a brown coat; but he had some reputation for wit, and was a member of "The Club."]

[1] [Mr. Bidwell was Chief Clerk in the Foreign Office for many years.]

mighty and important question is neither more nor less than whether the French Minister shall deliver his credentials to the Regent at once, or whether he shall deliver them to the Infant Queen, by her to be placed in the hands of the Regent. On this momentous difference the political and diplomatic world is divided, a vast deal of irritation is produced, and, in consequence of it, very important negotiations are suspended and delayed. Aberdeen is vainly attempting to negotiate a compromise, and has opposed the pretensions of Espartero (after disapproving of the original demands of France) in a manner to draw down a very bitter and able attack upon him, evidently from the pen of Palmerston, in the *Morning Chronicle* yesterday. To this the *Times* has responded this morning very well, and the contest will be carried on between these not very unequal antagonists. Besides the question of Salvandy, it embraces several minor and collateral points. It is impossible for an attack to be more virulent, bitter, and contemptuous than that of Palmerston upon Aberdeen, and it becomes rather amusing when we recollect Aberdeen's approbation and support of Palmerston's anti-Gallican policy in the Syrian campaign. All Aberdeen's predilections are anti-French, and he never forgets his old connection with the Allies, but this does not save him from the lash of Palmerston, and from the most sarcastic gibes upon his supposed subserviency to France. It certainly surprises me that Aberdeen should have adopted the French rather than the Spanish view of the question, for I cannot but think Espartero in the right, and the argument in his favor appears to me unanswerable. I agree in this with Palmerston : the appointment of a Regent presupposes the incapacity of the Sovereign to discharge the functions of Royalty, and the Regent is consequently invested with all the authority of the Crown. All its rights, privileges, and duties appertain to the Regent, who can and must do everything which the Sovereign would do if of full age. The age of the Sovereign can make no difference ; the incapacity must be absolute, and the rule, whatever it be, equally applicable to a baby in arms and to a person within a month of her majority. It is impossible to determine that the infant Sovereign becomes at some indefinite period capable of discharging one or more specific acts, but no others ; for who is to decide what acts the infant can do, and what not, and at what particular age the incapacity shall partially

cease? Supposing the Queen of England now to die, and Prince Albert become Regent, no Foreign Minister could commit the absurdity of insisting upon delivering his credentials into the hands of the Prince of Wales, who is barely two months old; yet the same *principle* must be applied in both, and in all cases of minority. It is true that matters of etiquette admit of great variety, and different precedents more or less analogous may be brought to bear on the question; but in this, the last precedent ought to be conclusive, and that is the practice during the Regency of Christina, when no difficulty was ever made, and the Ministers presented their credentials at once to her. It is clear that this could not be in virtue of her own Royal dignity, for that can have nothing to do with it. Espartero, or whoever may happen to be Regent, be his rank whatever it may, is entitled to the same privileges, and to be treated exactly in the same manner as the Queen Dowager of Spain. Whatever she did, and whatever was done to her, was done in and to her character of the representative of the Crown, and had no reference to her own status. But whatever may be the result, there is no danger of our quarreling with Spain on the question, for the Spanish Government know that we are trying to assist them in a much more important affair, their recognition by the three Great Powers, which we should probably have brought about already, but for this untoward dispute. It is not very clear that Palmerston (though partly well-informed) is aware of this; but his hatred of Guizot is so great, aggravated by his refusal to sign the Slave Treaty with *him*, and signing it immediately after with Aberdeen,[1] that he could not resist any opportunity of flinging out his venom against France. However, the war that is waged by him, and against him, is very entertaining; he is an adversary well worth battling with, a *magnus Apollo* of newspaper writers.

A ridiculous thing happened the other day. B——, who corresponds with the editor of the *State Gazette* at Berlin, sent him a very bitter philippic against Palmerston, and a severe critical examination of his *modus operandi* in the Foreign Office. The article hinted at a project of his, under

[1] [A Treaty had been negotiated with France to regulate the Right of Search, which M. Guizot signed on the accession of the Conservatives to office. But no good came of this, for the Treaty being violently attacked in the French Chambers, M. Guizot declined to ratify what his Ambassador had signed.]

certain contingencies, to stay in office with a Tory Government and a Whig Household, and talked of doing this with the aid of "a woman not less able and ambitious than himself," evidently alluding to Lady Palmerston. When the article was translated into German and appeared, it produced a great sensation, but Burghersh, who does not understand German, and to whom it was translated, very stupidly fancied that the woman meant the Queen, and he hurried off to make his complaints of the audacity and insolence of the article. A great hubbub ensued, and, to satisfy the English Minister, the order for the dismissal of the editor was signed; but in the meantime the matter was brought before the King, who had the good sense to see at once what the real meaning was, put a stop to the proceedings, and exonerated the editor. Burghersh had, however, written home on the subject, and told the story to the Foreign Office. The next day (at Berlin) a softener appeared in the *State Gazette*, with some civilities to Palmerston, and the article has fortunately never found its way into our newspapers.

January 19th.—Went on Friday to Woburn. Charles Austin, Charles Buller, Le Marchant, Standish, and myself in the train. The house had been very nearly burnt down the night before, and was saved by a miracle. It happened in a maid-servant's room. A gown was ignited (as they supposed); the chair on which it hung was burnt, but the fire did not reach bed or window-curtains, only attacked the floor. The smoke was so dense they could not penetrate into the room, but the servants threw buckets of water in, which went to the right place, and extinguished the fire. Curiously enough, just before we came away on Monday morning, there was another alarm from a chimney being on fire. This was in the librarian's room, where, by accident, I had gone with some of the men to show them the manuscripts, and while we were there we discovered it, otherwise there is no saying what damage might not have been done, for the chimney communicated with others. However, in half an hour all danger was over. Lord John was there in great force. He is arranging the Bedford papers for publication, but he has persuaded the Duke not to let the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence be published, because it is so personal and abusive, which is a very superfluous piece of squeamishness, for it is just what people enjoy, and as all the objects of her venom, and their immediate descendants,

have long been dead, it can't signify. It was very agreeable, for Austin, Buller, Clarendon, and Lord John made excellent society.

Came to town on Monday, and yesterday saw the Duke of Wellington. He came into my brother's room while I was there, and took me into his own. He was in excellent health, spirits, and humor; talked about the Spanish quarrel, but did not say much to the purpose, only that both parties had gone too far, and that with patience and good sense it might finally be settled. I told him about Lyndhurst and Carrington, and he spoke like himself. He blamed the Chancellor without reserve, repeated what he had said before in his speeches, said nothing should induce him to contradict himself and hold language different from what he had held before, therefore he should hold his tongue, and the Chancellor must get out of his scrape as he could. He told me he never himself made a clergyman a magistrate if he could help it.

January 24th.—The King of Prussia landed on Saturday at Greenwich,[1] and was met by the Duke of Wellington in Prussian field-marshal uniform, with the Black Eagle. The King instantly seized both his hands and said, "My dear Duke, I am rejoiced to see you. This is indeed a great day."

Met Graham yesterday and walked with him; talked about different things. He said he thought they were going on well, but trade was very bad and distress very great, the people very enduring and well-behaved. He talked of Ireland, and said the Government were resolved to act upon liberal and impartial principles; that the idea of restoring the old Orange or any other domination was impossible, and he only regretted that they had not got some offices of profit that they might now bestow upon Catholics. They are reproached for diminishing the number of stipendiary magistrates, but they are strong enough on that point. As to the Lieutenancy of Northamptonshire, he said he thought Exeter was the best man on the whole; that Cardigan was very angry that he had not got it. I told him I thought Exeter was not a good man, took no part in the business of the county, and merely lived at a corner of it. "To whom would you have given it?" I said, "To Lord Spencer; by far the fittest man *omnium consensû*." He said it was im-

[1] [The King of Prussia came over to be present at the christening of the Prince of Wales. He was godfather to the Prince.]

possible; the party would not have stood it; the Whigs had never done any such thing when they were in office. A low view of the matter; but if they are not strong enough to act more wisely and liberally than their opponents, if they cannot, under any circumstances, appoint men with reference to their fitness, instead of to their political connection, and if the former consideration must invariably prevail over the latter, why, all one can say is, that they are to be pitied, and we must hope the time may come when better maxims and practices can be established.

Met Sutton Sharpe the other night, who told me some amusing stories of Lord Ellenborough and his treatment of counsel. A man was opening his speech, and said, "My Lord, my unfortunate client," and then repeated the words again. "Go on, sir," said Lord Ellenborough, "the Court is with you so far." Another man said, "And now, if your Lordship pleases, I will proceed so and so." "Sir, we sit here not to court, but to endure arguments."

February 1*st.*—For the last week the King of Prussia and his activity have occupied the world. He has made a very favorable impression here. In person he is common-looking, not remarkable in any way; his manners are particularly frank, cordial, and good-humored; he is very curious, and takes a likely interest in all he sees, and has, by all accounts, been struck with great admiration at the conduct and bearing of the people, as well as the grandeur and magnificence he has found both at Court and elsewhere. Whether the order, and more especially the loyalty, he has witnessed, will induce him to entertain with more complacency the idea of a free constitution for his own kingdom, remains to be seen, not that what he finds here ought necessarily to imply that results equally happy would follow the concession of liberal constitutions in Prussia. He has been in London almost every day from Windsor, one day breakfasting with Peel, who collected the men of letters and science and the most distinguished artists to meet him. On Sunday he went to church at St. Paul's, and then lunched with the Lord Mayor. Another day he went to Westminster Abbey, when he evinced great curiosity to learn all the local details of the Queen's coronation. Yesterday he went in the morning and paid a visit to Mrs. Fry, with whom he went to Coldbath Fields prison; in the evening to Drury Lane. He wanted to see one of Shakespeare's plays, and had no other opportunity, so he got

the play acted at six instead of seven, and made the Duke of Sutherland, with whom he was to dine, have his dinner at nine. He asked for "Macbeth," but they told him it would take a month to get it up. They gave him the choice of the "Merchant of Venice" or the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and he took the latter. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the *fête* the Duke of Sutherland gave him, dinner and party after it.

But an interest greater than any which the King of Prussia could make was produced by the intelligence of the Duke of Buckingham's resignation. I had been dining at Wharncliffe's Sheriffs' dinner, where all the Ministers were, except the Duke of Wellington and Aberdeen (who both dined at Stafford House), Goulburn, who was ill in bed, and the Duke of Buckingham. I was rather surprised at his absence, for which no excuse was made, but nobody said anything about it. They had been concocting the speech all the morning, and as soon as we had done with the sheriffs, they made me and my colleague withdraw, and resolved themselves into a Cabinet. Still I suspected nothing; but the moment I got to Stafford House I heard the news, and immediately understood the cause of his absence from the dinner, and saw that it must be true; and directly after it was confirmed. The time, however, is so near for the Ministerial announcement of their intentions, that it is not worth while to torment one's self with speculation. A few hours will show what it is the Duke can't swallow. All that is now known is that he has not resigned angrily, and that he promises his general support and continued good-will. For a long time speculation has been rife as to the intentions of Peel, and the Government secret has been so well kept that not a single person seems to have been apprised of them; indeed, the matter was not, in all probability, definitively settled before yesterday. The Opposition papers have been laboring to persuade the world that Peel, though not unwilling, had proved himself unable to do anything, and that what they called the Buckingham or landed interest had prevailed. I never thought this, and a few words that casually fell from Wharncliffe one day, convinced me it was not true. So thought most of the sensible men on both sides, when they were staggered by the intelligence that Lord March was to move the Address, which, after the Duke of Richmond's hot speech last year, was taken as a proof that

nothing serious in the Anti-Corn-Law line could be contemplated. This fact, now followed by the Duke of Buckingham's resignation, sadly perplexes men's minds, and everybody asks what it can be at which the Duke of Buckingham strains, but which the Duke of Richmond swallows. The Duke of Bedford, however, thinks that the Duke of Richmond does not know what is meant, for it is certain Lord Abercorn, who moves the Address in the House of Lords, does not. He asked Aberdeen to give him some hints from which he might frame his speech, and he told him he was unable to do so.

The Dublin election has gone off with remarkable quiet. Dan was not very violent, and some say he did not wish Morpeth to succeed where he had failed. The worst thing that has happened lately is the exhibition of bad feeling toward us in the French Chamber. Guizot has spoken admirably well, and magnificently defended himself, but he was obliged to allude coldly to us, and to disavow any *intimacy* between the two countries. The close alliance with France is therefore at an end, and we must count upon her readiness to seize any occasion that may present itself of injuring our interests and crippling our power. This we owe to Palmerston's famous diplomacy, who, thinking it a fine thing to gain a diplomatic advantage over a rival and hostile Government, overlooked the consequence of exasperating a powerful, susceptible, jealous, but not *then* unfriendly nation. He did what neither man, woman, nor nation can forgive: he deeply wounded their vanity and their pride.

February 5th.—Parliament met on Thursday: a great crowd, and the Queen well enough received. The King of Prussia went down in state, and sat in the House of Lords on a chair near the woolsack. On Friday he went away, having made a short but uncommonly active visit, mightily pleased with his reception by Queen and all classes of people, from highest to lowest; splendid entertainments from the rich, and hearty acclamations from the poor. All the world has been struck with his intelligence, activity, affability, and *appetite*, for since Louis XIV. I have never heard of a monarch who eats so copiously and frequently. The oddest thing he did was to go and lunch with Mrs. Fry, and the way of going not less odd, but that was the vagary of his rude, unmannered attendant, Lord Hardwicke. After visiting some prison, Mrs. Fry asked him to lunch at her

house some four or five miles off, through the City, and he agreed. The coachman represented that the horses could not accomplish this jaunt, when it was proposed to send for post-horses; but Hardwicke would not have four, and insisted on a pair being attached as outriggers to the Queen's coach-horses, to the unspeakable disgust of the coachman, who, if the spirit of Vatel had been in him, would have cast himself from his box rather than submit to such an indignity. They say that nothing has struck the King so much as the behavior of the people, their loyalty, orderly, peaceable demeanor, and he is naturally gratified at the heartiness and cordiality of his own reception. Some think that what he has witnessed will incline him to grant a free constitution to his own subjects; but as he can't create the foundations on which our constitutional system rests, and the various and complicated safeguards which are intertwined with it, he will hardly be induced to jump to any such conclusion. He made magnificent presents at parting to all the officers of the Royal Household: snuff-boxes of 500 guineas apiece to the Lord Chamberlain, Master of Horse, and Lord Steward; boxes and watches to others, and he left £1,500 with Charles Murray to be distributed among the three classes of servants at the Palace.

The Queen's speech was much like all others, but derived an interest from the notice about Corn.[1] The secret of the measure has been so well kept, that up to this time nobody knows what they are going to propose. The Opposition people affect to consider it a great triumph for them, and that the Government are disgraced by the adoption of measures so similar to those by which their predecessors fell; but they treat the question as if nothing else had ever been laid to the charge of the late Government, and pass over (as they are quite right, in a party sense, to do) the fact that they were at their last gasp when they flung down their Budget, and that there were plenty of other causes for turning them out. It must be owned, however, that what is now going to happen is another exemplification of what I have long seen to be an established fact in politics—viz., that the

[1] [The paragraph in the speech which foreshadowed Sir Robert Peel's great commercial reforms, was a recommendation to Parliament to consider the laws relating to the importation of corn and other articles the produce of foreign countries. It was this clause which had caused the Duke of Buckingham to quit the Cabinet. He was succeeded as Lord Privy Seal by the Duke of Buccleuch.]

Tories only can carry Liberal measures. The Whigs work, prepare, but cannot accomplish them; the Tories directly or indirectly thwart, discourage, and oppose them till public opinion compels them to submit, and then they are obliged to take them up, and to do that which they can do, but the Whigs cannot do. Francis Baring, who is come over from Paris to see Lord Ashburton before he goes, tells me that if Palmerston had continued for a year or two more at the Foreign Office, nothing, he is persuaded, could have prevented a war between us and France, for that he intrigued against France in every part of the world, and with a tenacity of purpose that was like insanity; he was constantly engaged in thwarting, counteracting, and insulting her, so that the exasperation against him and against this country was so great and universal that a collision would have been inevitable.

February 11*th.*—On Wednesday night Peel produced his modification of the Corn Law in an elaborate speech (which bored everybody very much) of nearly three hours long.[1] The expectation raised by the Duke of Buckingham's resignation, had been already brought down by a few words which Peel said on Tuesday, when he was taunted with adopting all the late Government's measures. His plan was received with coldness and indifference by his own people, and derision by the Opposition, and they all cried out that it was altogether useless, and would in reality effect no change at all. There are, however, a great many very different opinions on the subject, the result of the whole being that the measure is preferable to the present scheme; that it will be quite harmless to the producer, and may be of some service (but not much) to the consumer; that the settlement of the question is as remote as ever, this being no approximation to one. That inasmuch as it satisfies the landed interest it will keep Peel in office, but that eventually repeal either total or with a fixed duty must come, but in how many years must depend on the chapter of accidents, the course of events, and the temper of the people. Wharncliffe owned to me that it was a mountain producing a mouse, and that he thought it must end in a fixed duty, but that it would have been absolutely impossible for Peel to do

[1] [Sir Robert Peel's measure established a sliding scale of corn duties, descending from 20*s.* to 1*s.* as the price rose. It was ill-received by the Anti-Corn Law League, and in the end signally failed.]

anything more now, and that time must be given to bring round the minds of the landed interest to acquiesce in further measures. Macgregor, who is a man of violent opinions, told me he considered this plan worse than the present one. Charles Villiers said it was worthless and not so good as Canning's in 1827. Brougham said it was worth something as an installment, an improvement on the old Corn Law, and might and must be taken as an installment. Peel's did not seem to me a good speech; it was too long, and wearied his hearers; too highly colored, and the speech of an advocate rather than of a statesman. But if he could speak his mind, he would no doubt admit that he was arguing against his own opinion and convictions.

Last night I met Melbourne at dinner, whom I had never seen since our conversations at Stafford House and at his own home. I asked him what he knew of the state of matters between the Queen and her Ministers. He said he believed they were going on very well, that he knew nothing to the contrary. They seemed to pay great court to the Prince, whom the Queen delights to honor and to elevate, and that he would probably acquire greater influence every day. Of all the Ministers she likes Aberdeen the best. She likes the Duchess of Buccleuch extremely, and Carles Wellesley is a great favorite. By his account she prefers her present great officers to their predecessors. Melbourne then talked to me about Palmerston, of the aversion he had inspired not only in France, but in all Germany, and said that his notion had been that everything was to be done by violence; that by never giving way or making any concession, and an obstinate insistence, every point was sure to be gained. This was *à propos* of the French refusal to ratify the Slave Treaty, and Guizot having delayed to sign it, because he would have nothing to do with Palmerston.

Last night, in the House of Commons, John Russell exposed himself miserably and unaccountably in an attack he made on Bushe and Lord Corehouse on their retirement from the Bench. He got a severe retort from Peel, and cut a disreputable figure.

February 12th.—The Opposition was silly enough to renew the question of the Scotch judge last night. It was Fox Maule's doing, I fancy, for John Russell was not there.[1]

[1] [After having rolled themselves in the mud, the Government picked the Opposition out the next night and almost washed them clean. Fox Maule

There is but one opinion among his own friends of the folly of his conduct. Ben Stanley told me so, and said he did it *ex mero motu*, and he could not imagine what induced him. Nothing weakens the authority of a leader so much as any exhibition of want of tact and judgment. Castlereagh would never have made such a blunder as this, but he was reckoned the best leader any party ever had. I have a great liking for Lord John, but have for some time discovered that with high qualities and great abilities he is not a great man or anything like it. But where are we to look for great men? The generation of them has passed away.

The Corn Law question seems already beginning to settle down into an admission that this is only the advance of a stage, and that we are and must be progressing to final repeal. Such is Lowther's opinion: a Tory, an interested party, but a shrewd and cool observer.

February 16th.—John Russell made a very good speech on Monday night, and so did Gladstone. The Government declare that their plan is well received in the country, and the Opposition assert that it has excited great indignation. The landed interest are certainly satisfied.

I read yesterday a letter from Mrs. Sale, at Cabul,[1] to her husband, the General, with an account of the events there, and the heroic conduct of Captain Sturt: a most remarkable letter, exhibiting an interesting mixture of masculine courage and understanding of military details, with touches of feminine nature. The agony of apprehension, apparent in the dispatches, and the pressing entreaties to Sale to march back to their relief, show the magnitude of the danger they were in. The feelings of the General must have been bitter when he could not obey the summons, and was obliged to refuse to make any attempt to relieve his comrades and his wife.

moved for a return of the late Judge's sittings in the Jury Court. The Lord Advocate impudently said he had never been absent. Graham refused the papers, and on a division Government had only a majority of twenty-six, and not a very successful debate. Folly on both sides.]

[1] [This is the first reference made by the author of this Diary to the events in Afghanistan, which most deeply affected the public during this winter. The disastrous retreat from Cabul began on January 6th; on the 13th Dr. Brydon reached Jellalabad alone. They are, however, adverted to later on. The full account of the disaster at Cabul only reached England on the 7th of March, a singular contrast with the hourly communications of later times.]

February 19th.—The Corn Law debate closed very successfully for the Government; a greater majority than anybody expected, and an excellent speech from Peel, putting the whole question in the best possible form, taking the right tone, and giving the right reasons for doing what he has done, and as he has done it. Palmerston made a good slashing speech, and Roebuck a very clever one. The question is now considered by everybody to be settled for a few years; but how many, and when another change will take place, depends on a thousand contingencies, idle to argue upon. Everybody admits that it is in a state of transition, and though the landed interest will fondly hope that the next steps never will be taken, the prudent among them (a great minority, I fear) will open their eyes to the reality of their position, and act accordingly.

I went on Wednesday with Lord and Lady John, Charles Howard and Macaulay, to the Battersea Schools, Robert Eden's and Dr. Kay's. We put forward Macaulay to examine the boys in history and geography, and Lord John asked them a few questions, and I still fewer. They answered in a way that would have put to shame most of the fine people's children. These schools are admirable, and the wonderful thing is, that when people see what can be done by good management at small expense, and by setting about the work of education in earnest, they do not turn their thoughts to the adoption of a similar scheme for the upper classes, who go through a certain process miscalled education, which leaves boys at the end of it nearly as ignorant as at the beginning, with the exception of the rudiments of Greek and Latin. At Eden's school they learn reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, history, geography, and certain matters connected with statistics. At Dr. Kay's the same things, with the higher branches of mechanics, and especially music, in which they are great proficients. There is one striking contrast between the boys at Eden's school, and the aristocratic schoolboys: while the latter consider learning as an irksome employment, going to school an event full of misery and woe, and never think of anything but how to shirk their lessons, and find time for play and idleness, the poor boys rejoice in their school, love the instruction they receive, and no punishment is so great to them as exclusion from the schoolroom. Much of this may be accounted for by the difference of their circumstances and condition of life, but the

necessary result is a far greater aptitude to learn on the part of the poor than the rich.

March 5th.—Nothing written for many days, principally because I had nothing particular to say. If I wrote a Journal, and chose to insert all the trash of diurnal occurrences, the squabbles of the Jockey Club, and things which had better be forgotten, because they ought not to happen, I might fill books full in no time, but I can't and won't do this. There have been no political events. The Government goes on quietly and safely enough, with no storm in the horizon at all threatening their political existence. The most alarming circumstance in our position is the state of affairs in India, where we are expecting every hour to hear of some catastrophe; but as the Government are not responsible for this, it will do them no damage, however disastrous it may be to the country.

March 13th.—On Friday night in the midst of the most intense and general interest and curiosity, heightened by the closeness and fidelity with which the Government measures had been kept secret, Peel brought forward his financial plans in a speech of three hours and forty minutes, acknowledged by everybody to have been a masterpiece of financial statement. The success was complete; he took the House by storm; and his opponents, though of course differing and objecting on particular points, did him ample justice. A few people expected an income-tax, but the majority did not. Hitherto the Opposition have been talking very big about opposing all taxes, but they have quite altered their tone. It is really remarkable to see the attitude Peel has taken in this Parliament, his complete mastery over both his friends and his foes. His own party, *nolentes aut volentes*, have surrendered at discretion, and he has got them as well disciplined and as obedient as the crew of a man-of-war. This just measure, so lofty in conception, right in direction, and able in execution, places him at once on a pinnacle of power, and establishes his Government on such a foundation as accident alone can shake. Political predictions are always rash, but certainly there is every probability of Peel's being Minister for as many years as his health and vigor may endure. Only a few weeks ago I heard from my Whig friends of nothing but his weakness and embarrassments, and of all the difficulties his own supporters would cause him, what a poor figure he cut, etc.; but now they

have not a word to say, and one of them who had been loudest in that strain brought to the Travelers', where I was dining, an account of Peel's speech, and said, "One felt, all the time he was speaking, 'Thank God, Peel is Minister!'" There can be no doubt that he is now a very great man, and it depends on himself to establish a lasting reputation. Wharncliffe told me that the principle of their measure, the imposition of an income-tax, was settled six weeks after they came into office, which makes the wonder greater that nothing of it got out.

March 14th.—The manner in which Peel's measure was received was creditable to the Opposition; but they are beginning to recover from their quiescent state, to ask one another what they think of it, to suggest objections, and to speculate on its unpopularity. There is, however, a general disposition to accept the measure, and to acknowledge that Peel is entitled to a fair trial of what must be considered a great political and financial experiment. Labouchere owned this to me last night, though he thinks that he might have taken another and a better course; he might have raised a revenue, according to their plan, out of sugar, timber, and corn, not have made so great a sacrifice for Canadian timber, and have found means to get all the rest that they wanted by some tax less odious than his income-tax. Great differences of opinion of course there will be, and it remains to be seen how the country will take it. The press has been hitherto almost universally acquiescent. All men now admit Peel's power, and his superior fitness as a Minister. He has taken a very high line, and acted his part with great dignity as well as dexterity; he is also singularly favored by fortune, for the misfortunes which are now befalling us, the disastrous events in India, are useful to his political power. In times, too, of difficulty, men feel the mighty advantage of having a strong Government with a real efficient head to direct its energies, and predominate in its councils; and the perpetual contrast which presents itself between the present and the late, both as to the leaders, composition of the Cabinets and condition of the parties by which each was supported, extends and strengthens the impression in favor of Peel. It will be necessary for him to make some changes. Gladstone has already displayed a capacity which makes his admission into the Cabinet indispensable, and he must find some means of getting rid of Knatchbull. The very look of the man,

which is that of a twaddler approaching to the ridiculous, is enough to make his exclusion an object, and as he is entirely useless and has fallen into universal contempt in the House of Commons, the sooner some decent retreat is found for him, the better for himself as well as for the Government.

The great interest excited by the Budget has in some degree absorbed that which the melancholy Indian news would otherwise produce, and we are still so imperfectly informed of the history of these transactions that we know not what to think of them. The Duke of Wellington told me at Court on Friday that there must have been either the grossest treachery, or the most inconceivable imbecility, and very likely a mixture of both, as they often go together. Auckland, who writes, as is natural, in great despondency, says that the whole thing is unintelligible to him, for, as far as they know, the 5,000 British troops at Cabul were never assailed by above 10,000 or 12,000 Afghans, irregularly armed with matchlocks and spears, while our force was provided with artillery, and all the appurtenances of war. According to all our notions and all former experience, a British force could always put to flight or destroy native tribes ten times more numerous. The Duke said that the captivity of the women would produce an effect from one end of Asia to the other, such as Europeans would form no idea of. But what reflections this event gives rise to as to the uninterrupted current of our past successes, which has been so great that we have got to fancy no reverse of any sort, or in any quarter, could possibly befall us! It is a grievous thing to lose 5,000 men, cut off by a sudden insurrection and perishing, because circumstances beyond the control of man prevented their obtaining succor; but when we hear that such a disaster as this has not befallen us for above fifty years, and we think of all the tremendous defeats, wholesale destructions of men, and miseries inflicted on other lands and other nations, we may well, instead of repining, feel grateful for the impunity we have enjoyed from the evils and afflictions which have been so abundantly poured upon almost every other nation in the world.

March 19th.—This day Lord Hertford[1] is buried at Ragley, a man whose death excited much greater interest than anything he ever did in his life, because the world was curious

[1] [Francis Charles, third Marquis of Hertford, born March 11, 1777; married Maria Fagniani in 1798; died March 1, 1842.]

to learn the amount of his wealth, and how he had disposed of it. A pompous funeral left Dorchester House three days ago, followed by innumerable carriages of private individuals,[1] pretending to show a respect which not one of them felt for the deceased; on the contrary, no man ever lived more despised or died less regretted. His life and his death were equally disgusting and revolting to every good and moral feeling. As Lord Yarmouth he was known as a sharp, cunning, luxurious, avaricious man of the world, with some talent, the favorite of George IV. (the worst of kings) when Lady Hertford, his mother, was that Prince's mistress. He was celebrated for his success at play, by which he supplied himself with the large sums of money required for his pleasures, and which his father had no inclination to give him, and the son had none to ask of him. He won largely, not by any cheating or unfairness, but by coolness, calculation, always backing the best players, and getting the odds on his side. He was a *bon vivant*, and when young and gay his parties were agreeable, and he contributed his share to their hilarity. But after he became Lord Hertford and the possessor of an enormous property he was puffed up with vulgar pride, very unlike the real scion of a noble race; he loved nothing but dull pomp and ceremony, and could only endure people who paid him court and homage. After a great deal of coarse and vulgar gallantry, generally purchased at a high rate, he formed a connection with Lady Strachan, which thenceforward determined all the habits of his life. She was a very infamous and shameless woman, and his love after some years was changed to hatred; and she, after getting very large sums out of him, married a Sicilian. But her children, three daughters, he in a manner adopted; though eventually all his partiality centred upon one, Charlotte by name, who married Count Zichy-Ferraris, a Hungarian nobleman. She continued to live with Hertford on and off, here and abroad, until his habits became in his last years so ostentatiously crapulous that her residence in his house, in England at least, ceased to be compatible with common decency. She was, however, here till within

[1] The Duke of Bedford wrote to me: "I see Peel's carriage followed Lord Hertford's remains out of London! What is the use of character and conduct in this world, if after such a life, death, and will as Lord Hertford's, such a mark of respect is paid to his memory by the First Minister of this great country, and this not 'the loose and profligate Lord Melbourne,' but the good and honest and particular Sir Robert Peel?"

a week or ten days of his death, and her departure appears curiously enough to have led to the circumstances which immediately occasioned it. There has been, as far as I know, no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities rendered it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking. Between sixty and seventy years old, broken with various infirmities, and almost unintelligible from a paralysis of the tongue, he has been in the habit of traveling about with a company of prostitutes, who formed his principal society, and by whom he was surrounded up to the moment of his death, generally picking them up from the dregs of that class, and changing them according to his fancy and caprice. Here he was to be seen driving about the town, and lifted by two footmen from his carriage into the brothel, and he never seems to have thought it necessary to throw the slightest veil over the habits he pursued. For some months or weeks past he lived at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him; but every day at a certain hour his women, who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio down to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amid damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days he died. And what a life, terminating in what a death! without a serious thought or a kindly feeling, lavishing sums incalculable on the worthless objects of his pleasures or caprices, never doing a generous or a charitable action, caring and cared for by no human being, the very objects of his bounty only regarding him for what they could get out of him; faculties, far beyond mediocrity, wasted and degraded, immersed in pride without dignity, in avarice and sensuality; all his relations estranged from him, and surrounded to the last by a venal harem, who pandered to the disgusting exigencies *lassatæ sed nondum satiatæ libidinis*. He left vast sums to the Strachan family, a considerable

legacy to Croker, to whom he had been formerly under obligations, largely provided for his servants, and, with the exception of a few bequests to his executors and one or two other people, and a very large property to an old mistress (formerly Lady Strachan's maid), he left everything to his son Lord Yarmouth, with whom he had always been on very moderate terms.

March 20th.—Peel's financial measures are, of course, discussed in every quarter, but the general feeling in the country about them is not yet known. The Opposition, who, at first, had not made up their minds what to do, have now resolved to oppose the whole scheme, and they took the field in force on Friday night, and flatter themselves, so John Russell told me, that they had the best of the debate. The *Times* opposes the income-tax and supports the tariff. Various objections are raised in different quarters with more or less reason, the principal one with regard to the income-tax being the unfairness of taxing incomes derived from temporary to the same extent as those which are derived from permanent sources, and there is a great disposition to criticise his measure with regard to timber, and the sacrifice he has made for the sake of Canadian timber. As to sugar, it is pretty clear that he is preparing for a great measure, and if it succeeds, it will be a very fine stroke of policy. He will make a treaty with the Brazils, imposing conditions (which they will not keep) for the abolition of slavery, and then let in their sugar. This will give him all the advantage of the plan of the late Government, without compromising his own consistency or the character of the country.

March 23d.—Dined on Sunday at Lady Holland's, with Melbourne and a number of Whigs. Much talk about Peel and his measures, and what would be the conclusion. Melbourne, to do him justice, is destitute of humbug, does not see things through the medium of his wishes or prejudices, but thinks impartially, and says what he thinks. He said Peel would carry all his points, and that there would be no serious opposition in the country, for if any public meetings were called, the Chartists would be sure to outvote any resolution against the income-tax. Then he thought the regular war which the Opposition had declared was very useful to him, as it was the very thing which would keep his own party together, silence their objections, and make them come down and vote steadily with him. The rest would not gain-

say this, though they don't like such a view of the state of the case. They all said Peel lost his temper the other night, and so he seems to have done. He has certainly taken a very imposing attitude, but he ought carefully to avoid any appearance of domineering, and to keep his temper under constant restraint. They will do all they can to provoke him. On Monday night the Opposition were very troublesome and factious, but that, however inconvenient to public business, will do him no harm, and he was so well aware of it that he never lost his self-command.

Death has been busy here of late, sweeping away men of very different estimation, and leaving behind them very unequal regrets. A few days ago died Archdeacon Singleton, a man who will be more remembered as the correspondent of Sydney Smith in his inimitable letters on Church Reform than for any acts of his own; but he was nevertheless a very excellent and valuable man. He was the intimate friend and counselor of the Duke of Northumberland; and if that dullest of all bores was enabled to get through the Irish Lieutenancy with credit, it was because Singleton's sense informed him, and directed every act of his official career.

On Sunday Lord Munster[1] shot himself. He had been in low spirits for some time, and was tainted with the hereditary malady. He was a man not without talent, but wrong-headed, and having had the folly to quarrel with his father, and estrange himself from Court during the greater part of his reign, he fell into comparative obscurity and real poverty, and there can be no doubt that the disappointment of the expectations he once formed, together with the domestic unhappiness of a dawdling, ill-conditioned, vexatious wife, preyed upon his mind, and led to this act. The horror of the deed excited a momentary interest, but he will be soon forgotten.

Last night died very suddenly Colonel Armstrong, a man who will leave many social regrets behind him. He was formerly A. D. C. to the Duke of York, and equally a favorite of his and of the Duchess. He had very little general knowledge, and had never received much education, but he was very quick and intelligent, with a strong turn for humor and

[1] [George Fitzclarence, the eldest of the illegitimate sons of King William IV., was raised to the Peerage soon after his father's accession to the throne, with the title of Earl of Munster. He was born January 22, 1794, and married a daughter of the Earl of Egremont in 1819. He died by his own hand March 20, 1842.]

drollery, and perfectly good-humored, inoffensive, and well-bred. Nobody ever heard him say a spiteful or ill-natured thing, and he was always lively and agreeable without ever being obtrusive in society. He was an excellent specimen of a man of the world, who lived upon its passing events without mixing himself up in its malignities and its quarrels, and who was universally respected and esteemed. The regrets of the world are of a very light and transitory nature, but Armstrong leaves a void in the society which he frequented, and this is all the sensation which anybody without public importance can expect to produce.

June 5th.—I have not written one line since March 23—a longer interval, I think, than has ever passed since I first began to journalize. The principal reason for this cessation has been that my mind has been disquieted and unsettled. The racing and race-horses, and all things appertaining thereto, the betting, buying, selling, the quarrels and squabbles, the personal differences and estrangements, the excitement and agitation produced by these things, have had the effect on my mind of withdrawing my attention from public affairs, from literature, from society, from all that is worth attending to and caring for, from everything that is a legitimate object of interest, and wasting my thoughts, faculties, and feelings on all that is most vile, most worthless, and most morally and mentally injurious. This is the confession that I am obliged to make, for this is the true cause why I have left unnoticed and unrecorded every event or circumstance that has occurred for many weeks past. It is also, in some degree, owing to the circumstance of my knowing very little of what is going on. While the late Ministry were in office, my intimacy with so many of them or their near connections put me in the way of information; but I have no intimacy with any of these people, and consequently I know nothing but what everybody else knows. The history of the last two months may be very briefly told, and a short sketch will suffice for all that is essential of it.

Peel's government has been acquiring fresh power and solidity every day till now; there is hardly any opposition to it in Parliament or out. The whole country is prepared, if not content, to take his measures, and let him have his own way without let or hindrance. For the last few weeks bribery and fancy balls have excited much greater interest

than income-tax and tariff. The distress in the country does not diminish, but its miseries are neither seen nor felt amid the "fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ;" and as nobody thinks that the "sanguine cloud" has "quenched the orb of day," that it arises from any other than temporary and accidental causes, the world waits patiently for some beneficial change.

Last week the Queen was shot at, very much in the same manner and on the same spot as two years ago. She was aware that the attempt had been meditated the day before, and that the perpetrator was at large, still she would go out, and without any additional precautions. This was very brave, but imprudent. It would have been better to stay at home, or go to Claremont, and let the police look for the man, or to have taken some precautionary measures. It is certainly very extraordinary, for there is no semblance of insanity in the assassin, and no apparent motive or reason for the crime. This young Queen, who is an object of interest, and has made no enemies, has twice had attempts made on her life within two years. George III., a very popular king, was exposed to similar attempts, but in his case the perpetrators were really insane; while George IV., a man neither beloved nor respected, and at different times very odious and unpopular, was never attacked by any one.

The night before last, the play of "The Hunchback" was acted at Bridgewater House by Mrs. Butler, Adelaide Kemble, Vandenhoff (instead of Sheridan Knowles, who was to have done it), my brother Henry, and some other amateurs. The dining-room made but a middling theatre, the actors and audience being too near each other. This materially injured the effect, still it went off well, and Mrs. Butler acted as well as Fanny Kemble did ten or twelve years ago, but, with all her power, genius, and voice, she is not a first-rate actress.

Last night I went to Hullah's choral meeting, at Exeter Hall, where the Queen Dowager appeared. It was fine to see, and fine and curious to hear; but the finest thing was when the Duke of Wellington came in, almost at the end. The piece they were singing stopped at once; the whole audience rose, and a burst of acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs saluted the great old man, who is now the idol of the people. It was grand and affecting, and seemed to move everybody but himself.

September 1*st.*—During the whole of the past session, besides having been occupied with other things than politics, I have had no communication with politicians, and have seen nothing of public affairs. My knowledge, therefore, is no greater than that of any casual observer, and all I could have done was to note and record the various floating opinions which have come across me in my intercourse with society.

Peel began the session with his great financial measures, which were received, on their first appearance, with considerable applause by the Opposition, and with a sulky acquiescence on the part of the Tories. The former, however, soon began to change their note and to pick holes, but probably this rather was of service to him than otherwise, for the semblance of an Opposition—and it was no more—kept together the masses of the Government party, and the tone of superiority and even supremacy which he assumed from the beginning has imposed upon both friend and foe, and enabled him to get through a very laborious and troublesome session without any serious difficulty. John Russell not only showed no disposition to lead his party in regular attacks on the Government, but he very soon became impatient to go and seek rural recreation, and some time before the close of the session he abandoned them to their fate. Before his departure, however, a sort of guerrilla warfare had begun, which afterward became more desultory, but more brisk and incessant. Charles Buller, Tom Duncombe, Hawes, and Vernon Smith took different departments, and, Palmerston taking the post of leader, they all kept up an incessant fire upon the Treasury Bench. The Whigs were exceedingly provoked with Lord John for quitting his post, and equally delighted with Palmerston for retaining his with such constancy and for taking so active a part. Nothing, however, occurred very remarkable in the way of debate till the last night of the session, when Palmerston made a grand attack upon the Government, *à la* Lyndhurst, in a speech of great ability, as his opponents themselves allow. Peel, however, replied to him in a still abler speech, and, with this brilliant single combat, which took place in a very empty House, the session ended.

Parliament was no sooner up, than the riots broke out,[1]

[1] [On August 4 serious disturbances broke out at Staleybridge and Manchester. Troops were sent down and a conflict took place. At Preston and at Burslem some persons were killed. The riots were caused by a threatened reduction of wages.]

sufficiently alarming but for the railroads, which enabled the Government to pour troops into the disturbed districts, and extinguish the conflagration at once. The immediate danger is over, but those who are best informed look with great anxiety and apprehension to the future, and only consider what has recently happened as the beginning of a series of disorders. It is remarkable that while England and Scotland have been thus disturbed, Ireland has been in the profoundest tranquillity, and when everybody, themselves included, feared that Ireland would be hardly governable under Tory rule, they have not had the slightest difficulty in that quarter. O'Connell has been much quieter since Peel came into office than he was before, and is evidently doing all he can to keep the country quiet. The Queen, too, is to all appearance on just as good terms with the present Government as she was with the last. There is no such intimacy with anybody as there was with Melbourne, but she is very civil to all her Ministers, invites them constantly to her house, and, what is curious, hardly ever takes any notice of those members of the late Government and Household whom she appeared not to be able to live without; even Melbourne is very rarely a guest either at Windsor or Buckingham House.

September 3d.—One of the topics on which Palmerston attacked the Government with the greatest bitterness was the supposed abandonment of Auckland's policy with respect to Afghanistan, and the withdrawal of the troops from that country. He asserted that such was Lord Ellenborough's intention, but that he had been compelled to change or suspend it, by instructions from home, and then he thundered away on the disgrace of a retreat, the advantages of a permanent occupation, and asked, but without eliciting any reply, what Government really meant to do. Just after this speech and the close of the session, Lord Auckland arrived in England. He had an interview with Peel, with which both seemed satisfied. Auckland said that Peel received him with great civility and cordiality; and Graham told me that Peel had found Auckland by no means disposed to adopt and countenance all Palmerston's views and opinions; that he had been very guarded, and said nothing indicative of any difference of opinion between himself and his political friends, but that he had spoken like an honest man, looking to the true interests of the country under actual circumstances, and

not to any mere party purpose. It was the impression of Peel, clearly, that Auckland does not contemplate the reoccupation of that country, unless it be merely for the purpose of recovering our honor and restoring our supremacy. A few days ago I met Sir Charles Metcalfe, the greatest of Indian authorities. He was decidedly opposed to the expedition originally, and he told me he never could understand how Auckland could have been induced to undertake it. But he thinks that we have now no alternative, and must reoccupy Cabul, and re-establish our authority. When we have done so, he says, we ought to leave to the Afghans the choice of their ruler, and then make a treaty with him, whoever he may be, and such a one as it is his interest to keep, for he will not keep any other. The Opposition continually taunt the present Government with having approved of Auckland's policy, when it appeared likely to be successful, and now finding fault with it, when unexpected failure and disaster have occurred. Graham, however, told me that his party had all along disapproved of it, that the four greatest authorities on Indian affairs had been opposed to it, viz., the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Mountstuart Elphinstone, and that he had got up the whole question with the intention of bringing it before the House of Commons, and had only been prevented by the Duke of Wellington, who would not suffer it to be done. The Duke, who, from the moment when any question has assumed a national character, sets aside every party object, said that we had now gone so far, and the country was so completely committed in this measure, that nothing must be done calculated to mar its execution, and that it would produce a very serious and prejudicial effect if a large minority of the House of Commons should pronounce a condemnation of it. Accordingly, Graham was obliged to be silent, and the consequence of that silence is, to afford the Opposition a fair pretext for saying that their policy met with no opposition and no objections, while success appeared likely to crown it. When Graham was getting up this case, he saw Lord Wellesley two or three times, who on one occasion had dressed himself with great care, and delivered a very eloquent oration on the subject, which lasted upward of two hours, and was very good indeed. This is what he delights in doing. He continually talks of taking his seat in the House of Lords, and of the speeches he will make

there, but it is only talk. In his own room he will hold forth, and though he requires a great deal of preparation and getting up, all those who hear him say that he exhibits wonderful ability and remarkable powers of memory in these *tête-à-tête* displays, for he never makes his speeches to more than one auditor at a time.

September 11th.—A day or two after I wrote the above, I dined with Auckland to meet General Ventura, the General of Runjeet Singh, where there was a great deal of Indian talk. Ventura thought that if Pollock had pushed on at once to Cabul after he had joined Sale, he would have occupied the place without resistance, and met with no obstacles in his march ; but Willoughby Cotton, who was there, said they could not move for want of camels, and that it was quite impossible for any force to proceed without the means of transport, which were totally wanting. Auckland differs with Metcalfe, and thinks we ought to reoccupy Cabul with the intention of establishing our authority permanently in these countries. The Whig papers are attacking Ellenborough with the greatest asperity, and doing all they can to divert public attention from the original expedition and its subsequent disasters, and to fix the general indignation upon him for the policy he is disposed to adopt. It is still, however, very little known to the world what has occurred, and what is meditated, but I cannot doubt from the tenor of the few observations I have heard from both Graham and FitzGerald, that Government have made up their minds to renounce all idea of permanent conquests and establishment in Afghanistan. The English public will be satisfied if we get back the prisoners, which is what they think most about, and though they will be dissatisfied and disappointed if some sort of vengeance is not executed upon Akbar Khan, they will on the whole be happy to be extricated from such an embarrassing and expensive scrape.

There is a very general feeling of satisfaction at the termination of the boundary dispute with the Americans,[1] and it will be impossible for Palmerston, who is ready to find fault with everything the Foreign Office does, to carry public

[1] [The Treaty signed at Washington on August 9, 1842, by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, settled the disputed question of the northeast boundary between Canada and the State of Maine, and terminated some other differences between Great Britain and the United States. It was denounced by Lord Palmerston as "a capitulation," but generally accepted and applauded by both nations.]

opinion with him in attacking this settlement. He showed his disposition in a conversation he had lately with M. de Bacourt (just come over from America), to whom he said that we had made very important concessions. But Charles Buller, who was with me when M. de Bacourt told me this, said he for one would defend Lord Ashburton's Treaty, let Palmerston say what he would. He never would quarrel with any tolerable arrangement of such a question as that. I heard yesterday a curious thing relating to this matter. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, called on me, and told me that about three months ago they were employed by the Foreign Office in searching for documents relating to the original discussions on the Boundary question. There was a great deal of correspondence, much of which was copied for the use of Government. While thus occupied, he recollected that there was an old map of North America, which had been lying neglected and tossed about the office for the last twenty-five years, and he determined to examine this map. He did so, and discovered a faint red line drawn all across certain parts of it, together with several pencil-lines drawn in parallels to the red line above and below it. It immediately occurred to him that this was the original map supposed to be lost (for it never could be found), which was used for marking and settling the Boundary question, and he gave notice to the Foreign Office of what he had discovered. The map was immediately sent for and examined by the Cabinet, who deemed it of such importance that they ordered it to be instantly locked up and that nobody should have access to it. First, however, they sent for the three most eminent and experienced men in this line of business, Arrowsmith and two others, and desired them to examine closely this map and report their opinions, separately and without concert, upon certain questions which were submitted to them. These related principally to the antiquity of the red and pencil lines, and whether the latter had been made before or after the former. They reported as they were desired to do. They all agreed as to the age of the line, and they proved that the pencil-marks had been made subsequently to the red line. I forget the other particulars, but so much importance was attached to the discovery of this map, which was without doubt the original, that an exact account of its lines and marks was made out for Lord Ashburton, and a messenger dispatched to Portsmouth with

orders to lay his hands on the first Government steamer he could find, no matter what her destination or purpose, and to go off to America forthwith. As soon afterward as possible the Boundary question was settled, and it is certainly reasonable to suppose that this discovery had an important effect upon the decision.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Broadlands—The American Treaty—Lord Palmerston on the American Treaty—The Stade Dues—The Withdrawal from Cabul—The Queen at Sea—Woburn—Baroness Lehzen—Lord Ponsonby—Turkey—The Grove, Lord Clarendon—Public Scandals—Bishop Blomfield's Charge—Puseyism—Mr. Thomas Grenville—Anecdote of Porson—Death of Mr. Irby—Anecdote of Lord North—Lord Melbourne ill—Macaulay's Lays of Rome—Canadian Affairs—A Council—Bad State of the Country—Mr. Grenville's Conversation—A Happy Family—The Reform Bill of 1832—End of the China War—Judge and Jury Court—Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Lord John Russell on the American Treaty—Madame d'Arblay's Journal—Lord Ellenborough—Manuscript of Antonio Perez—Lord Palmerston and the *Morning Chronicle*—Moderate Whig Views—The Whigs and O'Connell—The Bedchamber Dispute—Sir David Dundas—Summary of the Year 1842.

Broadlands, September 17th, 1842.—I came here on the 14th, to meet Rogers and Baron Rolfe. Palmerston complains that our Foreign affairs are all mismanaged from first to last, and that *we give up everything;* universal concession the rule of action, and that there can be no difficulty in settling questions if we yield all that is in dispute. He is particularly dissatisfied with the Boundary Treaty, in which he says we have been overreached by the Americans; that Lord Ashburton was a very unfit man to send there, having an American bias, besides a want of firmness in his character. He thinks the territorial concessions we have made very objectionable and quite unnecessary, and that we had already *proved* our right to the disputed land; that since the King of Holland's award, evidence (which was then wanting) has been adduced, which clearly establishes our rights. It is evident that he means to fall foul of this arrangement upon the first suitable occasion. He also complains of the treaty with the King of Hanover, and says we have allowed him to levy duties twice as high as he has any right to.[1]

[1] [The Treaty between Great Britain and Hanover for the settlement of the Stade tolls was not signed until July 22, 1844. Lord Palmerston seems to have anticipated by nearly two years the terms of this arrangement in his eagerness to attack it.]

Lady Palmerston talked to me for a long time about the old disputes on the Syrian question, and lauded his wonderful equanimity and good-humor during those stormy and difficult times. She said Lord Holland's death was in great measure attributable to the vexation and excitement he underwent, and the recollection of the opposition Palmerston met with still rankles deeply in her mind. She declares that he is very happy out of office, and in no want of occupation; on the contrary, has his hands full of business, private and public. There is a very beautiful specimen of old Norman architecture in the church at Romsey, in very good preservation and of great antiquity.

September 24th.—From Broadlands I went to Canford[1] through the New Forest, which I never saw before. There I stayed two nights, having had some curiosity to see a place the creation of which has caused violent family quarrels, which I have been engaged in making up. On Monday I came to London, which contains a good sprinkling of people for this time of year, who congregate generally at Lady Holland's.

The *Morning Chronicle* opened a fire upon the American Treaty in the beginning of last week, which has been well sustained in a succession of articles of very unequal merit. To these the *Times* has responded, and in my opinion successfully. It was amusing to me to read in the columns of the *Chronicle* all that I had been hearing Palmerston say, *totidem verbis;* his articles were merely a repetition of his talk, and that as exactly as if the latter had been taken down in shorthand. As far as I can judge, he will, however, fail to carry public opinion with him; he will not be entirely supported by the writers on his own side, nor by his political adherents. Sir James Kemp, an excellent authority, both civil and military, approves of the Treaty, and attaches no importance to the objections that are urged against it. The *Examiner* writes in its favor. The Ministers think they stand on very strong grounds, and the fact is that Palmerston's determination to find fault with everything that is done in the Foreign Office, and the indiscriminate abuse which he heaps upon every part of our foreign policy, deprives his opinion of the weight which it would be entitled

[1] [Canford, near Wimborne, then belonged to Lord de Mauley. It had come to the Ponsonbys from the Ashley family, and was sold, after Lord de Mauley's death, to Sir John Guest.]

to, if he was only tolerably impartial. I never saw so much political bitterness as that which rankles in the hearts of himself and his wife. He abuses the acts of the Government, but he always does so with an air of gayety and good-humor, and, to do him justice, he never expresses himself with any coarseness or asperity, never so as to make social intercourse impossible, or even disagreeable, between him and his opponents; but under this gay and gallant exterior there burns a fierce hostility, and a resolution to attack them upon every point, and a more unscrupulous assailant never took the field. She talks a great deal more than he does, and it is easy to see, through her graceful, easy manner and habitual urbanity, how impatient they are of exclusion from office, and how intolerant of any dissent from or opposition to his policy and opinions. They have never forgiven Lords Holland and Clarendon for having thwarted him on the Syrian question. She alluded, at Broadlands, to the supposed desire of the latter to supplant him at the Foreign Office, which she said she did not believe, though she evidently does, and she said that Clarendon had done himself an injury which he would never get over. She talked of their opposition as if they had been the only dissentients in the Cabinet, and then, forgetting this, she discussed the conduct of others, particularly of Melbourne, and John Russell, both of whom she described as alarmists, and the former as all along disinclined to the bold course which Palmerston was pursuing.

Besides the American Treaty, Palmerston is venting his indignation on the Stade Treaty with Hanover, and his conduct with reference to that matter is very illustrative of the manner in which he carries on the war. He told me at Broadlands that the King of Hanover had not a shadow of right to the duties which he levied, though he had to much smaller duties, the amount of which was regulated by an old treaty with Denmark, and that, instead of formally conceding to him what he had no right to require, we ought to resist his claim, and compel him by force, if remonstrance failed, to abandon it. The case is this. Hanover has no right to the tolls she takes, but she has levied them for above 100 years, and has thus acquired a prescriptive or *quasi* right. Complaints were formerly made, but George III. refused to give them up, so did George IV. William IV. was the first king who was disposed to make any sacrifice. He died

before anything was settled, and King Ernest succeeded. Fresh discussions arose, and the Whig Government were willing to purchase of him the abandonment or modification of his claims, and Palmerston made a formal proposal to Ompteda[1] to that effect. But when he found he was going out of office, a very little while before their resignation, he put forth a protest against the King of Hanover's claims, and this he did (as I am told and as seems highly probable) for the express purpose of embarrassing the question and rendering its settlement more difficult to his successor, besides providing himself with materials for attacking such an arrangement as he foresaw would probably be made, and which he would have made had he remained in office.

The other topic on which they are most eloquent and indignant is Ellenborough's order to retreat from Cabul, of the real truth of which very little is at present known. FitzGerald, however, told me the other day he did think Ellenborough had not acted *discreetly* in the outset of his administration. He avers, however, distinctly, that it was Auckland's intention to withdraw the troops after the massacre at Cabul, which was what Peel alluded to in his speech. Auckland, apparently, does not admit this, and both parties are anxious to enlist his opinions and intentions on their side.

We had a Council at Windsor yesterday, where I met Peel for the first time since his return from Scotland. We now go to the Council and return to town after it, instead of being invited to remain there, which is a very great improvement. This custom has gradually superseded the other without the appearance of anything offensive or uncivil, and is no doubt much more agreeable to the Queen, who has no mind to have more of the society of her present Ministers than she can help. Peel described the Scotch tour as very nervous, inasmuch as they went through all the disturbed districts, but that loyalty and interest in seeing the Queen triumphed over every other feeling and consideration, and all went off as well as possible.[2]

[1] [The Hanoverian Minister in London.]

[2] [The Queen and Prince Albert made their first visit to Scotland by sea, embarking at Woolwich on August 29, and landing at Granton pier on September 1. Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Buccleuch and accompanied by Sir Robert Peel. The Court stayed in Scotland fourteen days. Lord Aberdeen was instructed to write to the Lord Advocate in the following terms: "The Queen will leave Scotland with a feeling of regret that her visit on this

Adolphus Fitz-Clarence told me nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than she was, and the Prince too, on board the yacht, conversing all the time with perfect ease and good-humor, and on all subjects, taking great interest and very curious about everything in the ship, dining on deck in the midst of the sailors, making them dance, talking to the boatswain, and, in short, doing everything that was popular and ingratiating. Her chief fault, in little things and in great, seems to be impatience ; in sea phrase, she always wants to *go ahead ;* she can't bear contradiction nor to be thwarted. She was put out because she could not get quicker to the end of her voyage, and land so soon as she wished. She insisted on landing as soon as it was possible, and would not wait till the authorities were ready and the people assembled to receive her. An hour or two of delay would have satisfied everybody, and though it might be unreasonable to expect this, as Peel said it was, it would have been wise to have conceded it. Adolphus says there was very alarming excitement in the town for a little while, and much discontent among the crowds who had come from distant parts, and who had paid large sums for seats and windows to see her go by.

October 4th.—There has been a continual discussion of the Boundary Treaty, kept up by Palmerston's articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, which have been well replied to in the *Times*, *Standard*, and still more the *Spectator* and *Examiner*. Palmerston has certainly not acted wisely as one of the leaders of his party. He ought to have felt the public pulse, and ascertained how his own friends would be likely to view the question, before he plunged into such violent opposition to it. It is now evident that he will not carry the public nor even his own party with him. John Russell is satisfied ; he thought at first that we had conceded too much, but on further examination he changed his opinion, and he now thinks the settlement on the whole a good one, and this will in all probability be the general opinion. Everybody was alive to the inconvenience of having this question left open, and there was a universal desire to settle

occasion could not be further prolonged. Her Majesty fully expected to witness the loyalty and attachment of her Scottish subjects ; but the devotion and enthusiasm evinced in every quarter, and by all ranks, have produced an impression on the mind of Her Majesty which can never be effaced." Seldom has an official assurance and prediction been more amply justified than this by the experience of forty years.]

our various differences with America upon such terms as would conduce to the restoration of good-humor and good-will.

October 5th.—There was a very clever letter in the *Morning Chronicle* yesterday from some Whig, attacking the paper for the line it has taken, which produced a furious defense and retort. This morning I have got a letter from the Duke of Bedford informing me that his brother John has gone back to his original opinion about the Treaty. First, he thought we had made too great concessions, then that we had not, and now he thinks again that we have. It is probable that Palmerston has been at him, and he thinks it better to sacrifice his own opinion than to have a difference with his colleague.

I have been at Woburn for a couple of days. The Duke told me there that all the people he had conversed or communicated with agreed in rejoicing that the question was settled, and were not disposed to cavil at the terms. The Duke is well and wisely administering his estate and improving his magnificent place in every way. I never saw such an abode of luxury and enjoyment, one so full of resources for all tastes. The management of his estate is like the administration of a little kingdom. He has 450 people in his employment on the Bedfordshire property alone, not counting domestic servants. His pensions amount to £2,000 a year. There is order, economy, grandeur, comfort, and general content.

The Baroness Lehzen has left Windsor Castle, and is gone abroad for her health (as she says), to stay five or six months, but it is supposed never to return. This lady, who is much beloved by the women and much esteemed and liked by all who frequent the Court, who is very intelligent, and has been a faithful and devoted servant to the Queen from her birth, has for some time been supposed to be obnoxious to the Prince, and as he is now all-powerful her retirement was not unexpected. I do not know the reason of it, nor how it has been brought about; Melbourne told me long ago that the Prince would acquire unbounded influence.

I met yesterday Lord Ponsonby and sat next to him at dinner at Palmerston's, for although I have always been so opposed to Palmerston, and he knows it, and no doubt dislikes me, I live with them as much as if we were the greatest friends. Lord Ponsonby is a most remarkable-looking man

for his age, which is seventy-two or seventy-three. He exhibits no signs of old age, and is extremely agreeable. His account of Turkey was very different from my ideas about the state of the country, but I fancy all he says is *sujet à caution*. He describes the Sultan to be intelligent, liberal, and independent, that is, really master, and not in the hands of any party; the Turkish public men as very able, the country improving in its internal condition, especially its agriculture, and its revenue flourishing—five millions a year regularly collected, not a farthing of debt, and the whole military and civil service of the State punctually paid.

October 12*th*.—The controversy about the American Treaty is vigorously maintained. The letter in the *Morning Chronicle* was written by John Mill, and now Charles Buller has taken the field (in the *Globe*). John Russell says "it is advantageous and honorable to America, but not disadvantageous to us." But he thinks it has been clumsily managed, and that we might have got better terms; that Aberdeen and Everett might have settled it here more favorably for us. This is mere conjecture and worth nothing. The truth is, he does not disapprove, but finds Palmerston has taken such a violent part that he must, out of deference to his colleague, find as much fault as he possibly can. The account of the revenue came out yesterday, and a very sorry account it is.

October 18*th*.—On Wednesday last I went to the Grove; on Friday to Gorhambury,[1] to meet the Bishop of London, who came there in the course of his visitation; yesterday back to London. It is always refreshing, in the midst of the cold hearts and indifferent tempers one sees in the world, to behold such a spectacle of intimate union and warm affection as the Grove presents. A mother, with a tribe of sons and daughters, and their respective husbands and wives, all knit together in the closest union and community of affections, feelings, and interests — all, too, very intelligent people, lively, cheerful, and striving to contribute to each other's social enjoyment as well as to their material interests. I have always thought Clarendon the least selfish, most generous, and amiable man with whom I am acquainted.

Edward Villiers, who is just come from Germany, told me nothing could exceed the disgust excited all over that

[1] [The seat of the Earl of Verulam in Hertfordshire, formerly the residence of Lord Bacon.]

country by the publication of Lord Hertford's trial,[1] and that there was a universal impression there that the state of society in England, and the character of its aristocracy, were to the last degree profligate and unprincipled. We are mighty proud of our fine qualities, and plume ourselves on our morality; but it must be owned that a German public, which can know nothing of English society but from the specimens it sees of Englishmen, or what it reads in the press of English doings, may well entertain a less exalted idea of our perfections, and we need not wonder at the impressions which we think so unfair, and which are not in fact correct.

The Bishop of London was, and is still, going about his diocese, delivering a very elaborate Charge, which has excited a good deal of notice, and parts of which have been well enough quizzed in the *Morning Chronicle*. To the surprise of many people, his Charge, like those of the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, contained some crumbs of compliment to the Puseyites, and an endeavor to prescribe some formal observances half-way in advance toward their opinions. There is an evident desire on the part of these dignitaries to conciliate the Tractarians, probably because they are aware of, and alarmed at, their remarkable superiority in everything which relates to ecclesiastical learning. It is curious, too, to see the *Times*, which certainly exercises no small or limited influence, become decidedly Puseyite. Its Catholic tendencies are intermingled with its Poor Law crotchets, and both are of a highly democratic character. The present object of attack is the pew system, which certainly appears obnoxious to censure. I asked the Bishop of London what the law was with regard to pews, and he owned that the whole thing was an anomaly, in some respects doubtful, but in many regulated by ancient usage, or by local Acts of Parliament. The Bishop is an agreeable man in society, good-humored, lively, a little brusque in his manner. He sang a duet with Lady Jane Grimston on Friday evening, when there was no company. Though he is intemperate and imperious, he has always been distinguished for great liberality and a munificent disposition, and from an anecdote I heard of him at the Grove, he must be of a generous mind, and capable of forgiving an enemy, and casting aside feelings of resentment and wounded

[1] [Lord Hertford's will was disputed, and the litigation occasioned some scandalous disclosures of his past life.]

pride. William Capel, brother of the late Lord Essex, a disreputable, good-for-nothing parson, and Vicar of Watford, neglected his clerical duties, and incurred the displeasure of the Bishop, who insisted on Capel's appointing a curate, which he refused to do, on which the Bishop, who became very angry, appointed one himself, and sent him down there. Capel resisted stoutly, and on one occasion the vicar and the curate had a race for the reading-desk in church. He refused to receive the curate or to pay him, and forbade him at his peril to execute any clerical function. The end of it was a trial at the Hertford Assizes, when the parson beat the Bishop, who in his angry haste had failed to comply with all the forms which the law requires. The trial cost the Bishop near a thousand pounds, and Capel was triumphant. I don't know what happened in the interim, but a few years afterward they had become such good friends that the Bishop came down to preach a charity sermon at Watford, when he was the guest of William Capel, dining and sleeping at his house. Upon that occasion such was his want of common decency, that, having the Bishop for his guest, and under circumstances which demanded more than ordinary respect and attention, he came down to breakfast in an old gray dressing-gown and red slippers, much to the surprise and something to the discomposure of his Diocesan. Nobody would believe Capel when he told them that the Bishop was going to be his guest. "The Bishop of London!" said Clarendon to him, when he told him, "how on earth did you contrive to get the Bishop of London to come to your house?" "How?" said the other; "why, I gave him a good licking and that made him civil. We are very good friends now." The only pity is, that having the quality of generosity and forgiveness of wrongs—for successful resistance is the same as a wrong—those virtues did not find a more estimable subject for their exercise.

October 23*d.*—To the Grove on Thursday; came back yesterday to dine with Mr. Grenville; passed the whole morning of Saturday at the British Museum, where I had not been for many years, but where I propose to go henceforward very often. The number of readers is now on an average three hundred a day; in the time of Gray, as may be seen by his letters, it was not half a dozen. I had never dined with Mr. Grenville before, though he has more than once asked me, and I was glad to go there. He is a man whom I have

always looked at with respect and pleasure. It is a goodly sight, to see him thus placidly and slowly going down the hill of life, with all his faculties of mind and body, not unimpaired, but still fresh and strong. One would rejoice to procure a new lease for such a man. He may well look round him, as he sits in his unrivaled library and surrounded by his friends, serene and full of enjoyment, and say, like Mazarin, "Et il faut quitter tout cela!" but no reflections or anticipations seem to overcast the mild sunshine of his existence. I certainly never saw so graceful and enviable an old age; and though he is eighty-six, and I am forty-eight, I would willingly change lives with him. I would much rather be approaching the end of life as he is approaching it, than live any number of years that I may yet chance to have in store as I am likely to live them. Mr. Grenville is rather deaf, and he complains of loss of memory, but he hears well enough for social purposes, and he is full of recollections of former times and remarkable people. He only laments his own infirmities on account of the trouble or inconvenience they may cause to others; not that he does not hear all that is said, but he pities those who are obliged to exert their voices to make him hear. No old man was ever less selfish and querulous. He told a story of Porson, which I will put in his own words: "When I was a young man, which is now about seventy years ago, I used to live with Cracherode and other literary men of that day, who were good enough to allow me to come among them, and listen to their conversation, which I used to take great delight in doing, and I remember one day going into the room, and finding Cracherode and another person disputing about language, and whether a certain English word had ever been used by any good authority. In the middle of the dispute, one of them said, 'But why do we go on talking here, when that little fellow in the corner can tell us in a moment which of us is in the right?' The little fellow was Porson, who was on his knees poring over a book. They called him up, told him what they were disputing about, and asked if he knew of the word having been used, and by whom. He at once replied, 'I only know of one instance, and that is in Fisher's funeral sermon on the death of Margaret of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., and you will find it about the third or fourth page on the right-hand side;' and there accordingly they did find it."

October 26th.—Poor Irby died on Monday last at Newmarket, the place where he had passed all the pleasantest hours of his life. He was an honorable, inoffensive man, who never made an enemy, and with whom I have passed my *racing* life. That was a sort of man who devoted himself to the turf without any misgivings of shame and regret, and he was, accordingly, happy. He strolled through life, without ambition or vanity, was what he seemed, and did not aspire to be thought better or wiser than he was. He had friends to whom he was attached, one sister whom he loved, and few or no other relations to annoy or trouble him. He was affluent in circumstances, respected in character, and contented in disposition; and such a man is to be envied, living or dying.

Yesterday morning I called on Mr. Grenville, and sat with him for an hour, while he told me many old stories of bygone times, and showed me some of his books, particularly his "Julio Clovio," which was what I went on purpose to see. He is a remarkable man, with his mind so fresh and firm, and teeming with recollections, a sort of link between the living and the dead, having been forward enough in his youth to mix with the most distinguished characters, literary and political, more than half a century ago, and still vigorous enough to play his part with those of the present time. He had often dined with Horace Walpole at his grandmother's in Grosvenor Square (before it was planted), and he describes him as effeminate in person, trifling in conversation, and much less amusing and *piquant* than might be expected from his letters. He talked much of Lord North, whose speaking he thinks would not be admired now. It was of a sing-song, monotonous character. His private secretary used to sit behind him, and take notes of the debate, writing down every point that it was necessary for him to answer, with the name of the speaker from whom it proceeded. When he got up he held this paper in his hand, and spoke from it, sometimes blundering over the sheets in a way Mr. Grenville imitated, and which would certainly be thought very strange now, but he had great good-humor and much drollery. He told me a story of Lord North and his son Frank, afterward Lord Guildford, of whom he was very fond, though he was always in scrapes and in want of money. One day, Frank seemed very much out of spirits, and his father asked him what was the matter. With some hesita-

tion, real or pretended, he at last said, "Why, father, the truth is, I have no money, and I am so distressed that I have even been obliged to sell that little mare you gave me the other day." To which Lord North replied, "Oh, Frank, you should never have done that; you ought to have recollected the precept of Horace, '*Æquam* memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.'" Mr. Grenville talked of the elder Pitt, whom he did not admire, but had never heard him except as Lord Chatham. Rigby was a very agreeable speaker, in style not unlike Tierney.

October 29th.—Lord Melbourne has had an attack of palsy, very slight, and he is recovering, but it is of course alarming. He is not himself aware of the nature of the seizure, and asks if it was lumbago. This shows how slight it was. Macaulay's book, which he calls "Lays of Ancient Rome," came out yesterday, and admirable his ballads are. They were composed in India and on the voyage home. He showed them to Dr. Arnold, who advised him to publish them, but probably while he was in office he had not time to think about them, and the publication is the result of his leisure. He has long been addicted to ballad-writing, for there is one in the American edition of his works, and there is a much longer one written when he was at Cambridge (or soon after), upon the League, and one of Henry IV.'s battles, which is very good indeed. He is a wonderful fellow altogether.

Canadian affairs and Bagot's proceedings have lately occupied the world for want of something better.[1] The Whigs are pleased that he has so fully admitted and acted on the principle of Parliamentary control, and carried out practically the theory of the Constitution which they gave the provinces, while the Tories are indignant that he should have been dictated to by men whom they consider disaffected to this country, and who were looked upon as quasi-traitors till a very short time ago, and as they have no taste for the independence and supremacy of a Canadian Parliament, there is no triumph of a principle to console them for what they consider dangerous in practice. But both parties, and everybody without exception, blame the manner in which

[1] [The Right Hon. Poulett Thomson, Lord Sydenham, died on September 19, 1841, from lockjaw, caused by a fall from his horse. He was then Governor of Canada, and was temporarily succeeded by Sir Charles Bagot; but Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed to that post in January, 1843.]

Bagot has acted, which was indiscreet, undignified, and gives a poor idea of his qualifications for government. He is certainly not a strong man, and he has succeeded one who undoubtedly was. Sydenham turns out to have been a man of first-rate capacity, with great ability, discrimination, judgment, firmness, and dexterity. His whole administration in Canada fully justified the choice which Lord John Russell made of him, and the confidence he reposed in him. It is to the credit of Lord John Russell that he discovered and appreciated the talents of a man who was underrated here; but occasion and circumstance draw out the latent resources of vigorous minds. He was always known to be a man of extraordinary industry, but nobody knew that he had such a knowledge of human nature and such a power of acquiring influence over others as he evinced when he went to Canada. Murdoch, who was his secretary, and himself a very clever man, gave me a remarkable account of him. He was in the habit of talking over the most inveterate opponents of his Government, so much so, that at last it became a matter of joking, and the most obstinate of his enemies used to be told that if they set foot in Government House they would be mollified and enthralled whether they would or no, and so it almost always was. Though of a weak and slender frame, and his constitution wretched, he made journeys which would have appeared hard work to the most robust men. On one occasion he traveled, without stopping, an immense distance, and the moment he got out of his carriage he called for his papers, and went at his business as if he had only returned from a drive. This is something very like greatness; these are the materials of which greatness is made—indefatigable industry, great penetration, powers of persuasion, confidence in himself, decision, boldness, firmness, and all these jumbled up with a finikin manner, and a dangling after an old London harridan; but, as Taylor says so well, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," and half mankind know nothing of their own capacity for greatness. The mistakes made by ourselves and by each other with respect to moral qualities are incessant and innumerable.

November 2d.—At Windsor yesterday for a Council; almost all the Cabinet went together in a special train. A Whig engineer might have produced an instantaneous and complete change of Government. The Royal consent was

given to the marriage of the Princess Augusta with the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Chancellor was there, looking very ill and broken, but evidently wishing to be thought strong and capable.[1] He not only affected to be very merry, but very active, and actually began a sort of dancing movement in the drawing-room, which reminded me of Queen Elizabeth and the Scotch ambassador; seventy years of age, ten years of idleness, and a young wife will not do for the labor of the Great Seal. The Ministers are all come to hold Cabinets, and lay their heads together with, God knows, plenty to occupy them. Lord Wharncliffe and Kay Shuttleworth, who are both come from the north, have given me an account of the state of the country and of the people which is perfectly appalling. There is an immense and continually increasing population, deep distress and privation, no adequate demand for labor, no demand for anything, no confidence, but a universal alarm, disquietude, and discontent. Nobody can sell anything. Somebody said, speaking of some part of Yorkshire, "This is certainly the happiest country in the world, for *nobody wants anything.*" Kay says that nobody can conceive the state of demoralization of the people, of the masses, and that the only thing which restrains them from acts of violence against property is a sort of instinctive consciousness that, bad as things are, their own existence depends upon the security of property *in the long run.* It is in these parts that the worst symptoms are apparent, but there are indications of the same kind more or less all over the country, and certainly I have never seen, in the course of my life, so serious a state of things as that which now stares us in the face; and this, after thirty years of uninterrupted peace, and the most ample scope afforded for the development of all our resources, when we have been altering, amending, and improving, wherever we could find anything to work upon, and being, according to our own ideas, not only the most free and powerful, but the most moral and the wisest people in the world. One remarkable feature in the present condition of affairs is that nobody can account for it, and nobody pretends to be able to point out any remedy; for those who clamor for the repeal of the Corn Laws, at least those who know anything of the matter, do not really believe that repeal would supply a cure for

[1] [Lord Lyndhurst survived, however, more than twenty years. He died in 1863.]

our distempers. It is certainly a very dismal matter for reflection, and well worthy the consideration of the profoundest political philosophers, that the possession of such a Constitution, all our wealth, industry, ingenuity, peace, and that superiority in wisdom and virtue which we so confidently claim, are not sufficient to prevent the existence of a huge mountain of human misery, of one stratum in society in the most deplorable state, both moral and physical, to which mankind can be reduced, and that all our advantages do not secure us against the occurrence of evils and mischiefs so great as to threaten a mighty social and political convulsion.

November 17th.—Went to Cromer on Monday week, and returned on Monday last. I am fond of that wild and bleak coast with its "hills that encircle the sea," the fine old tower of the church and the lighthouse, whose revolving light it is impossible not to watch with interest. I went one day to Felbrigg,[1] and looked into the library—a fine old-fashioned room containing Mr. Windham's books, all full of notes and comments in his own hand, but library and books equally neglected now that they have fallen into the hands of a rough, unlettered squire.

November 18th.—Called on Mr. Grenville yesterday morning. He told me he was eighty-eight, and had never been ill in all his life; had colds, but never been ill enough to keep his bed a whole day since he was born. His memory, he said, failed as to dates and names. He told me a curious anecdote of Wolfe. In Pitt's (Lord Chatham's) administration, when Wolfe was going out to take the command of the army in America, at that time a post of the greatest importance, Mr. Pitt had him to dinner with no other person present but Lord Temple (Mr. Grenville's uncle). After dinner Wolfe got greatly excited, drew his sword, flourished it about, and boasted of the great things he would do with it in a wonderfully braggart style. Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were horror-struck, and, when the General was gone, they lifted up their hands and eyes, and said what an awful thing it was to think that they were about to trust interests so vital to the discretion of a man who could talk and bluster in such a way. Mr. Grenville said he had never liked to repeat this anecdote, and had never done so till very lately,

[1] [Felbrigg Hall, near Cromer, was the residence of the Windham family, and was then occupied by Mr. William Windham, the brother of Mrs. Henry Baring, one of Mr. Greville's most intimate friends.]

for he had been reluctant to say anything which might, by possibility, throw a slur on the reputation of Wolfe. But I told him it was too curious to be suppressed; curious as a peculiar trait of character, and that the heights of Abraham had secured the fame of Wolfe beyond the possibility of being injured by anything that could now be said.

November 22d.—At Hillingdon from Saturday till Monday. I never go to that place without looking with envy and admiration at a scene of so much happiness. There is certainly nothing to admire but the result. There are none of the qualities which are generally desirable; but if happiness is the aim and object of life, by which I mean something active, sentient and intelligent, not the happiness of an oyster or an opium-eater, then these people have attained it, subject only to its disturbance from the ordinary and unavoidable accidents and vicissitudes of existence. I suppose that happiness depends on, as wit has been described by, negatives. They are happy because they are without avarice, or ambition, or vanity, or envy. They have no extravagant or unreasonable pretensions, and therefore are not subject to perpetual mortifications and disappointments. They lead an easy, placid, semi-sensual but not vicious life, with a full flow of affection for each other, and a natural ever-springing cheerfulness and content.

Dined yesterday with Lady Holland, John Russell, Charles Austin, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Lord John told us some things about the Reform Bill, interesting enough. The first he heard of it was by a letter from Althorp, who told him Lord Grey and he wished him (Lord John) to bring in the Bill although he was not in the Cabinet. He wrote back that he could not agree to bring in the Bill without having a share in its concoction, which they agreed he was entitled to. He came to town and Lord Grey begged him to put himself in communication with Durham. He went to Durham and had a long conversation with him, and they agreed that a Committee should be formed which should meet constantly and settle the terms of the Bill. The first person suggested was the Duke of Richmond, but Lord John objected to him, and then they settled to have Graham and Duncannon. They used to meet at Durham's every day and discuss the details of the Bill. Among these was the question of Ballot, Graham and Durham being strongly for it, John Russell against, and Duncannon neuter. The point

was, however, referred to the Cabinet, and immediately negatived. Lord John said that the only chance they had of carrying such a Bill was the preservation of impenetrable secrecy. If once the plan got out, their own friends would be alarmed, and their success infallibly compromised. Accordingly, they contrived to keep their plan secret till the last moment. So little did their opponents expect anything of the kind, that Peel, in a speech about a fortnight before, taunted them in these terms: "You came into power avowedly to promote peace, retrenchment, and reform. Your peace is in the greatest danger of being broken; your estimates are not less than ours were; and as to your reform, I predict that it will be some miserable measure, with all the appearance of a change in the Constitution, without the reality of any improvement." When the measure came out, many of the friends of Government were exceedingly frightened, and thought it would not fail to be their ruin. Hardinge told Graham in the lobby that "of course they had made up their minds to resign." Allen said that there had always existed a strong opinion that Peel might have crushed it at first, if he had refused leave to bring in the Bill, but Lord John denied that this was feasible. He said, let Peel do what he would, they would have got a debate of several nights, and he had always told his timorous and desponding friends, that when the plan went forth to the country it would be responded to by such great and enthusiastic approval and so supported that it would be impossible for the Opposition to resist it. And this was what happened. The debate of eight nights gave time for the press to act, and the country to declare itself. Allen then said they had done wrong in giving way as they had on some points, particularly as to the freemen; they had gained nothing by that, and had injured the Bill. But Lord John said that they had got all they expected. This sacrifice was made to Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, who had in consequence of it carried the second reading in the House of Lords, which could not have been done without them; and this had prevented the creation of Peers. Lord Grey was so determined to make Peers, if the second reading was not carried, that Lord John had himself given notice to some of his Tory friends, that if they wished to prevent this evil, they had better vote for it. We then discussed the communications which afterward took place between Lord Grey and Palmerston and

Harrowby and Wharncliffe, and Lyndhurst's famous motion, which produced such momentous results. I said that Harrowby and his friends had always accused Lord Grey of acting unfairly, but that I had always said that no man could act a more straightforward and consistent part than he did. I told Lord John he ought to write a history of the Reform Bill, which would be a very curious narrative.

November 23d.—A torrent of Indian news and successes arrived almost all at once,[1] an important and agreeable budget of intelligence, though without much glory in it. It is a delightful thing to finish the Chinese war anyhow. We were ashamed of our successes, and the reports of victories gained and towns taken never gave any satisfaction, or excited a particle of pride or triumph. We now see our way out of two difficult quarrels which we never ought to have got into. The only good we shall have gained will have been a very imposing exhibition of our power and resources, and it will have cost us many millions of money, and many thousand lives to make it.

November 25th.—I went last night to a place called "The Judge and Jury Court"—Bingham Baring, Charles Buller, Frederic Leveson, and myself—and there we found several others of our acquaintance who had been attracted to the same place. It is difficult to imagine anything more low and blackguard than this imitation of and parody on a court of justice, and if the proceedings of last night are to be taken as a fair example of the whole it is not very amusing. There is a long low room opposite Covent Garden Theatre, in Bow Street, lit with tallow-candles and furnished along its length with benches; opposite these benches is a railed-off space for the Bar and the Jury, and an elevated desk for the Judge. You pay one shilling entrance, which entitles you to a cigar and a glass of rum or gin-and-water or beer, a privilege of which almost every man availed himself. The room was pretty well filled and in a cloud of smoke, and there was a constant circulation of these large glasses of liquid; smoking and drinking were, indeed, the order of the day. The judge, the counsel, and the jury, all had their

[1] [The same mail brought the news (November 22) of the Treaty of Peace with China, the recapture of Ghuznee and Cabul, and the release of the prisoners taken in the Afghan War. Lord Ellenborough, then Governor-General of India, issued a ridiculous proclamation, in which he said that the insult of 800 years was avenged by the carrying off the gates of the Temple of Somnauth as a trophy.]

cigars and gin-and-water, and the latter, as a recompense for their public services, were entitled to call for what they pleased gratis. Here they try such notorious cases as have been brought in any shape, complete or incomplete, under public notice, and last night we had "Chesterfield *vs.* Batthyany," the names being slightly changed, but rendered sufficiently significant to leave no doubt of who and what is meant. *Maidstone*, for example, was examined as a witness under the title of Lord *Virgin Rock*, and twenty of the others, which, however, I don't remember. The Chief Baron is a big burly fellow, editor of a paper which I never heard of before, called the *Town*, and the jury are sworn upon *The Town*. I don't know who the counsel were, but there was one fellow who was a caricature of Brougham, certainly like him, and he attempted an imitation of him in manner, gesture, and voice, which was not very bad, and therefore rather amusing. But though the man had some humor, there was not enough or of sufficiently good quality to support the length of his speech. He opened the case for the plaintiff; the counsel for the defendant seemed very dull, and we would stay no longer. They say the charge of the judge is generally the best part of it. They deal in very gross indecencies, and this seems to amuse the audience, which is one of the most blackguard-looking I ever saw congregated, and they just restrain their ribaldry within such limits as exclude *les gros mots*. Everything short of that is allowed, and evidently the more the better. On the whole it was a poor performance. It bore, in point of character and decency, about the same relation to a court of justice that Musard's balls do to Almack's.

November 27th.—The Palmerstons came through town the other day in their way to Brocket, and I met them at dinner at Lady Holland's. They are both very much provoked at the Indian and Chinese successes, as their remarks showed; *she* complained that it was Elliot's fault that all this was not done two years ago, as he had the same instructions and the same means of executing them that Pottinger had, and *he* harped again upon the old tune of Ellenborough's orders and counter-orders, and tried to make out that it was his fault that the reoccupation of Cabul had been delayed so many months; and the *Morning Chronicle* has been laboring to make out that all the glory of these successes is due to Palmerston alone.

November 30th.—Ellenborough's Proclamation, which has just appeared, is fiercely attacked by the Whig Palmerstonian press, but the purport of it seems to be pretty generally approved. Ellenborough is certainly not happy in his measures, his manners, or his phrases. He began by his much-abused orders for retreat, he lost no time in quarrelling with his Council and making himself personally obnoxious, and his present Proclamation is very objectionable in many respects, though it appears to me perfectly clear half the world thinks he meant to censure the policy of his predecessor, and though he certainly meant no such thing, he ought not to have left room for any doubt on that point. He enters into reasons for his measures, which is never advisable in such a document as this, and especially in India. In the midst of all our successes, however, the simple truth is that Akbar Khan and the Afghans have gained their object completely. We had placed a puppet king on the throne, and we kept him there and held military possession of the country by a body of our troops. They resolved to get rid of our king and our troops and to resume their barbarous independence; they massacred all our people civil and military, and they afterward put to death the king. We lost all hold over the country except the fortresses we continued to occupy. Our recent expedition was, in fact, undertaken merely to get back the prisoners who had escaped with their lives from the general slaughter, and having got them we have once for all abandoned the country, leaving to the Afghans the unmolested possession of the liberty they had acquired, and not attempting to replace upon their necks the yoke they so roughly shook off. There is, after all, no great cause for rejoicing and triumph in all this.

On Sunday morning I called on Lord John Russell, and we had an argument about Lord Ashburton and his Treaty, which he abused very roundly, saying all that I had before heard of his writing to his brother against it, but still owning that it was not very injurious. I have a great respect for Lord John, who is very honest and clever, but in this matter he talks great nonsense. Palmerston is much more consistent, and takes a clear and broad view of it. He says, "We are all in the right, and the Americans all in the wrong. Never give up anything, insist on having the thing settled in your own way, and if they won't consent, let it

remain unsettled." But Lord John merely says you might have got better terms if you had held out for them, that *he thinks* Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Everett would have arranged it here more favorably for us than Lord Ashburton did there; that if Lord Aberdeen had proposed such and such terms to Everett they would have been agreed to in America, and that Lord Ashburton gave up certain things for which he did not obtain a just equivalent—all of which is mere gratuitous assumption, and may be true or may be false. However, he owned that the public was disposed to be satisfied with the Treaty, and he did not deny my assertion that Palmerston had committed a blunder in attacking it with such violence.

The fifth volume of Madame d'Arblay's journal or memoirs is just come out. I have read the first three volumes, and then could read no more, it was so tiresome; but I returned to the fifth because I found everybody was amused by it. It is certainly readable, for there are scattered through it notices of people and things sufficiently interesting, but they are overlaid by an enormous quantity of trash and twaddle, and there is a continuous stream of mawkish sentimentality, loyalty, devotion, sensibility, and a display of feelings and virtues which are very provoking. The cleverest part of it is the remarkable memory with which she narrates long conversations and minute details of facts and circumstances. It is true she generally makes her people converse in a very ordinary commonplace style, and she hardly ever tells any anecdote or any event of importance or of remarkable interest. Nevertheless her rambling records are read with pleasure, for there is and ever will be an insatiable thirst for familiar details of the great world and the people who have figured in it. Anecdotes of kings, princes, ministers, or any *celebrities* are always acceptable. I have often thought that my journal would have been much more entertaining if I had scribbled down all I heard and saw in society, all I could remember of passing conversations, jokes, stories, and such like, instead of recording and commenting on public events, as I have often, though irregularly, done. To have done this, however, and done it well, required a better memory and more diligence than I possess, to be more *Boswellian* than I am. I believe, however, there is and can be no general rule for journalizing. Everybody who addicts him- or herself to this practice must follow the dictates of his taste

and fancy or caprice. It is a matter in which character operates and shows itself, for people are open and confidential or reserved with their blank page, in the same way as with their living friends. Some, indeed, will pour forth upon paper, and for the edification or amusement of posterity, what they never would have revealed to living ear; but the majority of those who indulge in this occupation probably only tell what they desire to have known. Few write for themselves only as a sort of moral exercise, or for the refreshment of their own memories, or because they feel a longing to give utterance to, and record the feelings and thoughts that are rising and working and fighting in their minds. It is curious that so many great men, as well as so many small ones, have written journals, and an essay on the subject would be interesting enough if well done. Johnson, Walter Scott, Wilberforce, Windham, Byron, Heber, Gibbon, all kept journals, and many others, no doubt, whom I don't recollect at this moment. I omit Pepys and Evelyn, as men of a different sort.

December 6th.—The general and impartial opinion of Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation is, that he is quite right to have withdrawn the army from Afghanistan, and to have announced a pacific policy for the future, but that he is much to blame in having adopted such a tone as the paper is couched in, to have cast an indirect slur on the policy of Auckland, and condemned in such unqualified terms the errors of men who are not alive to defend themselves, or of the survivors who are going to be tried by a court of inquiry. On the whole, Ellenborough has not given satisfaction to any party or set of men. Conservatives complain of him as well as Whigs. He has given personal offense in India, and political offense here, and the appointment, from which such great things were expected, has turned out ill. The Duke of Wellington, however, is perfectly satisfied with what he has done, and as the Government meant to support him before all these successes, much more will they do so now.

December 8th.—I saw Emily Eden[1] yesterday, and found they were full of bitterness against Ellenborough, and no wonder. In the first place, he and Auckland had always been friends. When Ellenborough came into office, he wrote to Auckland a friendly letter, in which he said what was

[1] [Lord Auckland's sister, an old friend of Mr. Greville's. She had been with Lord Auckland in India.]

tantamount to an invitation to him to stay in India. On his arrival at Calcutta, he was Auckland's guest for the first three days, till he was sworn in, and then Auckland was his, and when Auckland's sisters wanted to leave Government House and go and pay a visit to a friend of theirs, Ellenborough would not hear of it, and made such a point of their remaining there till their departure that they did so. He lived with them morning, noon, and night, on terms of the greatest cordiality, and repeatedly expressed his regret that they were going away. This renders his Proclamation particularly odious, and the more so because she told me that during the last months of his Government, Auckland had done everything he could not to compromise or embarrass his successor, and had taken great pains to provide for any future military operations on which he might determine, which was a matter of considerable financial difficulty. All this makes them feel very sore, and they are besides of opinion that it is a grievous fault for a Governor to proclaim to the world that errors have been committed, and that the policy of the Indian Government is going to be altered. I am not so surprised at Ellenborough's *animus*, knowing that when he was at the Board of Control he never lost an opportunity of letting the Queen know his opinion as to the errors and blunders of his predecessor and his colleagues.

December 9th.—Francis Baring told me yesterday a curious anecdote relating to a Spanish MS. which would be interesting to bibliomaniacs. Sampayo, a half Portuguese, half Englishman, at Paris, was a great book-collector, particularly of Spanish and Portuguese, both books and MSS. He was aware of a MS. of Antonio Perez, relating to the wars of Granada, in the public library at Seville, and he desired Cuthbert, who has been living at Seville for some time, to ask leave to have it copied, and if he could get leave to find somebody to copy it. He got leave, and it was copied in a fair round hand for some sixteen dollars. After the copy was made, the librarian said to Cuthbert, "You may take away which you please, the copy or the original." He jumped at the offer, and sent the original MS. to Sampayo. His library was sold the other day, and Francis Baring said, he believed this MS. was bought by the Royal Library of France, and it probably fetched a great deal of money.[1]

December 14th.—At Windsor for a Council on Saturday.

[1] [This MS. has lately been discovered in Paris (1880).]

Sir Robert Peel is staying there, but nobody else was invited. Ellenborough's Proclamation is still occupying general attention. My brother writes me word from Paris that it is generally blamed there, for the same reasons that it is here; and the Duke of Bedford tells me that Lord Spencer's political apathy has been excited very highly, and that he is so full of indignation that he talks of coming down to the House of Lords to attack it. They speak of it as a document deserving impeachment, which is going to very absurd lengths. The Palmerstonians are still screaming themselves hoarse in their endeavors to get the credit of the success. Lady Palmerston wrote to Madame de Lieven (dear friends who hate one another cordially) in a rage, because the latter said to her that she was sure, setting all party feelings aside, as a good Englishwoman, she must rejoice at the successes in the East. The other lady replied that she did not know what she meant, and that all the merit of the success was due to Palmerston and the late Government. To this Madame de Lieven responded as follows: "Je vous demande bien pardon de ma légèreté, mais je vous assure que moi et toutes les personnes que je vois, ont été assez niaises pour croire que les grands succès de l'Orient étaient dus à Sir Robert Peel et à son gouvernement. Apparemment nous nous sommes trompés, et je vous demande mille excuses de notre légèreté."

December 20th.—Went to the Grove on Friday, and came back yesterday. Nobody there but Charles Buller and Charles Villiers. Clarendon told me that when he was at Bowood there was a sort of consultation between him, Lord Lansdowne, and John Russell, about the *Morning Chronicle* and Palmerston, Lord John having been already stimulated by the report (which his brother, the Duke, had made him) of the opinions of himself, Lord Spencer, and other Whigs, who had met or communicated together on the same subject. The consequence was that John Russell wrote a remonstrance to Palmerston, in which he told him what these various persons thought with regard to the tone that had been taken on foreign questions, especially the American, and pointed out to him the great embarrassment that must ensue as well as prejudice to the party, if their dissatisfaction was manifested in some public manner when Parliament met. To this Palmerston replied in a very angry letter, in which he said that it was useless to talk to him about the Duke of

Bedford, Lord Spencer, and others, as he knew very well that Edward Ellice was the real author of this movement against him. He then contrasted his own services in the cause with that of Ellice, and ended, as I understood, with a tirade against him, and a bluster about what he would do. Lord John wrote again, temperately, remonstrating against the tone he had adopted, and telling him that the persons whose sentiments he had expressed were very competent to form opinions for themselves, without the influence or aid of Ellice. This letter elicited one much more temperate from Palmerston, in which he expressed his readiness to co-operate with the party, and to consult for the common advantage, but that he must in the course of the session take an opportunity of expressing his own opinions upon the questions of foreign policy which would arise. He and Ellice, it seems, hate each other with a great intensity, and have done for many years past, since Palmerston suspected Ellice of intriguing against him; and latterly Ellice has taken an active and a noisy part against Palmerston's foreign policy generally, so that he is, and has been for some time, Palmerston's *bête noire*.

December 28th.—Went to Woburn on Saturday morning to breakfast, with Dundas, and returned yesterday. Lord John Russell was there, in very good spirits, more occupied with his children than with thoughts of politics and place. The Duke and he discussed the prospects of their party, when the former advised him to take a moderate course, considering what was right and nothing else, and adhere to that, whether it led him to support or oppose the measures of Government.

We were talking about the false statements which history hands down, and how useful letters and memoirs are in elucidating obscure points and correcting false impressions. The Duke said that it was generally believed, and would be to the end of time, that the influence exercised by O'Connell over the late Government had been very great, and it never would be believed that the three great Irish measures which they adopted were opposed vehemently, instead of being dictated, by O'Connell, and yet this was the case. One of these measures everybody knows he opposed—the Poor Law—but the other two, the Appropriation Clause, and the Irish Municipal Bill, have always been supposed by the world at large to have been his own measures. I have, I think, somewhere

else noticed his opposition to the first of these, and his vain attempt to induce John Russell (who was the author of this very indiscreet measure) to give it up. The truth of the matter, as regards the Corporation Bill, is rather more complicated and curious. The Lords made amendments in this Bill, and the question arose whether Government should take them or reject them. O'Connell strenuously urged their acceptance, and asked if it was not a good thing to get rid of the old corporations on any terms; but the Government, after much discussion, resolved to reject them, not, however, making their determination known to O'Connell or to anybody else. While matters were in this state, O'Connell had some communication with Normanby, from which he inferred that Government had resolved not to take the Bill, upon which he immediately determined to anticipate this decision, and to proclaim his own hostility to the amended Bill, in order that its rejection might appear to be attributable to him; and accordingly he published a violent letter in the newspapers, in which he said that the Bill ought to be indignantly kicked off the table, or some such words. The Duke of Bedford, who read his letter, and was aware of his previous opinion, was exceedingly disgusted at what he thought a flagrant instance of duplicity and hypocrisy, and, happening to meet him one day alone at Brooks's, he asked him how he reconciled this letter with the opinions he had previously expressed on the subject, to which appeal he had no satisfactory reply to make, but only some very lame excuses in his usual civil and fawning manner. The fact is, that it suited his purpose to have it supposed that his influence over the Government was very great, and that he could make them do what he pleased; and as he gave every color, by his conduct, to the accusation of the Tories, it is no wonder that the representation of his power was much greater than the reality. It was the interest of the Tories to make this out, as it was O'Connell's own, and it was vain for the Whigs to deny what facts appeared to prove, and which he himself tacitly admitted.

The Duke also gave us an account (which was not new to me) of his interview with the Duke of Wellington at the time of the Bedchamber quarrel. The day on which the Cabinet was held at which they resolved to stand by the Queen and stay in office, the Duke of Bedford had been with the Duke of Wellington on other business, after concluding

which, the Duke of Wellington began on that. He said there appeared to be a difference, which he regretted to find was not likely to be adjusted ; that he gave no opinion upon the matter itself, and merely gave it upon the principle involved ; that Lord Melbourne was now Minister, and it was for him to advise the Queen ; and then he stood up, and with great energy said, "and if he will take upon himself the responsibility, he may rely upon me, and I will put myself in the breach." The Duke of Bedford asked him if he might go to Lord Melbourne and tell him this. He said he might. The Duke of Bedford went to the Palace, but Melbourne was in Downing Street, the Cabinet sitting. He wrote what had passed, and sent it in to him. The letter was read and a long discussion ensued on it, but they finally resolved to return to office, and a more fatal resolution for themselves never was taken.

David Dundas was very agreeable at Woburn. I think I have seldom seen any man more agreeable in society. He is a great talker, but his manner and voice, and general style of conversation are all attractive ; he knows a great deal, his reading has been extensive and various, and his memory appears retentive of such things as contribute to the amusement and instruction of society ; remarkable passages, curious anecdotes, quaint sayings, and a general familiarity with things worth hearing, and people worth knowing, render his talk very pungent and attractive.

January 16th, 1843.—It was my intention at the end of last year to draw up a sort of general summary of the principal events by which it was marked in its course, both public and private ; but I never executed this purpose, partly, I fear, from inveterate laziness, and partly on account of certain objections which occurred to me on both heads. With regard to the history of the world for the last year, I bethought me that my private information has been too scanty to enable me to throw much light upon those things which are doubtful or obscure, and that it was very little worth my while to write an abridgment of those notorious events which have been already detailed in all the newspapers, and will be more compendiously recorded hereafter in the *Annual Register ;* in short. that I abstained from saying anything, simply because I had nothing in my head that it was worth while to say. So much for the public. As to my own particular matters, so deeply interesting to myself, but

which never can be very interesting to anybody else, except inasmuch as they may be mixed up with the concerns of worthier persons, or serve to illustrate objects of general and permanent interest, I can only say that I shrank from the task of recording *here* all that I must say if I spoke the plain truth, and I am quite resolved either here or elsewhere, now or at any other time, not to say anything which I do not believe to be true ; and after this exordium, and thus setting forth my reasons for not saying more, I shall subjoin the few remarks upon the year that has just expired which I feel disposed to make.

Politically it has gone off with a tolerably equal mixture of good and evil, difficult foreign questions, and awkward *quasi* wars have been settled and concluded. Great discontent and great distress have prevailed at home, and we have the uncomfortable spectacle of this distress neither diminished nor diminishing, and of its most lamentable and alarming manifestation in the shape of our unproductive revenue. As to the Ministry, if ever they had any popularity, they have none now left, but their power as a Government, and their means of retaining office, don't seem to be at all diminished. People are aware we must have a Government, and though they feel no great affection for Sir Robert Peel and Co., they cannot look round and descry anybody else whom they would prefer to him, and on the whole I believe there is a pretty general opinion that he is more capable of managing public affairs than any other man. The popularity which the Tory Government has lost has not by any means been transferred to the account of the Whig Opposition, who seem to be in a very prostrate and paralytic state as far as their prospects of recovering power are concerned. The public has not returned to them, and the Queen, their great supporter, has certainly fallen away from them. She has found, after a year's experience, that she can go on very happily and comfortably with the objects of her former detestation. She never cared a farthing for any of the late Cabinet but Melbourne, and besides having apparently ceased to care very much about him, now that his recent attack has made his restoration to office impossible, she will have no motive whatever for desiring all the trouble and risk attending a change of Government, and I have no sort of doubt she would infinitely prefer that matters should remain as they are.

Without going into any of the events which have occurred in the course of this year, I cannot help noticing the state of public opinion and feeling which appears at its close. Questions which not long ago interested and agitated the world have been laid upon the shelf; the thoughts of mankind seem to be turned into other channels. It is curious to look at the sort of subjects which now nearly monopolize general interest and attention. First and foremost there is the Corn Law and the League; the Corn Law, which Charles Villiers (I must do him the justice to say) long ago predicted to me would supersede every other topic of interest, and so it undoubtedly has. Then the condition of the people, moral and physical, is uppermost in everybody's mind, the state and management of workhouses and prisons, and the great question of education. The newspapers are full of letters and complaints on these subjects, and people think, talk, and care about them very much. And last, but not least, come the Church questions—the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the Dissenters, the Puseyites. Great and increasing is the interest felt in all the multifarious grievances or pretensions put forth by any and all of the above denominations, and much are men's minds turned to religious subjects. One proof of this may be found in the avidity with which the most remarkable charges of several of the Bishops have been read, the prodigious number of copies of them which have been sold. Of these, the principal are the charges of the Bishops of London (Blomfield), Exeter (Phillpotts), and St. David's (Thirlwall), especially the second. This charge, which is very able, contains *inter alia* an attack upon Newman for Tract No. 90, and a most elaborate argument, very powerful, in reply to a judgment delivered by Brougham at the Privy Council in the case of Escott *vs.* Mastyn on Lay Baptism.

The circumstances attending the termination of the war in Afghanistan have elicited a deep and general feeling of indignation and disgust. Ellenborough's ridiculous and bombastic proclamations, and the massacres and havoc perpetrated by his armies, are regarded with universal contempt and abhorrence. An evil fate seems to have attended this operation from first to last. Every individual who has been concerned in it, almost without exception, has rendered himself obnoxious to censure or reproach of some sort. Civil and military authorities appear to have alike lost all their

sense and judgment, and our greatest successes have been attended with nearly as much discredit as our most deplorable reverses. Auckland and Ellenborough, Burnes and M'Naghten, Keane, Elphinstone, Pollock, and Nott, are all put on their defense on one account or another. On the whole, it is the most painful and disgraceful chapter in our history for many a long day.

CHAPTER XV.

The Duke of Wellington on the Afghan War—Charles Buller—Lord Ellenborough's Extravagance—Assassination of Edward Drummond—Nomination of Sheriffs—Opening of the Session of Parliament—Lord Ellenborough's Position—Disclosure of Evidence on the Boundary Question—Debate on Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Lord Ellenborough Vindicated—Lord Brougham's Activity—Lord Palmerston attacks the American Treaty—Lord Althorp's Accession to Office in 1830—Death of John Allen—Death of the Duke of Sussex—Death of Mr. Arkwright—Death of Lady William Bentinck—Death of Lord FitzGerald—Lady W. Bentinck's Funeral—The Temple Church—Racing—State of the Country—The Privy Council Register—Ascot; the King of Hanover—Difficulties of the Government—A Tour on the Continent—The Rothschilds.

January 19th, 1843.—I went to Apsley House yesterday to see my brother,[1] and while I was in his room the Duke came in. He was looking remarkably well, strong, hearty, and of a good color. He was in very good spirits and humor, and began talking about everything, but particularly about Lieutenant Eyre's book, the recent Indian campaign, the blunders committed, and Ellenborough's strange behavior. He said that Lord Auckland had been unfortunate in having lost successively all his commanding officers, first Sir Henry Fane, then Lord Keane, who, when he had done the job on which he was employed, had come home; then Sir Willoughby Cotton, who would have done well enough, for he had marched his men up very well, and why he came away, he never had understood. So at last the command devolved on Elphinstone, who was unfit, and the end was that there was not one head among them. "I know," he said, "very well what they ought to have done, and how all these disasters might have been avoided, if they had acted as they should have done, in time; but if you ask me what they ought to have done, or what I should have done myself at a later period, about the middle of November, I could not give you any answer. I do not know what they could

[1] [Mr. Algernon Greville was the Duke's Private Secretary.]

have done and I do not know what I should have done myself; I cannot tell you. What they ought to have done at first, was this: the moment Burnes was murdered, and the first symptom of an outbreak appeared, they should have occupied the Bala Hissar with 500 or 600 men, instantly taken military possession of Cabul, and of all the forts in the neighborhood of the intrenchment, calculated the amount of stores and provision requisite, and set about their collection in Cabul itself; and if this had been promptly done they would have been able to maintain themselves without any difficulty, and none of these events would have occurred. But the great error they committed was in the breach of a fundamental rule universally established in our intercourse with the Native Powers, that no troops should be employed in the collection of the revenue. They sent Shah Soojah into the country with what they called his own army—in which there was not a single Afghan soldier, for it was collected in Hindostan, and officered by officers borrowed from the British Government—and these troops were employed in collecting tribute and revenue, and this produced all that animosity and hostility to us which were the causes of what afterward happened." He said very little about the original policy, but expressed his strong opinion of the neglect which had occasioned the partial disgrace inflicted on our rear-guard in the retreat. He said Pollock had taken all the necessary precautions with his division, crowning the heights which overlooked the defiles, and if the last corps had done the same thing, this would not have happened. He then went off about Ellenborough and his Proclamations, which he did not spare. My brother had just before shown me a letter which Lady Colchester, Ellenborough's sister, had written to the Duke, complaining of the attacks made upon her brother by the press, and asking him what could be done, with a great deal about Ellenborough's veneration for him. The Duke's answer was to this effect: that it had always been the lot of those who served their country and rendered great services to be maligned and assailed, as he had been; that it had happened to the Duke himself, and he knew no remedy for it but patience; that he had constantly written out to him expressing his approbation of the orders he had given; and when Parliament met, an opportunity would probably be afforded to the Ministers of expressing their sense of his

Lordship's conduct. This letter was written not above a week ago; it was therefore not very consistent with the opinion he expressed to me of Ellenborough's recent proceedings, for he was undoubtedly acquainted with them all at the time he wrote it. I told him that there was but one sentiment of indignation and ridicule at all Lord Ellenborough had been saying and doing. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and admitted that this was only to be expected. I told him that a friend of mine had seen a letter from Ellenborough in which he gave an account of the review he was going to have, when he meant to arrange his army in the form of a star, with the artillery at the point of each ray, and a throne for himself in the centre. "And he ought to sit upon it in a strait-waistcoat," said the Duke.

He then talked of the Proclamations pretty much as everybody else does; he said that as soon as he had received that one about the Gates, he had perceived all the mischief it was likely to produce; that it would shock the religious feelings and prejudices of the people of this country; while in India it was the greatest imprudence to meddle with questions involving the religious differences of the Hindoos and Mohammedans; that if he chose to carry off the Gates and send them back to the place from whence they had been taken, he might have done it without allusions calculated to offend the religious prejudices of any sect. He dwelt on the subject for a long time, and talked on various others, but there was nothing very remarkable; he praised Eyre's book exceedingly, and said it was evidently all true, and was not unfair toward others.

I afterward saw Wharncliffe, and told him what had passed. I found there had not been any discussion in the Cabinet about the way of dealing with Ellenborough; and he imagined that the Duke was so great a protector and favorer of him that he would be all for defending him in Parliament, the mere notion of which, he told me, had already half killed FitzGerald with nervousness and apprehension, as the task must devolve more particularly on him. I told him I could not conceive that the Duke had any such intention from what he had said to me, and that he could not attempt it. If they proposed a vote of thanks to Ellenborough, I did not believe they would carry it in the House of Commons, whatever they might do in the Lords. Wharncliffe owned to me that they were by no means sure they

should not receive a requisition from the Court of Directors to recall him. I told him they must recall him whether they received it or not.

January 24th.—Went to the Grove on Friday, returned yesterday; Lord Auckland, Emily Eden, John and Lady John Russell, Charles Buller, and Charles Villiers; pleasant enough. Charles Buller very clever, amusing, even witty; but the more I see of him the more I am struck with his besetting sin, that of turning everything into a joke, never being serious for five minutes out of the twenty-four hours, upon any subject; and to such a degree has he fallen into this dangerous habit, in spite too of the remonstrances and admonitions of his best friends, that when he is inclined to be serious, and to express opinions in earnest, nobody knows what he is at, nor whether he means what he says. He goes on as if the only purpose in life was to laugh and make others laugh. He perpetually seeks to discover and point out what is ridiculous or what can be made so in other people, and his talk is an incessant banter and sarcasm, certainly very lightly and amusingly mixed and dished up. John Russell is always agreeable, both from what he contributes himself and his hearty enjoyment of the contributions of others. We talked a good deal, of course, about Ellenborough and his proceedings. Auckland told us that he had been convinced he was mad from the moment of his landing, for he seemed to have worked himself up during the voyage to a pitch of excitement, which immediately broke forth. The captain of the ship he went in was so shocked at the violence he occasionally exhibited, and the strange things he said, that he on several occasions sent his youngsters away, that they might not hear him, and he was strongly impressed with the conviction that he was not in his right mind. He said to Auckland, "that he should come Aurungzebe over them," and repeatedly he used to say, "what a pity it was he had not come to that country twenty years before, and what he should have made of it if he had." This, too, spoken with perfect complacency to the man who had been governing it for seven years, and after the many eminent men who had preceded him! He told Auckland he intended to turn out the Royal Family from the Palace at Delhi and convert it into a residence for himself. Auckland suggested to him that the fallen representative of the Mogul Emperors had long occupied this vast habitation, which was

rather the portion of a town than merely a palace; that there the family had increased till they amounted to nearly 2,000 souls, besides their innumerable followers and attendants, and it would not be a very easy or advisable process to disturb them. Ellenborough answered that it did not signify, out they must go, for he should certainly install himself in the Royal residence of Delhi. Since their departure from India, the letters they have received confirm the impression his conduct made. His talk is inflated with vanity and pride. He says he is not like an ordinary Governor of India, but a Minister, a President of the Board of Control, come there to exercise in person the authority with which he is invested.

It was just as I was starting for the Grove that I heard of the assassination of Edward Drummond,[1] one of the most unaccountable crimes that ever was committed, for he was as good and inoffensive a man as ever lived, who could have had no enemy, and who was not conspicuous enough to have become the object of hatred or vengeance to any class of persons, being merely the officer of Sir Robert Peel, and never saying or doing anything but in his name, or as directed by him. It is almost impossible that in his official capacity he can have offended, or even apparently injured, anybody, and as the man assigns no reason for what he has done, and does not appear in the slightest degree deranged, it quite baffles conjecture to account for the commission of such an enormity.

January 26th.—Poor Drummond died yesterday morning, and I never remember any event which excited more general sympathy and regret. He was informed the night before of his hopeless condition, which he heard with great composure, and he was sensible almost to the last. There never was a man who, according to every rule of probability, was safer from any chance of assassination. He was universally popular, much beloved and esteemed by numerous friends, and without an enemy in the world; of moderate but fair abilities, a cheerful, amiable disposition, and, entirely without vanity or ambition, he was content to play a respectable but subordinate part in life, which he did to the perfect satisfaction of all those with whom he was connected. The extreme strangeness of the event, and the absence of any

[1] [Mr. Edward Drummond, Private Secretary to Sir Robert Peel, was shot in Whitehall by a man named Daniel Macnaghten, on January 20.]

apparent cause for the commission of such a crime, have given rise to various conjectures, the most prominent of which is the notion that he was taken for Peel. I utterly rejected this at first, because I thought the assassin could so easily have made himself acquainted with the person of Peel that it could not be true ; but a circumstance of which I was reminded yesterday (for I had before heard it from Drummond himself, but forgotten it) has changed my opinion. When the Queen went to Scotland, Peel went with Lord Aberdeen, or in some other way, no matter how, but not in his own carriage. He sent Drummond in his carriage, *alone*. In Scotland Peel constantly traveled either with the Queen, or with Aberdeen, and Drummond continued to go about in his carriage. I well remember his telling me this, and laughing at the idea of his having been taken for a great man. It has been proved that this man was in Scotland at the time ; and if he saw, as he probably did, Drummond in a carriage which was pointed out to him as Sir Robert Peel's, he may have very naturally concluded that the man in it was the Minister, and he may therefore have believed that he was acquainted with his person. For many days before the murder he was prowling about the purlieus of Downing Street, and the Duke of Buccleuch told me that the day he was expected in town, and when his servants were looking out for him, they observed this man, though it was a rainy day, loitering about near his gate, which is close to Peel's house. If therefore he saw, as he must have done, Drummond constantly passing between Peel's house and Downing Street, and recognized in him the same person he had seen in the carriage in Scotland, and whom he believed to be Peel, he would think himself so sure of his man as to make it unnecessary to ask any questions, and the very consciousness of his own intentions might make him afraid to do so. This appears to afford a probable solution of the mystery, but if it should turn out to be true, it still remains to discover what his motive was for attacking the life of Peel.

January 29th.—The man who shot Drummond, it now appears, acknowledged that it was his intention to shoot Peel, and thought he had done so. He said so more than once. Graham, whom I sat by at dinner yesterday, told me that he considered it a very doubtful case, very doubtful what view the jury would take of the question of his insanity. He has certainly been under a sort of delusion that the Tories

have persecuted him, but in no other respect is he mad. If the law as laid down by Chief-Justice Mansfield in Bellingham's case, and as it was laid down in that of Lord Ferrers, prevails now, he will not escape; but unfortunately Denman (in ignorance probably of these dicta) laid down very different and very erroneous law in the case of Oxford, and though his authority is worthless when compared with the others alluded to, it is the most recent, and that is by no means unimportant. It will be a very serious thing if he escapes, and Graham agreed with me, that if this happens, sooner or later some dreadful catastrophe will occur. Some man or other will be sacrificed of much greater consequence than poor Drummond. It would be a great evil too, as well as a great absurdity, that the law on such an important question should be decided by such a man as Denman, who, though very honest and respectable, has not the slightest authority or weight as a lawyer. There never was in all probability a Chief-Justice of the King's Bench held in such low estimation. It is one of the greatest evils of the way in which political influences work in this country, that we have never any security for having the ablest and fittest men promoted to the judicial office. We have seen in this century Erskine, Brougham, and now Lyndhurst, Chancellors; for the latter is *now* not much more competent than the other two were; and we have a man at the head of the Common Law with hardly a smattering of law in his head, and not looked up to by a single man in the profession.

We had our Sheriffs' dinner last night at Lord Wharncliffe's, and, what does not often happen, a great dispute about one nomination. Three men were named for Bucks, none of whom made excuses, but the Duke of Buckingham wrote a private letter to the Lord President, stating that the first two were unfit, and the first a mere grazier, who had been put on the list by the Lord Lieutenant (Carrington) and his lawyer as a mere job; the third man was unobjectionable. Wharncliffe and Lyndhurst proposed to pass over the two first, as the Duke suggested, and take the third. Peel, Graham, and Stanley remonstrated, and said that it was improper and irregular to pass over a man whose name was given in the usual way, and who made no objection to serve, on account of the interference of a person who had no right or business to interfere. It appeared too that the Duke had made the same objection to the Judge (Alderson),

who had nevertheless given in, or left on the roll, the name of the gentleman. After a great deal of discussion it was resolved to pay no attention to the Duke's letter, and to appoint the first on the list, very much to my satisfaction, because this was the proper and the regular course, and I was glad to see the Duke of Buckingham treated as he ought to be. He is resolved, as he is not Lord Lieutenant in title, to make himself so in reality. Under Lyndhurst's administration of the Great Seal, he has succeeded as far as the magistracy is concerned, and he tries to do the same with respect to every other department. I was glad to hear Peel treat his interference so properly as he did.

February 7th.—The Parliament opened last week tamely enough. The Speech was like all other speeches, saying nothing, and the Opposition had already resolved not to propose an amendment. The Duke of Wellington spoke with extraordinary vigor, and surprised everybody. He is certainly a much better man in all respects this year than he was two years ago, mind and body more firm. He boldly announced his intention to defend Ellenborough against all assailants, and declared that he approved of every *act* he had done. Auckland spoke remarkably well, in a very gentleman-like and creditable style, and succeeded in putting himself well with the House without going at all into his case. At present everything promises an uneventful session. There will of course be a certain amount of skirmishing and a vast deal of talking, but it is very unlikely that there will be anything seriously to embarrass the Government.

February 9th.—Wharncliffe told me the day after the Speech that he thought they should have no trouble about anything but about Ellenborough, whose case would embarrass them, and he expected the vote of thanks to him would be contested. He added, however, that he expected Ellenborough would come home. "Why?" I asked. "Because he would not think that they supported him sufficiently." "What more could they say or do than they had done?" "Yes," he said, but he would not be satisfied, nor think they supported him as he had a right to expect, and though they should not recall him, he thought it exceedingly likely he would come away in the summer. From this I inferred that, while they took up the cudgels for him in public, privately they had sent him a reprimand, and told him what all the world thought of his conduct here. On consideration, I

think they could not help supporting him, unless they could find serious fault with any of his acts, and of them they highly approve, except indeed the Gates of Somnauth, which is an act, as it has proved, of no small consequence, for it has done just what the Duke of Wellington apprehended, exasperated the Mohammedan population. They were placed in a very difficult position, and perhaps the best thing they could do was to defend him and reprove him. But whether they have done this latter as strongly as they ought or not, I have no idea that he will resign and come home. Melbourne says they were quite right to defend him as they did. I saw yesterday the copy of a long letter which the Duke has written to him, in which he rather hints than expresses his own disapprobation, but leaves him to infer it, when he tells him how his Proclamations will be assailed here, and earnestly begs him to be extremely cautious as to what he says and writes for the future. He does not mince the matter with respect to Pollock, of whose proceedings he highly disapproves, and he says that he thinks they shall have much greater difficulty in proposing the vote of thanks to him than to Ellenborough, on account of the atrocities he perpetrated and permitted, and which were done against the advice and opinion of Nott. He mentions especially the storming of Istalif and the destruction at Cabul. With regard to this latter, he says he ought to have known that no such havoc could be made without every kind of disorder and outrage being committed by the troops, and that if Pollock chose to order such a thing to be done, he ought to have attended with one half of his army, in order to keep the other half within the bounds of discipline. He was also very angry with them for not having taken all the necessary precautions to prevent the insult that was offered to the rear-guard on its retreat. He entered into great details about various matters of Indian policy, and he alluded to the probability of the Governor-General's having very soon to counteract some French intrigue or other, for he said that the French Government were now busily employed in attacking our influence and undermining our interests in every quarter of the globe when they could find the means of doing so; that they dispatched agents for this purpose (of various descriptions) in every direction, and he had no doubt Ellenborough would before long hear of some French agent in the regions about the Indus, probably attempting to

establish some relations with the Sikh Government. He expressed some suspicion (I fancy without any cause) of General Ventura, and alluded to his having recently seen Louis Philippe at Paris. When he talked of the necessity of Ellenborough's caution in the public documents and private talk, he inveighed very bitterly against the free Press of India, and said, with an exaggeration to which he has been latterly rather prone, that this Press had produced a tyranny more insupportable than the Spanish Inquisition in its worst times. It was, on the whole, a remarkable letter, though not quite so good as he would have written in his best days.

A great sensation has been made here by the publication of the proceedings in the secret session of the Senate at Washington, when the Treaty was ratified. This brought out the evidence of Jared Sparks, who told them of Franklin's letter to Vergennes, and of the existence of the map he had marked, with a boundary-line corresponding precisely with our claim. People cry out lustily against Webster,[1] for having taken us in, but I do not think with much reason. Lord Ashburton told me it was very fortunate that this map and letter did not turn up in the course of his negotiation, for if they had, there would have been no Treaty at all, and eventually a scramble, a scuffle, and probably a war. Nothing, he said, would ever have induced the Americans to accept our line, and admit our claim : and with this evidence in our favor, it would have been impossible for us to have conceded what we did, or anything like it. *He* never would have done so, and the matter must have remained unsettled ; and after all, he said, it was a dispute *de lana caprina*, for the whole territory we were wrangling about was worth nothing, so that it is just as well the discovery was not made by us. At the same time our successive Governments are much to blame in not having ransacked the archives at Paris, for they could certainly have done for a public object what Jared Sparks did for a private one, and a little trouble would have put them in possession of whatever that repository contained.

February 12th.—The discussion in the House of Commons the other night on Vernon Smith's motion was very damaging to Ellenborough. Peel made a very clever speech, in which he said all that could be said for him ; but no won-

[1] [The American Secretary of State.]

der that public opinion is so strong and unanimous, when Henry Baring, Lord of the Treasury and whipper-in, wrote to me, "I was in the House of Commons listening to the best speech Peel ever made with the worst cause." Wharncliffe told me the next morning that he did not think he would stay in India, that he already thought he was not sufficiently supported, and when he received the letter which Government had written to him, he would of course think so still more, but that it was not his Proclamations or the nonsense about the Gates of Somnauth which made the most serious part of the case, but that which related to the Ameer of Scinde to which John Russell alluded in his speech. The Directors are extremely disgusted with him, though they will not do anything hostile to the Government; but with such a general impression as there is on the public mind, with the opinion of the Government itself, and the universal feeling in India, it is difficult to see how he can remain.

February 17th.—Since the Blue-Book with all the Indian papers has appeared, there has been a considerable reaction in Ellenborough's favor. I have been at the trouble of mastering it, because I desired to know the truth and see that justice was done, and it is impossible to trust to the partial extracts and comments which appear in the newspapers on either side. I believe the opinion which I have formed is that which has been generally arrived at by those who have taken the trouble to read the papers in an impartial spirit. I think his case is completely made out (not of course including the last Proclamations). His dispatches are very able, and exhibit great caution, industry, and discretion; his views seem to have been very sound, and he took a comprehensive survey of the whole state of India, and of the dangers and difficulties by which he was surrounded. The various objects which he had to accomplish were arranged in his mind in a due and very proper subordination to each other, and his measures for their accomplishment seem to have been the most judicious that he could have adopted. All the charges with which he has been so pertinaciously and violently assailed for many months past, such as cowardice, meanly retiring from the contest, ordering troops to withdraw against the wishes and advice of the generals, indifference to the fate of prisoners, fall to the ground at once. There is not a shadow of a case against

him on any of these points. I can't comprehend why the Government allowed such attacks to go unanswered in any way for such a length of time. The impression to his disadvantage was made, and it is always difficult to turn the public mind when once it has received a bias, no matter what. Wharncliffe told me that the Government were greatly alarmed when they received his dispatches announcing his resolution to withdraw at the earliest moment; that they doubted the correctness of his decision, and represented to him how loudly the people of this country and the press were clamoring for vengeance and the recovery of the prisoners; but the Duke of Wellington alone maintained all along that Ellenborough was right.

March 19th.—For a month past I have been laid up with a painful and tiresome fit of the gout, which has left me neither spirits nor energy to write, and I have had nothing to say of the slightest importance if I had been possessed of either. Nothing can have been more dull than the march of public affairs. The Whigs made a great mistake in having a second debate about Ellenborough in both Houses. In the Lords, the Government had much the best of it, and the Duke of Wellington spoke marvelously well. Nothing is more extraordinary than the complete restoration of that vigor of mind which for the last two or three years was visibly impaired. His speeches this session have been as good, if not better than any he ever made. In the House of Commons the Opposition had the best of the speaking, and Macaulay in particular distinguished himself. Auckland has emerged from this scuffle very well. He is considered by people of all parties to have taken a very temperate, dignified, and becoming part in the discussions, and he has been treated with uniform respect and forbearance. There was a meeting at John Russell's at the beginning of the session, to determine whether the vote of thanks to Ellenborough should be opposed or not. It was attended by the most conspicuous of the Opposition of both Houses, and they resolved, with only two dissentients (Minto and Clanricarde), that the vote should not be opposed. Auckland took no part, of course, but he entirely concurred. His sister, Emily Eden, however, who has great influence over him, and who is a very clever but wrong-headed woman, was furious, and evinced great indignation against all their Whig friends, especially Auckland himself, for being so prudent and mod-

erate, and for not attacking Ellenborough with all the violence which she felt and expressed.

If it were not for Brougham, who keeps enlivening the world from time to time with his speeches and correspondence and quarrels with one person or another, the political dullness and stagnation would be complete. This singular being is in an incessant state of morbid activity, never silent, never quiet; the *âme damnée* of Lyndhurst, he grossly and incessantly flatters the Duke, and calls Peel his "right honorable friend;" he hates his "noble friends" and former colleagues with an intensity which bursts out on every occasion when he can contrive to vilify or assail them. He began the campaign with his squabble with M. de Tocqueville, which he had the best of, and this was eventually made up and civil messages were exchanged through the mediation of Reeve.[1] Next came his comical reconciliatory intercourse with the Queen. He has been for a long time by way of being in a sort of disgrace. He always has spoken disrespectfully or disparagingly of the Court and of "Albertine," and he has said uncivil things in sundry pamphlets. He behaved very ill one night when he dined at the Palace, and has never been to Court nor invited since. The other day the Queen said to the Chancellor, "Why does Lord Brougham never come to Court?" This he repeated to Brougham, who considered it an overture, and, by way of meeting it, he sent a copy of one of his books to the Queen, and another to Prince Albert. He received acknowledgments from both, and the Queen thanked him by an autograph letter. This was deemed a singular honor, and made a great sensation, and it was thought the more curious as he had just before made a most virulent speech, in which he had talked of "vipers" in a way not to be mistaken, and which was leveled at her former Minister, and his friend, Lord Palmerston. The next thing was his squabble with Lord Lynedoch, who, though very near a hundred and stone-blind, called him to account for saying something offensive about him in one of his speeches. On this, heaps of correspondence and many interviews took place between him and

[1] [Lord Brougham in the House of Lords publicly accused M. de Tocqueville, then a Member of the Opposition in the French Chamber of Deputies, of exciting differences between France and England on the Right of Search Question. A somewhat angry correspondence ensued between them, but I had the good fortune to settle the dispute to the mutual satisfaction of these two eminent persons.—H. R.]

William Russell on the part of old Lynedoch, and he promised an explanation in the House of Lords, but they never could get him to make it, and at last Lord Lynedoch put something himself in the *Morning Chronicle*, not very intelligible. His last appearance in public is in the shape of a correspondence with an Anti-Corn-Law Leaguer and Quaker of the name of Bright, which is long and not very intelligible either, but it is amusing inasmuch as it exhibits the slyness of the Quaker, who contrives to baffle his angry "friend" by a good deal of cunning, and rather disingenuous verbiage.

Brighton, April 5th.—The gout which tormented me a month ago continued, and is only now going off. I went to Winchester for two days, and have been here three; sent by the doctors. I have had all this time an invincible repugnance to writing anything in the way of journal, and I now take up my pen for little else than to enter the fact of having nothing of the slightest interest to say. I know nothing of politics, and believe there is nothing to know. Palmerston delivered his anti-Ashburton philippic a fortnight ago, in a speech of three hours and a half duration, which was universally allowed to be most able. It certainly raised his reputation as an orator, but his friends would have much preferred his having let it alone. The immediate consequence was, that Hume in one House, and Brougham in the other, gave notices of motions for votes of thanks to Lord Ashburton, much to the annoyance of everybody. Clarendon got me to make a communication to the Duke of Wellington, through Arbuthnot, to the effect that they (Lord Lansdowne and himself) were very anxious not to attack Ashburton and his Treaty, and if they were not compelled to do so, by the language of the Government, they would not. Arbuthnot spoke to the Duke, and wrote me word that he had no desire to say anything to provoke a discussion, and that he regretted the motion altogether, which had been brought forward without any concert with the Government.

In the course of conversation with Arbuthnot the other day on various matters, he told me something about Lord Spencer's taking office in '30, which I thought rather curious. Lord Spencer told it him himself. When Lord Grey was sent for by King William to form an administration, he went to Althorp and asked him what place he would have.

Althorp said he would not have any. Lord Grey said, "If you won't take office with me, I will not undertake to form the Government, but will give it up." "If that's the case," said the other, "I must; but if I do take office, I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and lead the House of Commons." "Lead the House of Commons?" said Lord Grey; "but you know you can't speak!" "I know that," he said, "but I know I can be of more use to you in that capacity than in any other, and I will either be that or nothing." He became the very best leader of the House of Commons that any party ever had. Peel said that he never failed on every question to say a few words entirely to the point, and no argument open to reply escaped him. The whole House liked him, his own party followed him with devoted attachment. This was a curious piece of confidence and self-reliance in a very modest man. There is an anecdote of him, exemplifying the reliance placed in his word and on his character, which has often been told, and may probably be recorded elsewhere. I forget the particulars of the story, but the gist of it is this. During the discussion of some Bill, a particular clause was objected to, and by his own friends. Althorp said that he knew when the Bill was framed, very cogent reasons were produced in favor of this clause, but to say the truth he could not at the moment recollect what they were. He invited them to waive these objections in deference to these excellent but unknown reasons, and they did so at his request. It would be long enough before Canning or Peel would have obtained such a mark of confidence from their supporters.

Good Friday, April 14th.—Came back from Brighton on Sunday evening. The same night John Allen died, after a week's illness, much regretted by all the friends of Holland House. He was seventy-two years old, and had lived for forty years at Holland House, more exclusively devoted to literary pursuits and abdicating his independent existence more entirely than any man ever did. It is rather remarkable that no great work ever was produced by him; but perhaps his social habits, and still more the personal exigencies of Lady Holland, are sufficient to account for this. He was originally recommended to Lord Holland as a physician, being at that time a distinguished member of that remarkable literary circle at Edinburgh which contained Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, who revered Dugald

Stewart as their master, and who originated the *Edinburgh Review*. Allen does not seem to have been considered for any length of time as belonging to Holland House in a medical capacity. He soon was established there permanently as a friend, and looked upon (as he was) as an immense literary acquisition. From that time he became an essential and remarkable ingredient of the great Holland House establishment, the like of which we shall never see again. Allen became one of the family, was in all their confidence, and indispensable to both Lord and Lady Holland. Lord Holland treated him with uniform consideration, affection, and amenity; she worried, bullied, flattered, and cajoled him by turns. He was a mixture of pride, humility, and independence; he was disinterested, warm-hearted, and choleric, very liberal in his political, still more in his religious opinions, in fact, a universal skeptic. He used for a long time in derision to be called "Lady Holland's Atheist," and in point of fact I do not know whether he believed in the existence of a First Cause, or whether, like Dupuis, he regarded the world as *l'univers Dieu*. Though not, I think, feeling quite certain on the point, he was inclined to believe that the history of Jesus Christ was altogether fabulous or mythical, and that no such man had ever existed. He told me he could not get over the total silence of Josephus as to the existence and history of Christ. It was not, however, the custom at Holland House to discuss religious subjects, except rarely and incidentally. Everybody knew that the House was skeptical, none of them ever thought of going to church, and they went on as if there was no such thing as religion. But there was no danger of the most devout person being shocked or offended by any unseemly controversy, by any mockery, or insult offered to their feelings and convictions. Among the innumerable friends and habitual guests of the House were many clergymen, very sincere and orthodox, and many persons of both sexes entertaining avowedly the strongest religious opinions, among them Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, and his daughter, Lady Lilford. Allen's learning and still more his general information were prodigious, and as he lived among books, the stock was continually increasing. He was the oracle of Holland House on all literary subjects, and in every discussion some reference was sure to be made to Allen for information, upon which he never was at fault.

He was not accustomed to take much part in general conversation, but was always ready to converse with anybody who sought him, and when warmed up would often argue away with great vigor and animation, and sometimes with no little excitement. After Lord Holland's death, which he felt with an intensity of grief that showed the warmth of his affections, he devoted himself entirely to Lady Holland, and never left her for a moment. His loss is, therefore, to her quite irreparable. He was for twenty-two years Master of Dulwich College, but he never was allowed to live there, or to absent himself from Holland House, except for the few hours in each week when his attendance at Dulwich was indispensable. Allen was engaged in writing a review of Horner's correspondence when he died, and he had promised to write one on the Bedford papers, which John Russell is now publishing, and in which he was to have vindicated John, Duke of Bedford, from the malice of Junius, a pious duty which his great-grandson seems to consider as peculiarly incumbent on him. In no respect is the loss of Allen more important than with reference to the Holland House papers, the collection of Lord Holland and Mr. Fox, probably the most curious and interesting mass of manuscripts, literary and political, which exists anywhere. They were in Allen's hands, and, being in Lady Holland's power, and subject to her caprice, nobody can say what will become of them.

April 23d.—The Duke of Sussex died yesterday, and his memory has been very handsomely treated by the press of different shades of politics. He placed the Court in great embarrassment, by leaving directions that he should be buried at the Cemetery in the Harrow Road; and there was a grand consultation yesterday, whether this arrangement should be carried into effect, or whether the Queen should take on herself to have him buried with the rest of the Royal Family at Windsor.

May 7th.—Went to Newmarket for the benefit of my health, and to get rid of gout by change of air, and succeeded. Came back on Friday. I have serious thoughts of giving up this journal altogether, and yet I am reluctant to do so, for it has been for many years an occasional and sometimes a constant and brisk amusement to me, but I feel that it is neither one thing nor another, and not worth the trouble of continuing. I have no inclination, like some diarists, to

put down day by day all the trifles they see, hear, or do, a great mass of useless and uninteresting matter, into which some few things here and there creep that are just worth preserving, and I really am so ignorant of the events and history of the time, and so little in communication with public men of any party, that I can give no account of that under-current which escapes general observation, but which so often throws an eventual light upon contemporary history, and corrects many otherwise unavoidable errors. It is very true that what I call trifles are often read with curiosity and avidity a hundred years later, even though the writer may be a very commonplace, ordinary person like myself, and this may be the case although his manuscript should contain nothing very recondite or important. But it is a record and a picture of manners, customs, and fashions which are perpetually changing, and as establishing points of comparison, and exhibiting contrasts and dissimilarities, it may be curious and amusing. Still, though I am aware of this, I am reluctant to spoil a quantity of paper with more trash, which, whatever accident may make it, or what value it may possibly acquire by age, is too trivial now to be set down without a feeling of mixed shame and disgust. In the meantime, however, as I have got my pen in my hand, I will scribble down a few things that I have picked up, and have not yet forgotten.

It is unnecessary to say that the discussion about the Duke of Sussex's funeral ended by his being buried with Royal honors at Kensal Green. It all went off very decently and in an orderly manner. Peel and the Duke, in both Houses, spoke of him very properly and feelingly. He seems to have been a kind-hearted man, and was beloved by his household. On his death-bed he caused all his servants to be introduced to his room, took leave of them all, and shook hands with some.

About the same time old Arkwright died at the age of eighty-seven. The world had long been looking for his death, with great curiosity to know what he was worth. It was generally reported that his property exceeded seven millions sterling, but it now turns out to have been much less than that. He seems to have made a just, wise, and considerate will. I never saw him, but he was no doubt a very able man, as his father was before him.

Death, which has been so busy this year, and striking so

indiscriminately, took off a person of a very different description on Sunday last. On that day, after a protracted and painful illness, my uncle's widow, Lady William Bentinck, was released from her sufferings.[1] A more amiable and excellent woman never existed in the world. She was overflowing with affections, sympathies, and kindness, not only perfectly unselfish, but with a scrupulous fear, carried to exaggeration, of trespassing upon the ease or convenience of others. Though she had passed all her life in the world, been placed in great situations, and had mingled habitually and familiarly with eminent people, she never was the least elated or spoiled by her prosperity. Her mind was pure, simple, natural, and humble. She was not merely charitable, but was charity itself, not only in relieving and assisting the necessitous, but in always putting the most indulgent constructions on the motives and conduct of others, in a childlike simplicity, in believing the best of everybody, and an incredulity of evil report, which proceeded from a mind itself incapable of doing wrong. To parody part of a couplet of Dryden—

> . . . innocent within,
> She thought no evil, for she knew no sin.

Hers was one of those rare dispositions which nature had made of its very best materials. She was gentle and cheerful, and without being clever, was one of those people whom everybody likes, and whose society was universally agreeable, from a certain undefinable charm of sympathy and benevolence which breathed in her, and which was more potent, attractive, and attaching than great talents or extensive information, to neither of which she had any pretension. With the death of her husband all her happiness was clouded, never to admit of sunshine again, and she passed two years of mild and moderated grief with alternations of partial ease and severe bodily pain, but nothing ever disturbed the serenity of her temper; her uncomplaining gentleness, her warm and considerate affections, and her unaffected piety, continued to the last, manifesting themselves in a thousand touching instances, and inspiring the deepest feelings of compassion, respect, and attachment among the small circle of friends and relations who had the grief of witnessing the

[1] [Lady William Bentinck, Mr. Greville's aunt by marriage, was the second daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Gosford. She married Lord William, 1803.]

last distressing weeks of her illness, and the severe pains from which, though courageously endured, she earnestly desired to be released. At length her prayers were heard, and on Sunday, the 30th of April, having been vouchsafed "patience under her sufferings," she obtained "a happy issue out of all her afflictions."

May 14th.—Lord FitzGerald died on Friday morning,[1] 12th inst., suddenly, inasmuch as he was at the Cabinet on Tuesday; but having been long in a very bad state of health, he never ought to have taken office, for his constitution was unequal to its anxieties and fatigues, and he was too nervous, excitable, and susceptible for the wear and tear of political life. He did not contemplate, when he accepted Ellenborough's place, that his predecessor would render it one of the most troublesome, embarrassing, and important in the Government, and accordingly nothing could exceed FitzGerald's annoyance at finding himself in such a caldron of boiling water as that into which Ellenborough with his Proclamations had plunged him. I remember that Wharncliffe at the beginning of the session said to me in joke, "Ellenborough will be the death of FitzGerald," and this turned out in earnest to be very near the truth. There is no doubt that his constant nervous apprehension and unceasing anxiety materially contributed to undermine his constitution and occasion his death. He is a great loss in all ways, and few men could be more generally regretted. He was clever, well-informed, and agreeable, fond of society, living on good terms with people of all parties, and universally popular. He was liberal in his opinions, honorable, fair, and conciliatory, and personally on such good terms with his political opponents, and so much respected and esteemed for his candor, sincerity, and integrity, that his death is a public misfortune. He began public life with Peel, having been appointed to an office in Ireland when Peel was made Secretary in the Irish Administration of the Duke of Richmond. They continued intimate friends ever after, and FitzGerald was a faithful adherent of Peel's during the whole of his political career. His greatest fault was a disposition to despond, and to look at affairs in the gloomiest point of view. In history he will be for ever associated with that famous Clare election when O'Connell turned him

[1] [Lord FitzGerald and Vesey, President of the Board of Control in Sir Robert Peel's Ministry.]

out and got himself returned, that great stroke which led immediately to Catholic emancipation.

May 16th.—I attended Lady William Bentinck's funeral this morning, which was conducted in the plainest manner possible, without any crowd or any show, just as all funerals should be in my opinion, for of all disgusting exhibitions the most so to me is the hired pomp of a costly funeral with all the business-like bustle of the undertaker and his men. This good woman was consigned to the grave in a manner suitable to the simplicity of her character, without a particle of ostentation, and decently and reverently attended by a few relations and intimate friends.

Went on Sunday to the Temple Church. Most beautiful to see, though perhaps too elaborately decorated. The service very well done, fine choir. Benson preached on justification by faith, not a good sermon, though a fine preacher. I listened attentively, but found it all waste of attention. He ended by a hit at the Puseyites (as he often rejoices to do), and an extract from one of the Homilies, which was the best part of his sermon. Brougham was there and brought Peel with him.

June 6th.—Nothing written for a long time, and for the old reason, the Derby and the race-course. . . . I have been very slightly concerned in this great speculation, but larger sums have been wagered on it than ever were heard of before. George Bentinck backed a horse of his called Gaper (and not a good one), to win about £120,000. On the morning of the race the people came to hedge with him, when he laid the odds against him to £7,000; 47,000 to 7,000, I believe, in all. He had three bets with Kelburne[1] of unexampled amount. He laid Kelburne 13,000 to 7,000 on Cotherstone (the winner) against the British Yeoman, and Kelburne laid him 16,000 to 2,000 against Gaper. The result I believe was, to these two noble lords, that George Bentinck won about £9,000 and the other lost £6,000 or £7,000. I have never much inclination to record racing details, though these particulars may not be unamusing or uninteresting many years hence. George Bentinck may eschew racing, and be found in his latter days addicted to some very different pursuit, and it may appear as strange to hear of his thousands lost and won, as it is to read of

[1] [Viscount Kelburne, afterward fourth Earl of Glasgow, was a distinguished patron of the turf; he died in 1869.]

Wilberforce's gaming at the fashionable clubs, or to be told of the mild and respectable Tom Grenville heading the mob in the demolition of the Admiralty windows in the Keppel riots. Or times may change, and the value of money, or the usages and habits of the world. These sums may appear contemptibly small or alarmingly large. After all, when the letters and diaries with which the press now teems make their appearance, we always read with more or less interest the familiar details of the vices and follies, the amusements and pursuits of our forefathers; even their winnings and losings are attractive; so that if I chose to tell more stories of the turf, somebody would be found to read them in times remote; but I always feel so ashamed of the occupation, and a sort of consciousness of degradation and of deterioration from it, that my mind abhors the idea of writing about it; in fact, I often wonder at my own sentiments or sensations, and my own conduct about the business and the diversion of racing. It gives me at least as much of pain as pleasure, and yet so strong is the habit, such a lingering, lurking pleasure do I find in it, such a frequent stimulus does it apply to my general indifference and apathy, that I cannot give it entirely up. One effect of that sort of active concern with the turf, which is unavoidable during the spring campaign, is an almost complete suspension of attention to political matters, and to what is passing in the world; and as I have learned nothing but what everybody else knows, I have not thought it worth while to waste pen and ink in making my own observations on passing events. I have been too idle and too busy for that. If I had been used to write in the common diarial form, I should have put down something of this sort: On Tuesday in Epsom week I went to Bingham Baring's at Addiscombe with the Clanricardes, Damers, Ben Stanley, Levesons, Poodle Byng; very agreeable people, but the women brimful of ill-nature. Clanricarde and his wife excellent members of society; both of them extremely clever, quick, light in hand.

The King of Hanover arrived on Friday, too late for the Royal christening, and all the world is asking why he did not arrive in time, or why they did not wait for him. The political world is all out of joint. Peel is become very unpopular. Ireland is in a flame. The whole country is full of distress, disquiet, and alarm. Religious feuds are rife. The Church and the Puseyites are at loggerheads here, and the

Church and the Seceders in Scotland; and everybody says it is all very alarming, and God knows what will happen, and everybody goes on just the same, and nobody cares except those who can't get bread to eat. Somehow or other, it does seem very strange that, after thirty years of peace, a thing unprecedented, during which time all the elements of public prosperity have been in full activity and had ample scope, while we have been reforming and improving, and fancying that we have been getting wiser and better, we find ourselves to all appearance in as bad a condition, with as much difficulty for the present, and as much alarm for the future, as we have often been in. This is a great problem, which I cannot pretend to solve, and which it would task most men's philosophy satisfactorily to explain.

June 7th.—I forget if I have ever touched upon my squabble with the British Museum about one of our Council Books, and it is too much trouble to look back and see whether I have or not. Until I came into office very little attention had been paid to the old Council Registers, and though they are replete with curious matter, interesting to the historian, the antiquary, and persons engaged in almost every sort of literature, they were nearly inaccessible in consequence of the deficiency of indexes, or the very incomplete and imperfect character of those which there are. I therefore resolved to set about the great work of indexing these books, which I may call great, because it involves great labor and great expense, and because the utility and convenience of it are already found to be very great. I first employed a certain William Augustus Miles, who pretended to be a natural son of one of the Royal Family, I forget which, and who turned out a scamp and vagabond, and who cheated me. This man got into prison, and I lost sight of him. I then, by the advice of Amyot, employed Mr. Lemon, son of old Lemon of the State Paper Office, a very excellent and competent man, who has been at work on these indexes for several years; he is very intelligent, industrious, and well-informed, and has done his work in a very satisfactory way. It occurred to me in the progress of this design to ascertain whether any of the lost books could be found and recovered, and I learned that there was one in the State Paper Office, and another in the British Museum.[1] I wrote

[1] [At the fire in Whitehall, which occurred in 1618, the volumes of the Council Register belonging to the preceding years of the reign of James I. were

a letter to the Secretary of State, requesting he would order the book in the State Paper Office to be given up to the Clerk of the Council, with which request he immediately complied. On one or two occasions, when I went to the Museum, I told Sir Henry Ellis that I meant to have back that book, but which, I dare say, he regarded as a joke. However, at last I resolved to apply for it formally, and I wrote a letter to the Secretary, Mr. Forshall, in the name of the Lord President, demanding the book. I received no answer whatever; so, after the lapse of some weeks, I complained of having received none. Mr. Forshall then wrote to say the matter was under the consideration of the Trustees, and I should have an answer. At the expiration of three months I got a long letter (which I now hear the Trustees and their Secretary think a very fine production), setting forth all sorts of very poor reasons involved in a prodigious verbiage, why we should not insist on having our book, and why they should retain possession of it. To this I responded that the President of the Council considered that he had no option in the matter, that he was bound to insist on the restitution of the lost books of the Council, wherever he could find them, and that he was very sorry he could not comply with the request of the Trustees, that he would desist from his claim. There the matter stands at the present moment. When I found that the Trustees were resolved to resist our demand, I asked the Attorney-General whether we had or had not a right to enforce it; and he said most undoubtedly we had, that it was impossible for the British Museum to resist it, and that he, who was *ex officio* a Trustee, should tell them so. These matters are always settled by a few active persons who take the lead and the trouble, and I fancy Hallam, William Hamilton, and one or two more, are the men who are fighting this battle. I wrote to Hamilton, begging him to mediate, and get the matter amicably settled; and he sent me a very absurd answer, the gist of which was that as we had done without this book for two hundred years, we might do without it still, and that

lost in the confusion or possibly destroyed in the fire. An Order in Council was passed directing the clerks of the Council to recover possession of these important Records of State wherever they could be found. The volumes referred to in the text are two of the missing registers, but that which is in the British Museum has never been restored to the Council Office. The remainder of the series from the last years of Henry VIII. to the present date is perfect and complete.]

we had better send the rest of our books to the British Museum, instead of requiring the restoration of this one. The other night I spoke to Lord Ashburton, who is a very active Trustee, and though I found he had been fully consenting to Forshall's letter, and to the purpose of retaining the book, I believe I satisfied him that it ought to be given up.

June 14*th*.—Yesterday at Ascot. A melancholy sight indeed, torrents of rain, no company; the Court had announced its intention not to be present, which was a heavy discouragement, and the miserable weather put a finishing stroke to the prosperity of the meeting. The determination of the Queen and Prince not to go is attributed by some to their dislike of all racing, and by others to the presence of the King of Hanover, who would have obliged her, if she had had the usual party at Windsor, to invite him there. Probably there is a mixture of both reasons in the matter. The King of Hanover must be rather astonished to find himself received as he has been here. Although supposed to be extremely unpopular, he is feasted, invited, and visited by all manner of men. Everybody seems to think it necessary to treat him with dinners and balls, and he is become the lion of the season with this foolish, inconsistent world.

The war between us and the British Museum still goes on. On Saturday I got Lord Wharncliffe to go there in person and demand the book, which he did in full conclave of the Trustees. I had drawn up a paper, which he caused to be read there, and gave it to the Archbishop. After the Lord President had departed they discussed the matter, and came to a resolution that they had not the power to give up the book, and this they communicated to me in an official letter yesterday.

June 15*th*.—Yesterday we sent a case to the Attorney-General for him and the Solicitor to report on about the Council book.

On Saturday I am going abroad, partly for health and partly in search of amusement, and to get away from the London season. Lord Wharncliffe said to me yesterday, "You are going away, and I shall not see you for some time. You leave us in a strange state, with many difficulties around us. Our friends are angry because we don't do more and come down to Parliament about Ireland, but we have *no case* to act upon. What can we do about O'Con-

nell? He may go great lengths, and at some of these meetings may expose himself to a prosecution, but when would you find an Irish jury to convict him?" All this is true enough; the question of Ireland is very difficult, but the Government have done all they can do; they take precautions and are in readiness if anything happens. Lord Wharncliffe said that the dismissal of the Repeal magistrates had been done in concert with the Government here, but that Sugden[1] had done the mischief by writing such a foolish letter. Then he is very uneasy about Scinde, on which I must say that he told me, before Parliament met, that he was not afraid of the Afghanistan part of Ellenborough's conduct, but that he was afraid of the Scindian part, and he has proved in the right. He says that, though it is rendered palatable by the brilliant victories Napier has gained, the conduct of both Napier and Ellenborough has been to the last degree arbitrary and tyrannical, and such as nothing can justify. Add to these things the distress in this country, the Corn Law quarrels, and the religious dissensions both in Scotland and in England, and the caldron is surely bubbling and fizzing as merrily as need be; yet we shall scramble through all these difficulties, as we have done so many before *pejora passi.*

Liége, Monday, June 19th.—I set off at eleven o'clock, on Saturday morning, from London Bridge, by the "Earl of Liverpool" steamer, which was loaded with passengers and machinery, and a slow bad boat, so that we were seventeen and a half hours crossing over. The weather was fine, and it was pleasant enough going down the river. All the people were very merry and very hungry during this part of the voyage, but most of them very sad and very sick when they got out to sea. It was ludicrous to see the disappearance of their hilarity and to contrast it with their woebegone faces when they were heaved about in the Channel. Having secured what is called the state cabin (a box with two beds in it, one over the other), I turned in and slept very comfortably. On each side of this apartment were the men's and the women's rooms, and as the doors of both were left open for air, I saw them all lying huddled together, in every variety of attitude and costume, as thick as plums in a box, without any appearance of motion or life. It was a foggy, misty night, but suddenly at break of day the fog was drawn

[1] [Sir Edward Sugden was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.]

up like a curtain, and we ran into Ostend harbor on a fine morning at half-past four o'clock. The people at the Custom-House were very civil and expeditious, and we found a tolerable hotel, though not so good as it ought to be for such a place as Ostend, which is now become a flourishing town on account of the great number of people who flock to it as a bathing-place, not only from Belgium, but Germany. The sands are excellent, and there is a magnificent promenade overlooking the sea, half a mile long. We started at eleven o'clock on the railroad and came to Liége. The carriages and arrangements are superior to ours, and much cheaper as to fare, but very dear in the article of luggage. For example, my fare was fifteen francs, and the charge for my baggage was fourteen.

Cologne.—I was obliged to leave off, to set out in a hired carriage, which took us to Aix-la-Chapelle in six and a half hours. I saw nothing at Liége but the vast building which was once the palace of the Prince Bishop, and must have been exceedingly grand. It reminded me of Venice with its superb colonnade and richly carved pillars. The road is extremely pretty (by Chaude Fontaine) from Liége to Aix, and exhibits every appearance of prosperity. It keeps almost constantly in sight of the new railroad—a stupendous work—making its way along a country which is all hill, valley, and stream. The difficulty, the labor, and the cost must all be enormous; vast tunnels and magnificent viaducts present themselves at every turn, and I doubt if there is a similar work in any part of Europe to be compared with this. We only stopped to dine at Aix-la-Chapelle, and while dinner was getting ready I walked up to look at the Hôtel de Ville and the outside of the Cathedral, and in the evening we came on to this place, where we arrived just as it was dark. On the whole, my expedition has answered perfectly as far as it has gone. The weather has been delightful, the traveling neither tedious nor disagreeable, no difficulties nor discomforts, and though I have not seen much, I have been well amused with the aspect of the country through which I have passed, and with the glimpses of the curious old towns.

Coblentz, June 20th.—This morning went to see the Cathedral at Cologne, which it is useless to describe. I was greatly struck with its grandeur, but do not like the quantity of painting and gilding which deface the choir, nor do I think the frescoes which are now being painted on the walls

suitable to a Gothic church. They are doing a great deal, but it is out of the question to think of finishing such a building.[1] Afterward to two or three churches, all of which were tawdry, service going on in all of them, and some were very full. Set off at half-past ten in the steamboat. The morning was gray and cold, and it soon began to rain heavily, but by the time we reached Bonn, where the beauties of the Rhine open, it became fine, and the day continued to improve, only with occasional showers, till in the afternoon the weather was beautiful. Certainly nothing can be more agreeable than this voyage on the Rhine. The boats spacious and comfortable, an excellent dinner very cheap, and the people very civil and obliging. With regard to the scenery, I was disappointed in particular spots, but very well pleased on the whole. The beauties of the Rhine are not near so striking as I fancied they were; the scenery of the Wye is infinitely finer; in fact, there is not a single object of grandeur, but it is all excessively pretty; the river itself is noble, and the constant succession of towns, villages, palaces, ruins, and the various objects which the Rhine presents, renders the voyage very interesting and enjoyable. The approach to Coblentz is beautiful, and it was set off by all the effulgence of a magnificent sunset. The inns here are so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty we found apartments in the largest of them. On the whole I am delighted with the expedition and with all I have seen, though the banks of the Rhine are not to be compared to the scenery of Monmouthshire or North Wales. "The castled Crag of Drachenfels" is not so striking a ruin as the castle of Dinas Bran; Dover Castle is much more imposing than Ehrenbreitstein; but then there is the Rhine instead of the Wye —the grandest of rivers instead of a slimy streamlet. It is an intolerable bore not being able to speak German, for though waiters and innkeepers speak French and English almost universally, the mass of the people only speak German, and one feels miserably stupid and helpless at hearing a language clattering around one in every direction without being able to comprehend a word of it. I am much struck with the gayety of the people and a certain style of joyous familiarity they have among one another; all the people on board the steamer (belonging to it), from the man in authority down to the cabin-boy, seeming so free and easy with

[1] [Some thirty years later the edifice was completed.]

each other, and though very civil and particularly obliging, they have a certain air more of independence than familiarity with the passengers.

Frankfort, June 23d.—I left Coblentz by the ten o'clock steamer on Wednesday morning. The scenery from thence to Bingen is by far the finest and certainly very beautiful and interesting, not that there is anything on either bank so grand or romantic as in Italy, Switzerland, or Wales, but altogether it is very charming, and the attention is never allowed to flag. The Rhine is noble, and its turnings and windings exhibit a perpetual variety of prospect, the same objects being presented in so many different aspects. It would be ridiculous to attempt to describe what has been already described by a hundred tourists and artists. A man in the steamboat, who was evidently concocting a journal, very sensibly copied out what he wanted to describe from Murray's handbook; probably he could not do better.

The Princes of Prussia have caused two of the ruined castles on the left bank to be repaired, and have made residences of them; but the destroyers of castles have done more for the picturesque than the restorers, for the ruins are out of all comparison more romantic objects than the perfect buildings. The amazing solidity with which they are built is proved by the facility with which they have been restored, besides which there is one that has continued perfect, and another which was allowed to go to decay only a few years ago, when the roof was taken off to save the expense of keeping it in repair.

We reached Mayence about nine o'clock. The next morning early I sallied forth, as usual, and poked about the town. I went into the cathedral, where there are a vast number of monuments, not very remarkable, of the Archbishops of Mayence—great men in their time. There was one tomb with which I was struck. It represents in the upper part the whole history of Christ, or at least, of His sufferings and death, in bas-relief, and underneath He is lying in His tomb, with figures at the head, the feet, and on one side, all as large as life, and by no means ill-done. A bronze statue of Gutenberg (for whom the invention of printing is claimed) was raised a few years ago by the town of Mayence; a fine figure enough, but they have inscribed upon the pedestal four of the most execrable Latin lines that ever were written, and if these are the best verses Mayence

can produce, poets must be scarce in the town. If Gutenberg could come to life again he would be ashamed to see his types employed in recording such poetry as they have written in his praise. At eleven o'clock the railroad brought me in an hour to this place. This is an extremely pretty town ; gay and prosperous in appearance, the streets are so wide, houses so handsome, and shops so smart. I soon found Francis Molyneux, with whom I dined. Mr. Koch, the Consul and banker, gave me a card which admitted me to a club, and I amused myself very well, looking about the town and gardens, and in the Bohemian glass shop. This morning I consulted Dr. Kop, a physician who lives at Hanau, and has a reputation in the country, about the waters. He advised me not to go to Wiesbaden, which he said was too strong for such a case as mine, but to drink the waters of Wildbad in Würtemberg. I had, however, already pretty well made up my mind not to drink any waters at present, but merely to hear what the medical authorities said on the subject, and reserve them for a future occasion.

Frankfort, June 24th.—Walked about the town, and went into the shops, where I cannot resist buying prints, Bohemian glass, and the deer's-horn things. Went to Mr. Bethmann's garden to see Dannecker's Ariadne, which is one of the great sights of this place. We (Francis Molyneux and I) found a French family, father, mother, and extremely pretty young daughter about sixteen, wanting to get in, and not able to make themselves understood, not speaking German. Francis Molyneux got the custos to come, and we entered. The first *salle* is furnished with a number of casts of gladiators and Apollos, which, however, so terrified the young innocent, who, it seems, has not been long out of a convent, that she started back, and nothing could get her into the museum. We passed on to the sanctum in which the Ariadne is placed, and the father went off to try and get his girl to pass through these formidable statues, but all in vain. I was amused with the *naïveté* with which he said, shrugging up his shoulders, "Non, ma fille ne veut pas venir. Le fait est qu'elle n'a jamais rien vu de pareil." The Ariadne statue is fine, the attitude easy and graceful, but the face is deficient in expression, and it has an impudent look.

At three o'clock I got on the railroad, and went over to Mayence, to hear the military bands, which play every Friday. This is a great lounge, attended by all the people

of the town, and many from Frankfort and Wiesbaden. I was delighted. The music is really magnificent. It was an Austrian band, about sixty or seventy in number, admirably conducted. The garden in which they play, just beyond the fortifications of the town, is very pretty, and the people sit at tables drinking chocolate or eating ice; the men mostly walking about and almost all smoking. There I fell in with Lord Westmoreland and Frederick FitzClarence from Wiesbaden, and we dined together afterward, and at half-past eight returned home by railroad. This morning I have been wandering about and exploring. It is a fine town, and remarkable for the frequent intermixture of handsome modern houses with buildings of a very antique but generally decayed appearance; the place has a great look of well-doing, and one sees no beggars, and no miserable objects. I understand that there is a good system of relief for the poor, and no pauperism of the miserable and degraded character that shocks one so in England. Frankfort is not very gay or amusing. There is very little society; the rich people here live very quietly, and only display their wealth in occasional banquets, which are splendid, but long and tiresome. The old mother of the Rothschilds, the grandmother of the present generation, is here, living in the Jews' quarter in the old home of the family, which she will not be persuaded to quit. It is miserable-looking on the outside, but is said to be very different within. The old woman, who is ninety-four years old, drives about and goes constantly to the opera or play. The greatest man of the place is Count Münch-Bellinghausen, who has been for many years President of the Diet, and who, some think, will be one day Metternich's successor.

Wiesbaden, Monday, June 26th.—I dined with Strangways,[1] on Saturday; drove after dinner round the town and into the forest. Yesterday afternoon came here by railroad, very ugly country, but very pretty town. The weather was very fine, and a gayer sight I never saw than the crowd of people—eating, drinking, smoking, walking, listening to the band in the garden in front of the gambling palace (for such it is). I dined with Lord and Lady Frederick FitzClarence and Lord Westmoreland, and went to the Casino, or whatever they call it, in the evening. There play was going on

[1] [The Hon. William Fox Strangways, afterward Earl of Ilchester, was at this time British Minister accredited to the German Diet at Frankfort.]

(with crowds at the tables), as it does from morning till night, but the stakes appeared to be very small. The Grand Duke is residing here, and I saw his equipages returning from taking him and his suite to the theatre, evidently intended for an imitation of an English turn-out, but very poor and ridiculous. He is the richest of all the small German Sovereigns, and has got a very pretty territory. It is impossible not to be struck with the great appearance of ease and comfort in all these parts. I have seen no beggars, or hardly any, no miserable objects or wretched hovels. I asked Garg, the Master of the Hôtel de Russie at Frankfort, and a very intelligent man, and he told me the town was not so flourishing as it had been before they joined the Prussian League. However, all these places thrive without doubt by the immense number of travelers, especially English, who come to them. The inns are everywhere very superior to ours. Instead of the dirty, vulgar, noisy houses that most of our inns and hotels are, they are generally great and fine establishments, very clean, very well furnished, the service much better performed and incomparably cheaper. The town of Frankfort is divided between Protestants and Catholics, but the only religious squabbles or dissensions seem to have arisen among the English residents and the English clergyman. The dispute began about the management of the funds. A feud arose, two parties were formed, duels were fought, every sort of violence exhibited, volumes written on either side, and no end of trouble given to the legation here and the Foreign Office at home.

Wiesbaden, Wednesday, June 28th.—Lord Westmoreland agreed to go with me to Baden-Baden, if I would wait a day or two, so I agreed to do so. We went to the play on Monday evening, and found an extremely pretty theatre ; a Mdlle. Herz, or some such name, the best actress at Berlin, appeared ; the house was very thin. She reminded me of Rachel, and I should think she must be a very good actress, but as I did not understand a word, I can't pronounce confidently on her merits. I only know that her voice is sweet and expressive, her action graceful, her manner excellent ; she is rather good-looking, and, though I did not comprehend what was said, I got sufficiently interested in the action of the piece to sit out five acts without fatigue, which I have often not been able to do at pieces I do understand. Yesterday in the morning I followed a long walk through the gar-

den, and through shrubberies and fields, to a village and ruined castle, about a mile and a half or two miles off. After breakfast went with Westmoreland and his son, and G. Berkeley, to the Duke's hunting-place at the top of a hill three miles off. A tolerable house, fitted up with memorials of the chase, and all over stags' horns. A grand view from it of the Rhine, and all the country as far as Darmstadt. Two magnificent bronze stags at the entrance.

Mannheim, June 29th.—I went to Frankfort yesterday; went to see the Jews' street, the most curious part of the town. It is very narrow, the houses all of great antiquity, and not one new or modern in the whole street. This street exhibits a perfect specimen of a town of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The houses are very lofty, a good deal ornamented, but they look dark and dirty, and as if their interior had undergone as little alteration as the exterior. Strange figures were loitering about the street, standing in the doorways or looking out of the windows. There was a man who might have presented himself on the stage in the character of Shylock, with the gaberdine and the beard; and old crones of the most miserable and squalid but strange aspect. We had the good luck to see the old mother of the Rothschilds, and a curious contrast she presented. The house she inhabits appears not a bit better than any of the others; it is the same dark and decayed mansion. In this narrow, gloomy street, and before this wretched tenement, a smart *calèche* was standing, fitted up with blue silk, and a footman in blue livery was at the door. Presently the door opened, and the old woman was seen descending a dark, narrow staircase, supported by her granddaughter, the Baroness Charles Rothschild, whose carriage was also in waiting at the end of the street. Two footmen and some maids were in attendance to help the old lady into the carriage, and a number of the inhabitants collected opposite to see her get in. A more curious and striking contrast I never saw than the dress of the ladies, both the old and the young one, and their equipages and liveries, with the dilapidated locality in which the old woman persists in remaining. The family allow her £4,000 a year, and they say she never in her life has been out of Frankfort, and never inhabited any other house than this, in which she is resolved to die. The street was formerly closed at both ends, and the Jews were confined to that quarter. The French took away the gates, and they

have never been replaced. The Jews now live in any part of the town they please. The Rothschilds, of whom there are several residing at Frankfort, are said to do a great deal of good both to Christians and Jews. There was very near being an *émeute* the other day, in consequence of the high price of corn; the poor people are starving, and can't buy bread at the price it now fetches. The Government is obliged to assist them; to buy wheat or bread, and sell it to the people at half-price.

I left Frankfort at half-past eleven, and got to Mayence just in time to dine at the *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel d'Angleterre: one long table, half of which was occupied by the Austrian officers, who kept up an incessant fire of talk; the other half by casual visitors, not one of whom said a word. The jabber of the military men sounded strangely in my ears, and as the formidable gutturals jostled each other, I fancied it must have been very like the confusion of Babel, when every man began to speak in a different tongue. The oddest part of the dinner business was the master of the hotel sitting down to table with us, with an air of perfect but not impudent familiarity; and at the same time acting the part of host by constantly getting up from his seat, going to inspect the dishes, and occasionally serving some of them himself. At half-past two the steamboat arrived, I went on board, and got here at half-past eight. The Rhine is very uninteresting in this part of its course, the banks flat, and the river often very narrow. The only town of any importance we passed was Worms, which is interesting from the historical recollections associated with it; but it has miserably fallen from the days when Charles V. and Luther met within its walls, while all Germany, in the highest state of excitement, was watching the progress of the conflict that was producing such mighty results. It is amusing, on board the steamer, to stop and exchange passengers, and we gave up some odds and ends of people at Worms, and got a whole school in return, some twenty specimens of the rising youth of Germany, and not bad ones on the whole—stout, active, intelligent-looking boys, with caps on their heads, very long hair, and satchels on their backs.

Baden-Baden, July 2d.—I set off from Mannheim by railroad on Friday morning about ten, and got to Heidelberg in an hour. It began to rain as soon as we started, and poured torrents almost the whole day. I sat very disconso-

lately in my inn, hearing the rain pattering down, till a momentary cessation took place, of which I instantly availed myself, and set forth to the Castle. I went all over the ruins under the usual guidance, and then made the tour of the adjoining grounds, but the rain again fell in torrents and the opposite hills and surrounding country were immersed in dense masses of vapor. After braving the rain for some time, I descended, but had hardly got down before it cleared up, on which I crossed the bridge, and strolled down the road on the banks of the Neckar, and thence had a variety of views of the Castle from different points as well as of the course of the river, which is very pretty. Yesterday morning it was fine, so I went early up to the Castle, and wandered about for an hour or two in all directions. The statues of the Electors in the building in the inner court, the façade of which is nearly perfect, are very curious, and it is surprising how some of them have resisted such rude assaults of time and weather as they must have been exposed to. The town is swarming with students, wild-looking creatures, with long hair, open collars, and every variety of beard in cut, color, and length. Their practice of dueling, though forbidden, still goes on, but the combats don't seem to be very dangerous, as the first wound or scratch decides it. They told me that serious mischief rarely occurred. I went to see nothing but the Castle. The library is, I believe, fine and curious, but it is mere waste of time to look at the outside of books, or hear their titles enumerated.

At eleven o'clock the railroad took me to Carlsruhe, where I was obliged to hire a carriage to bring me here. Nothing could exceed the indignation of my servant at seeing the deplorable old rattle-trap which was produced for my use. It seemed to be dropping to pieces, and could not have been cleaned, within or without, for many years. Such as it was, I was forced to take it, and at the next stage I was shifted into another of precisely the same description. At Rastadt, the last stage, Thomas implored me to demand a more presentable vehicle, and piteously remonstrated on the disgrace it would be to make my entry into Baden in such an equipage. The Fates, however, had decreed that this disgrace should befall me, for there was no carriage better or worse to be had in Rastadt, and I was obliged to come on with the same, horse and all; and, to fill the cup to overflowing, I arrived at the hotel door in presence of a numerous assem-

blage of smart people who were just going to dinner at the *table-d'hôte*. The figure I must have cut was certainly not brilliant, but I could not help being amused at it, and especially at the despair of my faithful valet, who felt much more for my dignity than I did myself. There was no room whatever at the hotel I stopped at, so I went to look for a lodging elsewhere, and addressed myself to the Hôtel de l'Europe, a grand-looking establishment. I asked if they had rooms, and they said yes ; but I suppose my appearance was not prepossessing (what would they have thought if they had seen my carriage ?), for they took me to some miserable-looking apartments in an adjoining out-house. I rejected these with indignation, and said I would look elsewhere, when they ran after me, and offered me others ; but I said, as they had not chosen to do so at first, I would have nothing to say to them, and I went on to the Hôtel de Russie, where I got very good rooms. In the evening I went to the promenade and the gaming-rooms, which are as fine as the saloons in any palace I know of, and splendidly fitted up, but the amount of play, which is to defray the expense, seemed to me very small. It is, however, a very bad season, the long continuance of bad weather having diminished the number of visitors. I did not see one individual I knew, except a Colonel O'Meara whom I had known a little in England, and who volunteered to be my cicerone, and was very civil and obliging. This morning I walked before breakfast through a delightful shady avenue to a village about a mile and a half off, stopping to drink some water at a famous spring ; then came home and wrote my letters, and started to walk up to the old Castle, which, after losing my way just outside the town, I successfully accomplished, and a most glorious view it is from the top. I certainly have never seen a more lovely landscape, and am rejoiced to have seen it, to feed my memory with for the future.

July 3*d.*—Dining at the *table-d'hôte* with just half a dozen people whom I don't know, with whom I have no conversation or communication, and not knowing whether they are French, Russians, or what, is a bore. I have done this twice, but will have no more of it. After dinner yesterday went to the usual place of resort, which, being Sunday, was crowded with people. There was a concert in the great room, and the whole thing was gay and amusing. It is totally unlike anything that can be seen in England, or I sup-

pose anywhere but at some of these Baths. The society is extremely promiscuous, and completely democratic in its character, nevertheless perfectly respectable in appearance and behavior. The locality is charming, the open booths round the garden exhibiting every variety of merchandise, and the numerous tables in the open air round which little parties are sitting, talking, drinking, eating, and smoking, while others are parading up and down, present a scene of remarkable gayety, and when the concert began all the world flocked into the magnificent rooms, where everybody ranges about from high to low without paying anything. The early hour admits of children being there, and the little wretches are scampering about in great numbers. All the time the *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* are going on, with crowds round the tables, but not much money staked. I found at last some people I knew, the two Hannah Colmans (the youngest now Madame de Porbeck and wife to a Baden officer), Mrs. Herbert with Sir Francis Vincent and her daughter Lady Vincent. It is wonderful how glad one is to see anybody in such a solitude of unknown faces, and how people who scarcely ever notice each other at home strike up a sudden but brief intimacy under circumstances productive of a momentary attraction. Sometimes these accidental associations lead to permanent intimacies, and sometimes one discovers in a moment that people whom one has been acquainted with all one's life, without knowing anything of them, are full of merits of which one had no sort of notion.

July 4th.—Madame de Porbeck, who is gay, good-natured, and agreeable, proposed to me to go to Eberstein Castle, one of the most celebrated excursions from hence, which I gladly accepted, and we went after dinner. I have no talent for description of scenery, and, if I had, it would be superfluous to describe these noted spots. Suffice to say that I never was so enchanted in my life as with this Castle and the panorama it commands. I cannot figure to myself anything more lovely, and it wants nothing to make it perfect. There is a mixture of everything that can interest, astonish, and delight; the magnificent pine forests, feathering up the sides of the mountains; the vast chaos of hills cast into every variety of form; the river winding, rushing, sparkling, and murmuring in its course; the innumerable villages with which the banks are studded; the patches of cultivation

striping the hill-sides, so curiously subdivided, diversified between corn-fields, potatoes, and vineyards, looking so minute in the vast space; the bridges; the curling smoke; the moving objects, like Lilliputians, in the distance; the sounds and the smells wafted by the air—altogether make a combination which affords inexpressible pleasure. Above all, I must not forget the lights and shadows, and the glorious effects of the setting sun in the calm and clear evening. The afternoon is the time for visiting such spots as these, when the noonday heats are past, and the blaze of the sun is softened and harmonized into a milder but a clearer light; and as the shadows lengthen and produce constant variety of shape, and draw fresh outlines on the opposite hills and in the valleys, and colors bright and changing like those of a rainbow dye the whole horizon, lighting up the course of the Rhine, and painting with purple hues the mountains of the Vosges, I looked and thought that nothing on earth could surpass this in beauty, and I thanked God for the faculty of enjoying it so much as I do. We went over the Castle, from which the views are charming. It is perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a conical hill; it was once a fortress of a feudal lord, and is now a small hunting-lodge, the new part curiously grafted on the old, and the interior prettily and comfortably arranged, but with hardly any accommodation. The Grand Duke comes here sometimes for a little while to shoot in the forest. The road up to it is like the Simplon, and has been recently made by the town. As we descended, we overtook some of the huge pines, which looked as if they were hewn "to be the mast of some great ammiral." They are put upon wheels at a great distance from each other, and drawn by oxen, and the way in which they contrive to get them round the turnings is really wonderful. We came on one at the turn, and it so completely barred the way, and seemed itself at such *a fix*, that I thought no one would have been able to pass; but by shifting, and moving, and dragging, between the men and the oxen, they managed it, I can hardly tell how. These are the vast pines that are floated down the Rhine; but those that we fell in with are used for domestic purposes.

July 5th.—Yesterday went to dine at Gersbach, a small village just below the Castle of Eberstein. Went by the circuitous but flat road that leads through the valley of the

Murg ; but the beauties of the valley only begin at Gersbach itself, so that there was not much good got by taking this broiling roundabout route. There we met a party of people I never saw before, and after dinner we sat by the side of the river enjoying the fine weather and fine scenery in luxurious repose. Returned by a new and beautiful road over the mountain. My companion in the carriage, Mr. de Porbeck, an officer in the Baden army, a well-conditioned and intelligent man, gave me some scraps of information about what may be called German politics, some of which I was not prepared for. I asked him about the Chambers of his Grand-Duchy, and he told me they exercised a very real and effectual control over the finances and internal administration generally ; that they sat long, debated a good deal, and there are some men of great ability and very good speakers in them. The particulars of the discussions of a Baden Parliament are not very interesting, but he told me that there is a great and growing desire on the part of the smaller States to form one nation with one or other of the great Powers, and that before long they would all be thus absorbed by their own desire. I said surely none of them could desire to belong to Austria. He said this feeling was more prevalent in the north, and he thought eventually all the Rhenish and Protestant States, Baden, Nassau, Würtemberg, Saxony, would be united to Prussia ; that the first war which broke out would produce this revolution ; that the fate of the Catholic parts of Germany might be different : that Bavaria might survive and possibly unite other provinces to herself. But as to Austria, he was convinced that the death of Metternich would be the signal for a great movement in that country ; that everything was preparing for it, and that event would bring the projects which were spreading more and more every day to maturity. While this desire to make Germany a nation, or to merge the petty independencies in one or two great German Powers, is, according to him, becoming strong and general, there is also a great wish to have colonies and a navy, all of which he deems feasible, and says Prussia is already beginning to build ships of war. Whether there is truth in all this, or these are my friend's reveries, I know not ; but as I had never before heard of such aspirations, I was struck by what he told me. We had a great deal of talk besides, about the condition of the people, and he expressed with some pride

his satisfaction that while they had nothing of the grandeur of English opulence to boast of, they had not the afflicting spectacle of English misery and destitution. The subdivision of land (the effects of which I saw in the minute stripes of cultivated land on the hill-sides) caused all the agricultural population—much the greatest part of Baden—to be removed above want, and he assured me that the whole of the people are tolerably educated. No soldier, for instance, is allowed to enlist without being able to read and write. I remarked that on Sunday, though all the shops were shut in the town, labor was going on in the fields—that is, haymaking ; I won't answer for any other. There is certainly a degree of social equality which is very foreign to our habits, and yet it is not subversive of the respect which is due from persons in one station to those in another. To me it has nothing offensive. I see it as a trait of national character and manners. At the *table-d'hôte* here, the master of the hotel did not sit down as at Mayence, but he conversed with the guests. Both he and all the waiters, who are very obliging and attentive, talk to me continually when I go out or come in. There is something of independence mixed with kindness in their way of doing these things, which quite reconciles me to what anybody, thoroughly imbued with English customs and prejudices, would probably be affronted or provoked at. As far as I can ascertain, nothing can go on more harmoniously than the Catholics and Protestants do here. Two thirds of the people are Catholics, the reigning family Protestants ; clergy of both persuasions paid by the State, education in common, and the schools open to teachers who give separate religious instruction. Go where one will, it seems to me that one finds a more satisfactory and harmonious state of things with regard to religion than in England. There is more intolerance, bigotry, obstinacy, and *déraison* at home than in all the world besides. In what I have written here I am well aware that there is very little but the merest superficial view of the condition of the country, picked up in one or two casual conversations, and I value it at no more than it is worth. With regard to what De Porbeck told me of the German movement, it is not to be suspected as proceeding from an enemy of the Court, for he is on very good terms with the Royal Family, and appears to be something of a favorite.

July 7th.—On Wednesday evening we drove up an avenue

of poplars to a Gasthaus, whence there is a view over the whole country through which the Rhine runs, bounded by the Vosges. There we saw the sunset, lighting up the Rhine till it shone like silver along its devious course, and the mountains and sky were bathed in tints of yellow and afterward of purple, presenting a picture such as Claude delighted to paint. Last night to the old Castle and to the rocks above it, and afterward to the Conversation-house garden to enjoy the cool air. The life here is the most idly luxurious I ever led, but, however enjoyable, and much as I delight in the scenery, I begin already to feel that it would not do for long. It seems here as if everybody was enjoying one vast holiday, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves. I get up between six and seven, walk for a couple of hours—yesterday to the top of the hill to see the view; this morning along the new road and back—then go into a cold bath, and dress, breakfast, and read and write for about two hours; go to the Club to read the newspapers, make visits and stroll about till dinner, dine at some of the *tables-d'hôte* or in my own room at something between four and five, then drive wherever I fancy to go, returning home when the sun is gone down, and the moon and the stars are out, and repair to the garden. Then I sit with any friends I find at a little round table, in the cool of a delicious evening, eating ice and drinking what I please, a band of music playing, and the odors of new-mown hay, orange-trees, limes, and roses, wafted on every gale. It is true that with these sweets the fumes of tobacco are very often mingled, for almost all the men smoke. There are crowds of men and women doing the same thing that I do, some repairing to the newspaper-room, some flirting with the young lady who superintends it. Every now and then one saunters into the magnificent rooms where the eternal play goes on, and the monotonous voice of the *croupier*, "Le jeu, est-il fait?"—"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," wearies the ear. These creatures sit hour after hour, peddling with their florin stakes, and assiduously making cards with pins, till between ten and eleven the gardens are gradually deserted, and at eleven a kind of curfew tolls the knell of day departed, and gambling ends. A bell rings, which is the signal for general dispersion and the closing of houses of resort. The lights in the rooms are extinguished, and the weary *croupiers* retire. The police drive people even out of the hotels, and long before midnight no

sound is heard in Baden but the waters of the river gurgling over their pebbled bed.

Baden, July 9th.—On Friday dined with Lady Aldborough and Mrs. Murchison, wife of the geologist, at an hotel *table-d'hôte*, where Lady A.'s screaming and strange gestures alarmed me for the effect they would produce on the company, and lest she should come out with some of those extraordinary things which she does not scruple to say to almost everybody she talks to. She is eighty-seven years old, still vigorous, and has all her wits about her, only her memory is gone, for she tells a story, and, forgetting she has told it, begins it again almost directly after. I remarked that all the women who dined with us ate almost everything with their knives, which was very disagreeable to see. A boy was stuck up on a chair who gave us several recitations in German, and then came round to lay us under contribution, though it was hard upon me to be forced to pay for hearing what I did not understand, and what only interrupted my conversation with my neighbor. Yesterday, Westmoreland, his son and I, went to see the New Castle, which the Grand Duke is repairing and fitting up. He has given the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, to whom it belonged for her life, a house in the town in exchange for it, and he is going to make it a residence for himself, and very handsome and agreeable it will be. The dungeons are curious, and exhibit in perfection the local details of feudal tyranny and oppression. There are the long passages and dark chambers, the thick walls and stone doors, the shaft down which the wretches were lowered, the hall in which they were judged, and the well or oubliette into which by a trap-door they were precipitated, never to be heard of more. After seeing the Castle, we drove to La Favorite, a very curious place. It is not quite deserted, for the present Grand Duchess occasionally takes up her abode there. The house is, however, exactly in the state in which it was left by the Margravine Sybilla, who built it. Everything is faded, but nothing altered, and it exhibits a perfect specimen of a residence of the great people of that period, about 120 years ago. It is curiously but richly adorned with gilding, painting, glass, mosaic, and inlaid marble, all the furniture of silk or velvet, and an immense collection of portraits in miniature, half a hundred at least of Sybilla herself, and her husband, the Margrave Louis, in every

variety of costume, some the most grotesque possible, besides those of curious worthies, let into the mirrors on the walls. Down-stairs there is a quantity of Venetian and Bohemian glass, exceedingly fine, and a strange dinner service of delft, very well done, in which there are turkeys, woodcocks, bones, asparagus, cabbages, etc., the dishes representing the animals or the vegetables which are to be served up in them. The most extraordinary thing is the chapel which the old Margravine built in the garden in the days of her penitence, to which she used to retire during Lent, lying on a mat, lacerating herself with a scourge, wearing iron spikes under her clothes, and dining with three wooden figures (of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John), who continue to sit at the table, though they have no longer any meat served up to them as they used to have. The whole place is so exactly as it was, that anybody who chose to go and live there would be in a condition to assume her state or her austerities, as they might feel inclined. A part of the road along which we passed was strewn with grass, with boughs of trees planted on each side, and arches raised of flowers and moss. This was in honor of the Bishop, who is going about confirming the people. He seems to be received with great marks of reverence and joy, and I have never been in any country where I have seen so many crucifixes, figures of the Saviour, or the Virgin, or other members of the hierarchy of Heaven. The Bishop made his entry into Baden a few days ago, preceded by a band of music, and detachments of the National Guard, both infantry and cavalry, by whom he was escorted to the Convent at Lichtenthal, where he took up his abode. He arrived in a wretched berline with four post-horses, and attended by two still more miserable vehicles in which his clerical attendants were seated. The convent—which is said to be very rich, and where there are still eighteen nuns, who educate girls—was gayly decorated with flowers and fanciful emblems to receive him. The churches all seem well attended on Sundays, and the people are very smartly dressed, but work does not cease, at least not necessarily and universally. I saw last Sunday the people hay-making, and this morning the shoemaker brought me home a pair of shoes. Notwithstanding the beauty of this place, I am beginning to feel that the life of it would be intolerable for any length of time. To ramble among the hills and valleys and feed one's eyes on such

unrivaled prospects is delightful, and to loiter about inhaling sweet odors and listening to pretty music is pleasant enough ; but lassitude and languor remain in the background, ready to pounce on the wretch who does and can do nothing but revel in such luxuries as these.

July 14th.—Since Sunday I have been leading the same sort of life, only extending more widely the circle of my acquaintance : one night to a play or vaudeville, the next to an opera, acting, dancing, and singing, all performed by the same people. On Monday to a ball, of which there are three every week ; the company was very select, not above forty people ; the room beautiful and very well lit ; gay enough and unceremonious, everybody in morning dress. The people walk in and out from the promenade ; almost all dance ; it begins at half-past eight and is all over at eleven. The ball-room was decorated with orange-trees. Yesterday morning I started at seven, with a party on horses and donkeys, and rode to Yburg Castle to breakfast. There was nothing to eat when we got there, and we had to send to the nearest village, where we procured sour bread and bad coffee. This morning I set off again at seven and rode up to Mercuriusberg. This is by far the finest of all the views I have seen ; the panorama is grand beyond description, infinitely more diversified and more beautiful than that of Yburg. The ways and habits, the mode of life of this place, are certainly unlike those of any other, except, I suppose, the other German Baths. There is a freedom and ease, a liberty, an intermixture of various nations and unequal ranks, which surprises a fresh-comer. Everybody lives in the open air, the promenade is full of round tables at which little parties congregate ; here, two men playing at chess ; there, two men at dominoes. At one round table are Russians, Germans, English, French, all puffing away in one another's faces. At a second, we see the two Princesses de Béthune, Lady Aldborough, the Princess Troubetzkoi, and Madame de Bacellos, known better as Marchioness de Loulé. Close by is Madame Spindler, the wife of a great German author, smoking her cigar, and spreading her huge bulk over two or three chairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

Results of this Tour—Ireland—The Irish Church—Decline of Sir Robert Peel's Popularity—Position of Sir Robert Peel—King of Hanover in London—The Duke of Wellington on the Duke of Marlborough—Anecdote of Talleyrand—Debates on Ireland—Parliament prorogued—The Queen's Yacht—Review of the Session—The Queen at Eu—Agreement there—The Queen of Spain's Marriage—Miss Berry and Lord Orford—Ranke and Macaulay at Kent House—A Council on Crutches—Chatsworth—Prosecution of O'Connell—Society—O'Connell—Lord Brougham's Action against Fonblanque—Death of Hon. Edward Villiers—The Irish Trials—Law against Betting—The Education Question—The Duc de Bordeaux's Visit—Lord Melbourne after his Illness—King George II. robbed—Royal Visit to Chatsworth—The *Times* on the Duc de Bordeaux's Visit—The Westminster Play—Lord Melbourne—Our Relations with Rome—The Dublin Jury Lists—Lord Ellenborough and the Court of Directors—O'Connell's Remedies for Irish Discontent.

London, August 1st, 1843.—With this tableau of Baden life and manners my journalizing ended. There certainly was no such variety in it as to require any further notice, and there was no necessity for my describing the beautiful scenery amid which I continued to wander. I stayed on at Baden to meet the Granvilles, who arrived from Switzerland on Friday, 14th, to my great joy. I remained till Wednesday, 19th, when I took the diligence to Iffetsheim, steamed down the Rhine, embarked at Ostend on Saturday, 22d, had a rough, disagreeable passage to Dover, and got to London on Sunday morning. On Monday went to Goodwood, which was very good, and returned to take up my abode in London on Saturday, 29th. This expedition answered to me even better than I had any idea it would. There were no difficulties or drawbacks of any kind. It acted on my mind as a moral alterative; the new scenes, the constant movement and occupation, did me a world of good. I felt in all ways better and happier while I was there, and I hope that it will not be without a certain beneficial effect for the future. The interest and the pleasure produced by this short excursion confirm my resolution to do something of the same sort in some direction or other every year, and always, if I can, to avoid *the season* in London. I continued to the last to enjoy the beauties of Baden, and it was only the day but one before I left it that I walked under and over the rocks by the old Castle, one of the most striking and beautiful of all the celebrated localities. The scenery of the Rhine appeared to me exceedingly tame and uninteresting after that around Baden. There was nobody in Germany for me to discuss politics with; but at Baden

the English newspapers arrived so regularly that I could follow the march of affairs here, and read all the debates.

I left the Irish Arms Bill[1] in the House of Commons, and there I found it on my return. In the packet going out, I read John Russell's first speech with regret and indignation, and I afterward read all the debates and speeches on both sides with extreme disgust. I think the Opposition have behaved very ill, in trying to turn the alarming state of Ireland to a mere party account, and doing their utmost to render it embarrassing and injurious to the present Government. On the other hand, the low tone taken by Peel, and the determination announced by him and Stanley to maintain the Irish Church, are both very distasteful to me; and the conduct of the Opposition leaders appears not only mischievous, but most inconsistent and absurd, when they jabber about the grievances of Ireland, and abuse the Government for not applying remedies to them, and at the same time say that they will not themselves consent to remove the monster grievance of the Church. The only man who spoke sense and truth was Rous, who, Tory as he is, told them that they never would do any good till they settled that question, but that they did not dare attempt it, because the bigotry of England and Scotland were opposed to it, and none of them would venture to encounter the unpopularity of proposing to reform the Protestant, and establish the Catholic Church. However, the language of John Russell and Palmerston has been a good deal modified since the opening of these debates, and they have both ventured to suggest some measures of Church Reform, without exactly explaining how far they would go; and now they are about to vote for Ward's motion.

In the course of the Irish battles the Government has been fiercely attacked from the most opposite quarters, and on the most opposite grounds, both in Parliament and out, in all societies, and by the whole of the press, the *Times* especially having turned against them in articles of extraordinary violence; and on arriving here I find a universal opinion, just as strong among the friends as among the enemies of Government, that Peel has fallen immensely in public opinion, and has so signally failed in his general administration of affairs as to have shown himself unequal to

[1] [The Government had brought in a Bill in June to restrict the purchase of arms in Ireland. It was vehemently opposed by the Liberal Party.]

a great emergency and extraordinary difficulties and dangers. I think there is exaggeration and unfairness in this sentiment, though it is not without some foundation. He took the government with a grand flourish of trumpets, great things were expected of him, and now people compare his performances with their own expectations, and give vent to their disappointment in reproaches of a very vague character, and with an acrimony which he does not deserve; for, in the first place, he took on himself to play a very difficult part, that of steering a middle course, which was sure to offend one extreme without conciliating the other, and this, superadded to his cold and unsocial character, speedily made him very unpopular. But the worst that can be said is that he took the reins of government when various causes of distress and difficulty were in active operation, and he has not been able to find universal remedies for every evil. On the other hand, it must be owned that his measures have not been as well concerted and arranged, not as firmly and vigorously executed, as they might have been. They have many of them failed, very little has been done, and latterly, especially, he has not taken that high and commanding tone which befits a great Minister. At all events, with whatever measure of justice, I find an impression greatly unfavorable to him, and the prestige of his Government is gone. Arbuthnot, sitting at Apsley House, and in constant communication with the Duke of Wellington, holds this language, and laments over the falling off of Peel. Not that there is any dissension or difference of opinion in the Government, both he and Wharncliffe assure me to the contrary; but he thinks Peel has spoken very ill, and has degraded his Government by the low tone which he has adopted. The Opposition are all cock-a-hoop about it: the sanguine among them fondly hoping that a door will be thereby opened for their return to office; the others, from a spirit of vengeance and rivalry, rejoicing in the discredit of their great antagonist.[1]

August 6th.—Since I have had time to look about me and hear what people say, I am of opinion that no serious injury has been done to the stability of the Government, whatever blows may have been inflicted on its credit; no other party,

[1] [It appears from letters published in the "Life of the Prince Consort" that Sir R. Peel began about this time to doubt the duration of his own Administration.]

no other individuals, have gained, whatever they may have lost, on the score of popularity and character. The Court is entirely on their side. The Queen never cared for any individual of her old Government but Melbourne, and she knows that his political life is closed; she feels that her own personal comfort is much greater with Peel's Government and large majority, than it ever was, or is likely to be again, with the Whigs. She remembers what a state of continual agitation she was kept in, when they never knew from day to day whether they should not be beaten and turned out, and she infinitely prefers her present state of security and repose, especially as the present Ministers do all they can to please her, and her husband is their strenuous and avowed friend. I see nothing to alter my opinion that the principle on which Peel resolved to act, and has acted, was the wisest and best he could adopt—that of steering between extreme parties, of guiding, regulating, and restraining forward movements, the advance of which was, he knew, inevitable, and which he did not deem undesirable. He might have foreseen that this was a difficult part to play well. It was pretty sure to make him unpopular with his friends, as it has done, and it was equally sure not to conciliate his enemies, who, on the contrary, rejoiced to see him weakened by dissensions with his allies, and hastened to place him between two fires, and by embarrassing his march as much as they could to cast universal discredit upon him. The way to meet these difficulties was, in the first place, to be perfectly single-minded; to be open, bold, and resolute; and with his friends frank and conciliatory. Unhappily, Peel's character is not such as enabled him to display these qualities. He acts rather like the cautious leader of a party, than like a great and powerful Minister determined to do what he thinks right, casting himself upon public opinion, and trusting to its bearing them out in the long run. Then he is so cold, so reserved, and his ways are so little winning and attractive, that he cannot attach people to him personally, and induce them to bear with the Ministers for the sake of the man. Although I think his general views are sound, his way of working out his measures is not happy, and therefore the clamor against him is very general, and he finds very few defenders, admirers, and friends.

Nevertheless the Opposition pretenders to power are mistaken if they think he is at all near his downfall, or them-

selves likely to succeed him. The Tories and landlords do not want to turn him out; none of the great interests which support him and look to him for protection have begun to turn their thoughts and wishes to any other quarter; and if the "volvenda dies" brings about a better state of things, if trade revives, and Irish agitation stagnates, it will be found that the clamor against Peel's Government had no great foundation of facts to rest upon. Ward's motion about the Irish Church revenues fell to the ground in such a ridiculous way, and in one so little creditable to the Opposition, that they will not be anxious to fight any more this year; and Lord John Russell is gone out of town. It would have been so inconvenient to the leaders to express any opinion on this question, that everybody will believe they contrived to let it drop as it did, or, at all events, rejoiced in its sudden conclusion.

Since I have been away nothing very interesting has occurred. The King of Hanover has been the great lion of London, all the Tories feasting and entertaining him with extraordinary demonstrations of civility and regard; but not so the Court, for the Queen has taken hardly any notice of him. He seems to have behaved very well, taking great pleasure in the attentions he has received, but giving no cause for complaint by any indecorous or imprudent language; in fact, he seems not to have meddled with politics in any way whatever. They tell a story of him, that one day at Buckingham Palace he proposed to Prince Albert to go out and walk with him. The Prince excused himself, saying he could not walk in the streets, as they should be exposed to inconvenience from the crowd of people. The King replied, "Oh, never mind that. I was still more unpopular than you are now, and used to walk about with perfect impunity."

August 8th.—Yesterday morning I found the Duke of Wellington in my brother's room and in high good-humor. I began talking to him about the discovery lately made at Woodstock of the Duke of Marlborough's correspondence, which Sir George Murray had told me of; and this led him to talk of the Duke of Marlborough, of his character and military genius, and so on to other things. He said that he considered the principal characteristic of the Duke of Marlborough to have been his strong sound sense and great practical sagacity. That it was a mistake to say he was

illiterate. People fancied so because of the way in which his words were misspelt, but in his time they spelt them as they were pronounced. He thought the errors he had committed were owing to his wife. As to his character, we must not judge of it according to the maxims by which men in our time were governed; besides that, they were less strict in his day; the condition of affairs itself produced a laxity; and though it was true he communicated with the Pretender and acted a double part, that was no more than many men in France did during Napoleon's reign, and he told a curious anecdote of Talleyrand. He said that at the Congress held at Erfurt, not long before Napoleon's marriage, he and the Emperor Alexander met for the purpose of discussing what should be done with Austria, Napoleon being anxious to plunder and degrade her to a great extent. He brought Talleyrand with him to this meeting, and Talleyrand completely threw him over. Every evening there was a meeting at the house of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, between Alexander, Talleyrand, and Vincent, the Austrian Minister, at which they concerted what should be said to Napoleon the next day, and how they should parry his propositions. The Duke said that both Vincent and the Emperor Alexander had given him an account of all this transaction. He added, that though it was a sort of treachery on the part of Talleyrand toward Napoleon, he had no doubt he was really of opinion that it was very fit he should be thwarted, and that it was inexpedient to destroy the Austrian Empire. He said many men, and respectable ones, in employment under Napoleon had been in constant communication with the Duke of Orleans, and he mentioned Royer Collard and some other names I have forgotten.

The Duke then talked of the military genius of Marlborough, and said that though he was a very great man, the art of war was so far advanced since his time that it was impossible to compare him with more modern generals; and unquestionably Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed; that he had advantages which no other man ever possessed in the unlimited means at his command and his absolute power and irresponsibility, and that he never scrupled at any expenditure of human life; but nevertheless his employment of his means and resources was wonderful. I told him that I remembered to have heard him say that he considered Napoleon's campaign of '14 to have

been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of his exploits, and that he was then ruined by his own impatience. He said it was quite true, and then repeated (what he had once before told me) that nothing could exceed the ability of Napoleon's operations, and if he had continued to act for a little longer in the same way, he would have forced the Allies to retreat, which they were in fact preparing to do. He said *he* should not have had time to get up, but his intention had been to act upon the Loire. If this retreat had taken place, it would not have been disastrous, and they would have had their choice of renewing the invasion in another campaign, or making peace on the Rhine, which he thought they would have done. From this we got to Espartero and Spain, and the recent bombardment of Seville, which he said was inexcusable, and he told us that he never had fired off a single mortar while he was in Spain. He also mentioned, that though he had taken about 3,000 pieces of cannon of different sorts, he had never in his life lost a single gun.

August 11th.—The other night, in the House of Lords, Lord Roden brought forward a motion about the law prohibiting Orange processions, and proposed either that it should be repealed or extended to the Catholics. He made a very good speech, in such an impressive tone that Wharncliffe told me it was very affecting. The Duke made a very good reply, in which he showed that Roden had mistaken the meaning of the Act, and on the part of the Government he declined to adopt either alternative. Brougham made one of his most effective speeches. This debate did good. There was another in the House of Commons on the third reading of the Irish Arms Bill; also a discussion on the landlord and tenant question, which were not without their separate utility. Peel made a pretty good speech, considerably better than he has lately been doing; but still he might have been more vigorous, have taken a loftier tone, vindicated himself and his acts in a more triumphant way, and have lashed his various opponents in the manner they deserve. The remarkable thing was the bitterness and insolence of his *soi-disant* friends and the civility of his adversaries. More O'Ferrall and Morgan John O'Connell were even complimentary in what they said on the landlord question, while Disraeli and Smythe, who are the principal characters, together with John Manners, of the little squad called "Young England," were abusive and impertinent. As the session is

drawing to a close, the clamor subsides, and as it really had no foundation in truth, justice, or sense, it will not have done Peel any material injury. People will find out that he has after all taken the wisest course about Ireland, and that the "do-nothing policy," which has excited so much indignation on one side and sneering on the other, is that which will be the least dangerous and most conducive to ultimate tranquillity. The Opposition leaders have disgraced themselves by the part they have acted through this session, both upon the Education Bill and the Irish questions. They began by supporting the former, but when they found that the Dissenters were getting up an opposition to it, which would render its success difficult, instead of helping the Government, they began finding fault, increased the difficulty, and finally compelled them to give the Bill up. Then, on the Irish question, instead of joining the Government against the repealers, and giving all the strength they could to the supporters of the Union, they joined in the senseless and unmeaning rant about Irish insults and injuries, and went on railing at the Government without ever accusing them of having done anything they ought not to have done, or left undone anything which they ought to have done. It is satisfactory to see that this conduct has brought no profit with it of any kind on either side of the Channel. England does not approve of those who sympathize with Irish repealers, and O'Connell, so far from being mollified or propitiated by this miserable following in his wake, only heaps contumely and abuse upon them, and in his very last speech he told his mob that he would rather have twenty Tories than one Whig, and of all the Whigs that the most pitiful and contemptible was Lord John Russell. This is all Johnny has got by coming down to the House of Commons, and opposing his own bills, and talking at the Government in a strain which is not sincere. How different is this from the conduct of the Duke of Wellington on all great national questions! But he is the only really great man.

August 26th.—The day before yesterday the Queen prorogued Parliament. She was received much as usual—that is, with indifference; the Speech was reckoned good, well written, and Ireland, the principal topic, properly alluded to. I reserve for another day to speak about the session and its events. On Wednesday I went with Adolphus FitzClarence on board the new yacht "Victoria and Albert," and

steamed as far as Gravesend. It is luxuriously fitted up, but everything is sacrificed to the comfort of the Court, the whole ship's company being crammed into wretched dog-holes, officers included. I breakfasted with one of the lieutenants, and he showed me their berths. They are packed two officers in one berth, about seven feet by five at most, and, as he said, they have not room to move, or dress themselves. There is a large room, a sort of waiting-room, allotted to the pages, who are in fact footmen, and round this on both sides their berths, one to each. It was pointed out that the room for the officers was insufficient, and suggested that one half of these berths should be allotted to them and the other half to the pages; the other pages they proposed to put on board the attendant steamers. This proposal, which was only to put the officers and the royal footmen on the same level as to accommodation, was rejected, because it might possibly be inconvenient not to have *all* the servants together. The Admiralty are much to blame for suffering the officers to be used with such indignity, but flattery seems to be the order of the day.

The Queen is to embark on Monday, and she is going to pay Louis Philippe a visit at the Château d'Eu. It is odd enough that till yesterday the Duke of Wellington knew nothing of this, for though it is an event in its way, and rather remarkable, it seems never to have been even incidentally discussed. On Thursday I happened to mention it to Arbuthnot, who said it could not be true. He asked the Duke the same day, who told him he had never heard a word of any such thing. On this Arbuthnot contradicted it to me in the most positive way; but yesterday he saw Peel, and asked him. Peel said it was so, and expressed his surprise that the Duke should not know it, as he thought he had told him. He, however, wrote to the Duke, and gave him a whole account of it. The Duke was surprised, but not at all angry. This is rather curious, because it shows how little they are in the habit of talking over the various miscellaneous matters that occur. It is the more remarkable in this instance, because a question arose whether she could go to a foreign land without appointing a Regency, and the lawyers have been consulted thereupon. The last interview between the Sovereigns of England and France was that between Henry VIII. and Francis I., and that, they say, took place within the English territory; the only occasion

on which the King of England quitted his own dominions was when he went to Gravelines to pay a visit to the Emperor.[1]

September 10th.—I had intended to take something of a review of the session, and of the state of the Government at the end of it, but on looking back at what I have written, I do not know that I can add anything material to the opinion I have already expressed. The clamor against Peel has subsided, because people cannot go on for ever harping on the same tune, especially when there is really very small foundation for their reproaches and complaints. The Duke of Bedford, who has been in Ireland, and has conversed, he tells me, with people of all descriptions, and done his utmost to procure useful information about the state of the country, says he is quite convinced that Peel's *do-nothing policy* has been wise, but that Lord John was not pleased when he told him so. In a correspondence between them on the subject (which I saw) Lord John had, however, nothing to urge against Peel's Government more serious than this, that he might have made some more popular, and abstained from some unpopular, appointments. But Lord John hates Peel, thinks ill of him, and sees bad motives in all he does. He still remembers the Catholic question and his conduct to Canning, and latterly on the Irish Registration, which he considers a proof of his insincerity and disposition to trifle with principles for party purposes. I think Peel might make out a case for himself about the Registration, as to everything but prudence; but when he must himself have thought that his advent to office was not distant, he ought not to have hampered himself with a measure which he could neither abandon without disgrace, nor carry without danger. He had not sufficiently considered all the bearings and circumstances of the question, and he yielded with too great facility to the impetuosity of Stanley, whose measure it was, and to the blind zeal of his party. It cannot be denied that in so doing he evinced a want of prudence and foresight, for he was compelled to give up when in office what he had urged on when in opposition.

To return, however, to the Duke of Bedford, he thinks O'Connell is extremely puzzled to know what to do next.

[1] [This remark applies to Henry VIII. In later times it is notorious that William III. frequently visited the Continent, and George I. and George II. their Hanoverian dominions.]

He sent various civil messages to him through Blake, and he said if the aristocracy had anything to propose, he should be ready to listen to it. The Duke thinks that the Church question is of less importance than the landlord and tenant question, and that, difficult as it is to do anything on the latter, something must be attempted. Both he and Stradbroke, who has lately returned from visiting his Irish estates, told me that, with few exceptions, the absentee landlords were the best in Ireland; and the latter said that his tenants were in the greatest alarm lest he should sell his property, and that they paid him his rents very regularly, because he always threatened to sell it if they did not. The Duke of Bedford thinks that the sooner Lord de Grey quits the Government of Ireland the better, for he is not popular, and his Church appointments are supposed to be influenced by his wife. They have been, at all events, very hostile to the Education system, and in so far very injurious to the Government, who are accused, with some show of reason, of not being hearty in the cause which ostensibly they support. Eliot[1] too, though well-meaning and liberal, and not wanting in ability, is timid. He told the Duke that the temper of England would not allow of any provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. A more solid difficulty presents itself in the fact which Stradbroke told me, viz., that the emolument which the clergy derive from voluntary contributions is so large, that no State endowment they could obtain would be anything like an equivalent, and therefore they never would consent to the measure; but it is suggested in reply to this, that in the first place they would accept glebes, and if the State would liberally endow the Church, the people would leave off paying, and the priests would in the end be obliged to acquiesce. Stradbroke said that the priest of his parish told him he got £500 a year; some get as much as £800. A great part of their emoluments is made up of marriage fees, and when a rich man is married, the priest gets presents from all the relations, sometimes to the amount of above £100. There is certainly a wide field open for improvement, enough to do to allay discontent, relieve distress, reform abuses, improve establishments, to mitigate the ferocity and soften the animosities of the people; but the difficulties are enormous, because all the remedies that calm and

[1] [Lord Eliot, afterward Earl St. Germans, was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1841 to 1845.]

dispassionate prudence suggest would infallibly raise a storm of antagonist interests and of sectarian hatred, and produce a frenzy of national and religious violence. On the other hand, there is a growing disposition to look the great evils of Ireland in the face, and to try some remedies to cure them. Peel's policy appears to me to be in everything continually to advance, but to do so by such slow and insensible degrees, that existing interests, or rather existing powers, may be as little frightened and as little hurt as possible. I do not think, whatever sins he may have committed on former occasions, that he is acting dishonestly now, or that the principle which he has laid down for his own guidance is unwise or unfair. It is not to do nothing, but to do gradually and safely all he can venture to do, to feel his way; not to shock and alarm old prejudices which have long been cherished and deferred to, and old interests which have long been fostered and protected, but to reconcile those prejudices and those interests by degrees to the changes which times and circumstances and the progress of sound systems have put in motion, and the advance of which it is, he well knows, neither desirable nor possible to arrest.

September 15th.—There has just appeared in the *Quarterly Review* a defense of Peel's policy, supposed to be by Croker, but which is very feeble and ill-done, and has been lashed by the *Times* with great severity and in a most contumelious tone.

The Queen's visit to Eu went off with complete success, and she left a good impression. On her return she stopped a few days at Brighton and then went off to Ostend. Aberdeen had a great deal of conversation with Louis Philippe and with Guizot, mostly on the affairs of Spain. The King declared that he considered the late revolution and fall of Espartero the greatest evil that could have happened, repudiated the idea of having any purpose of marrying one of his own sons to the Queen, and they came to a regular agreement that neither France nor England should interfere, or endeavor to influence the choice of a husband for her in any way.[1] As soon as Aberdeen returned to London, and before

[1] [This was the memorable agreement afterward so signally violated by the French Government. It is remarkable that it should be recorded here, but the terms in which it is stated are not strictly accurate. Indeed, it is corrected in the next page. The French Government always declared that they held the Queen free to marry any of the descendants of Philip V. The idea of a Carlist marriage was a mistake. It never was entertained at all.]

he started again for Ostend, he sent for Delane and told him this, for, notwithstanding the hostile and offensive tone which the *Times* has adopted toward the Government generally, particularly Peel and Graham, this formidable paper is in a sort of alliance with the Foreign Office, and the communications between Lord Aberdeen and Delane are regular and frequent.

September 19th.—I made a mistake about Aberdeen's communication with Delane. The circumstances of this are rather singular. Delane says that instead of an agreement not to meddle with the Queen of Spain's marriage, they had agreed upon the person to whom she should be married, but that he was under an engagement to Lord Aberdeen not to say to anybody who that person is. From all this I should be disposed to infer that Aberdeen and Louis Philippe have pitched upon Don Carlos's son as the future husband of the Queen. I told Clarendon this, who scouts the idea of the Spaniards allowing France and England to dispose of her hand, and, notwithstanding the anarchy and dissension which prevail in that country, their pride is probably unabated, and the whole nation would oppose any such pretension. It is abundantly probable that Aberdeen was cajoled and deceived by the King and Guizot. It seems that Marliani, who was here the other day, saw Aberdeen, who told him what the King had said, and how much he regretted the late revolution. Marliani replied, "On joue bien la comédie à Paris, et je ne suppose pas qu'on la joue moins bien au château d'Eu." Why, he asks, did the French Government, if they considered the downfall of Espartero as a misfortune, do all in their power to weaken his Government and undermine his authority? It is certainly curious enough to see that the French Consul Lesseps, who exerted himself to prevent the bombardment of Barcelona when the city was in rebellion against the Regent, shows no such sympathy for the Junta which is opposing the Government of the insurrection.[1]

On Sunday I went to Richmond to call on Miss Berry,[2]

[1] [An insurrection broke out in Catalonia in the month of June against the Government of Espartero, then Regent of Spain. Barcelona was bombarded from the citadel, though without much serious damage. The insurrection, headed by General Narvaez, spread to other parts of Spain, and on July 30th Espartero was compelled to fly from Seville and take refuge on a British vessel off Cadiz. It was believed, at the time, that the French Government, which had always been very hostile to Espartero, had favored this revolution.]

[2] [Miss Berry and her sister Agnes, who both died at a very advanced age

and found her in great indignation at Croker's recent article in the *Quarterly* upon the series just published of Lord Orford's letters to Mann, angry on his account and on her own. Croker says, what has been often reported, that Lord Orford offered to marry Mary Berry, and on her refusal, to marry Agnes. She says it is altogether false. He never thought of marrying Agnes, and what passed with regard to herself was this: The Duchess of Gloster was very jealous of his intimacy with the Berrys, though she treated them with civility. At last her natural impetuosity broke out, and she said to him, "Do you mean to marry Miss Berry or do you not?" To which he replied, "That is as Miss Berry herself pleases;" and that, as I understood her, is all that passed about it. She said nothing could be more beautiful and touching than his affection for her, devoid as it was of any particle of sensual feeling, and she should ever feel proud of having inspired such a man with such a sentiment. She is angry with Bentley for having published these two volumes without having them prepared for the press by some competent hand, and his excuse is that it would have been too expensive. The truth is, he thought the letters sufficiently attractive, and did not care about anything but the profit. I think they are at least as amusing, if not more amusing than any of the other volumes, but I agree with Croker in his estimate of the character of the man. It is difficult to believe that he cared a straw about Sir Horace Mann himself, and there is no doubting that though he pressed him to come to England, he was very glad when he found he did not mean to come.

October 16th.—I have been laid up with the gout more or less during the last three weeks, and when that is upon me I am always disinclined to write. Just before I was attacked I went to breakfast with George Lewis to meet Ranke, the author of "The Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century." He had got Macaulay, who had reviewed his book, to meet him, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and his wife

in 1852, were the last surviving friends of Horace Walpole, who called them his "Strawberries," and had established a great intimacy between their youth and his own age. Miss Berry's house in Curzon Street was one of the last *salons* that existed in London, and the most agreeable. It was frequented by all the rank, beauty, and talent of those times. Whenever the lamp over the hall-door was lit, any *habitué* of the house was welcome. Of the two sisters, Mary Berry was born in March, 1763, and died in November, 1852; Agnes Berry was born in May, 1764, and died in January, 1852. They were buried in Petersham Church, where Lord Carlisle placed an inscription to their memory.]

(daughter of Mrs. Austin, his translator), and Sir Edmund Head. I went prepared to listen to some first-rate literary talk between such luminaries as Ranke and Macaulay, but there never was a greater failure. The professor, a vivacious little man, not distinguished in appearance, could talk no English, and his French, though spoken fluently, was quite unintelligible. On the other hand, Macaulay could not speak German, and he spoke French without any facility and with a very vile accent. It was comical to see the abundance of his matter struggling with his embarrassment in giving utterance to it, to hear the torrent of knowledge trying to force its way through the impediment of a limited acquaintance with the French language and the want of habit of conversing in it. But the struggle was of short duration. He began in French, but very soon could bear the restraint no longer, and broke into English, pouring forth his stores to the utterly unconscious and uncomprehending professor. This babel of a breakfast, at which it was impossible for seven people to converse in any common language, soon came to an end, and Ranke was evidently glad to go off to the State Paper Office, where he was working every day. After he was gone, Macaulay held forth, and was as usual very well worth listening to.

A day or two after this my gout began, and unluckily I was obliged to go down to attend a Council at Windsor, which was held ostensibly for proroguing Parliament, putting forth a proclamation against the Welsh rioters, and other ordinary matters, little aware of the much more important affair which had brought the whole Cabinet together. I was obliged to go down with my crutches, and to crave the Queen's permission to go into her presence upon them, which Lord Wharncliffe did for me. She was exceedingly gracious, and the Prince very civil. She seemed considerably amused to see me come in on my crutches, and both she and the Prince said some civil things to me, and I flatter myself I contrived to sidle out, so as not to turn my back on Her Majesty, with no inconsiderable dexterity.

It was on a Monday I attended the Council, and the Sunday following I went to Newmarket, where I only stayed two days, for on Wednesday I went to Chatsworth. On Tuesday, however, the newspapers announced the declaration of war against O'Connell in the shape of the Procla-

mation,[1] much, I must own, to my surprise. This was, of course, the matter which brought all the Ministers together the week before. It seems to have been successful thus far, but whether it will turn out to have been a judicious measure remains to be proved. I am, however, not acquainted with their reasons for doing it when they did, and not doing it before, and I really have no decided opinion about it.

On Wednesday I set off, and reached Chatsworth on Thursday. There my gout began again, and I was only able, and that with difficulty, to get to the new conservatory in the garden, which is very fine in its way, and contains, I suppose, an unlimited collection of curious plants, the value of which I could not appreciate, as I know nothing of such things. Chatsworth is very magnificent, but I looked back with regret to the house in its unfinished state, when we lived in three spacious cheerful rooms looking to the south, which are now quite useless, being gorgeously furnished with velvet and silk, and marble tables, but unoccupied, and the windows closed lest the sun should spoil the finery with which the apartments are decorated. The comfort we had then has been ill exchanged for the magnificence which has replaced it, and the Duke has made the house so large that he cannot afford to live in it, and never remains there above two or three months in the year.

While I was there Lady Georgiana Fullerton gave me to read so much as she has written of the novel she has been for some time about. It is a very extraordinary performance, and if the second part of it is as good as the first, it will be excellent ; as it is, it is deeply interesting.[2]

I came to town yesterday, and in a *Times* which I bought at Derby I read of the arrest of O'Connell and others of his followers. A trial of O'Connell in Ireland seems a desperate measure, and it is not easy to see how a conviction is to be procured from an Irish jury ; but I suppose all this has not been done without great deliberation, and the

[1] [On October 7th a proclamation was issued by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland prohibiting the great Repeal Meeting which was to take place on the following day at Clontarf. O'Connell then abandoned the meeting, but gave the people of Ireland fresh assurances of Repeal. On October 14th he and his son were called upon to enter bail against any charge of conspiracy and misdemeanor which might be brought against them. Such was the commencement of the prosecution of O'Connell.]

[2] [This was Lady Georgiana Fullerton's first novel, entitled "Ellen Middleton." It was published in 1844.]

Ministers must fancy they see their own way more clearly than I do.

October 31*st.*—I was laid up for two or three days in London, and then went to Riddlesworth for two or three more. I arrived at night, and on going into the drawing-room I found four people playing at whist, eight others at a round game, and one asleep in an arm-chair. And this is called society; and among such people I have lived, do live, and shall live—I who have seen, known, and had the choice of better things. Eating, drinking, and amusement is the occupation of these people's lives, and I am ashamed to say such has been mine. I was reading Charles Lamb's letters in the carriage, and very remarkable they are, among the very best I think I ever read. I was struck by one passage, which I applied to myself: "I gain nothing by being with such as myself; we encourage one another in mediocrity." This is it. We go on herding with inferior companions, till we are really unfit for better company. However, this is a sore subject, and I will say no more on it here and now. On Sunday week I went to Newmarket, where there was an unusual quantity of racing. The Queen took it into her head to come to Cambridge that week, but this made no difference to us.

I had some talk with the Duke of Bedford about Ireland. He told me that Lord John and Palmerston were both disposed to approve of the Government measures in Ireland, but thought they had been done in a bungling manner, and that Lord John took much the same view that I do of it, which is, that O'Connell is in all probability highly delighted at what the Government have done, and that it answers his purpose perfectly; but what then? There was not and there could be no collusion with him, but it was very wise to compel him to do what he was dying to do, but did not dare. Clarendon, who knows the man well from Sheil, wrote me word that the clew to all his conduct was his inconceivable cowardice, that he is the greatest coward on earth, and has an indescribable dread of imprisonment, or any sort of coercion or punishment. It is impossible to doubt that he desired nothing so much as to scramble, if possible, out of the scrape he had got himself into. But certainly the conduct of Government has been most extraordinary. It is difficult to imagine why they put off their Proclamation till the eleventh hour, when there was scarcely time to stop the

meeting; why they did not prevent the meeting at Tara, and why Lord de Grey and Sugden were both absent. They certainly mismanage their affairs in various quarters. They suffered the Welsh disturbances to go on unchecked, and the grievances there unremedied, when they ought to have interfered with a strong hand long ago; they have made miserable work of the Scotch Church quarrel.[1] Nothing is so bad as complimenting away what they believe to be right, and acquiescing in what they believe to be wrong, to meet the prejudices of individuals. This is what they did. Aberdeen, who has been all along almost, but not quite, a non-intrusionist, got into the hands of a few people at Edinburgh who wanted an excuse for not seceding, and who persuaded him to bring in his Bill, which was neither more nor less than an indignity put on the House of Lords. Nobody was more disgusted, or more opposed to this Bill than Lyndhurst. He abused Aberdeen for it, but it is generally believed that the latter threatened, if Government would not support him, to resign, and so they knocked under. Lyndhurst said to Clarendon while Aberdeen was speaking: "Damn the fellow, what does he bring in such a Bill as this for? I don't see why I should support anything so absurd!" He did, however, support it, and so did Brougham, who had himself been concerned in the Auchterarder judgment, but whose concurrence was obtained by some trifling alteration of detail, which made no difference in the principle of the Bill. The Bill did no sort of good, and only seemed to drag the House of Lords through the dirt. I wonder the Duke of Wellington stood it.

November 3d.—A characteristic trait of Brougham has just come under my notice. Full of wrath and vengeance against Fonblanque for his reiterated attacks, he is pursuing the action which he long ago threatened against the *Examiner*. He is gone off to France, having first arranged everything with Vizard for the cause. He thought it necessary to obtain from Reeve an affidavit about the practice in the Privy Council, by which he might prove that he could not be cognizant of a case before it was judicially brought before him. He desired Reeve to attend at Vizard's office, which

[1] [The House of Lords, having decided in the Auchterarder case in favor of the right of patronage in the Church of Scotland, the Disruption which led to the establishment of the Free Church took place on May 18, 1843. Lord Aberdeen brought a bill into the House of Lords on June 13th to remove doubt as to the rights of patrons, but it was then too late to heal the breach.]

he did, and found there an affidavit prepared for him according to Brougham's instructions. When Reeve read it over, he found that there was hardly one word of truth in it, and he said he would not sign it. He then proceeded to explain what the practice is, and what the facts were in this particular case, by which it was evident that Reeve's evidence would be prejudicial instead of serviceable to Brougham. They therefore gave up all thought of getting any affidavit from him; but it seems to have occurred to Brougham's restless mind, that it was just possible the other party might inquire into the practice, and call upon Reeve to make an affidavit, which would suit their purpose very well, though not his. To avert this danger, he had the folly and the baseness to write to Reeve on the eve of his departure, telling him that in case any application was made to him of this nature by the opposite party, he must remember that it was a voluntary act on his part, that he was not obliged to comply, and that it would not be becoming in him to render any assistance to a party in litigation with one of the Judges of the Court to which he belonged. This letter Reeve brought to me, and he said that though it was not very probable they would apply to him, after receiving it he should decline to do anything on his own responsibility, and if called upon, should come to me for instructions. I told him to do so, and I would take it all on myself. This is as thorough a *Broughamism* as can be found in the history of his strange, discreditable life.

November 7th.—Last night came intelligence from Nice that Edward Villiers was dead. He went there in a hopeless state, was worse after his arrival; then an abscess in his lungs broke, which gave a momentary gleam of hope, but he expired very soon after. I had a great regard for him, and he deserved it. He was a man little known of the world in general, shy, reserved to strangers, cold and rather austere in his manners, and being very short-sighted, made people think he meant to slight them when he had no such intention. He was not fitted to bustle into public notice, and such ambition as he had was not of the noisy and ostentatious kind. But no man was more beloved by his family and friends, and none could be more agreeable in any society when he was completely at his ease. He was most warm-hearted and affectionate, sincere, obliging, disinterested, unselfish, and of scrupulous integrity, by which I

mean integrity in the largest sense, not merely that which shrinks from doing a dishonorable or questionable action, but which habitually refers to conscientious principles in every transaction of life. He viewed things with the eye of a philosopher, and aimed at establishing a perfect consistency between his theory and his practice. He had a remarkably acute and searching intellect, with habits of patient investigation and mature deliberation ; his soul was animated by ardent aspirations after the improvement and the happiness of mankind, and he abhorred injustice and oppression in all their shapes and disguises with an honest intensity which produced something of a morbid sentiment in his mind, and sometimes betrayed him into mistaken impressions and erroneous conclusions. The expansive benevolence of his moral sentiments powerfully influenced his political opinions, and his deep sympathy with the poor not only rendered him inexorably severe to the vices of the rich, but made him regard with aversion and distrust the aristocratic elements of our institutions, and rendered him an ardent promoter of the most extensive schemes of progressive reform. But while he clung with inflexible constancy to his own opinions, no man was more tolerant of the opinion of others. In conversation he was animated, brilliant, amusing, and profound, bringing sincerity, single-mindedness, and knowledge to bear upon every discussion. His life, though short, uneventful, and retired, was passed in the contemplation of subjects of the highest interest, and worthiest to occupy the thoughts of a good and wise man, and the few intimacies he cultivated were with congenial minds, estimable for their moral excellence or distinguished by their intellectual qualities and attainments. The world at large will never know what virtues and talents have been prematurely snatched away from it, for those only who have seen Edward Villiers in the unrestraint and unreserve of domestic familiarity can appreciate the charm of his disposition and the vigor of his understanding. No stranger would have divined that under that cold and grave exterior there lay concealed an exquisite sensibility, the most ardent affections, and a mind fertile in every good and noble quality. To the relations and friends, who were devotedly attached to him, the loss is irreparable and will long be deplored, and the only consolation which offers itself is to be found in the circumstances of his end. He was surrounded by kind and

affectionate friends, and expired in the arms of a wife whose conduct he himself described to have been that of a heroine as well as an angel. He was in possession of all his faculties, and was free from bodily pain. He died with the cheerfulness of a philosopher, and the resignation of a Christian, happy, devout, and hopeful, and joyfully contemplating death in an assured faith of a resurrection from the dead.

November 14th.—I broke off to go and attend my poor aunt's funeral, who was buried in the most private way possible at Kensal Green. I never saw the place before, and liked the appearance of it, for I have never seen any reason why none but gloomy images and symbols should be accumulated round the graves of our departed friends. I am not surprised that people who go to visit this spot, and see the cheerfulness and the beauty it exhibits, feel a longing to take their last rest in it. Such was her case, poor soul! A more kind-hearted being never lived, one more inoffensive, or who passed a more uneventful and innocent life. She was one of the

> Unlettered Christians who believe in gross,
> Plod on to Heaven and ne'er are at a loss—

and so much the better for her. I suppose few people ever had fewer sins to repent of, none probably, unless some infirmities of temper amounted to such. For the last two years she was afflicted with a cancer, and under the exhaustion produced by this disease she at last sank. She died full of devout sentiments, and uttering that language, at once self-accusing, humble, and grateful, which the orthodox forms of religion indiscriminately prescribe. God only can judge how far they are sincere.

November 25th.—We are all occupied with the trials in Ireland. It was very generally thought by the lawyers here that the plea of abatement put in by O'Connell would be admitted, and the indictment quashed; but the judges unanimously admitted the demurer, and overruled the plea. Baron Parke told me on Saturday last that the plea was certainly good, and that was Rolfe's opinion also. The majority of the lawyers, though there was much difference of opinion, I believed inclined that way, and the Irish judges seem to have decided it rather in conformity with the practice of their predecessors, than upon their own construction

of the statutes. There are many speculations as to the duration of the trial, various calculations from a fortnight to two years, and a strong belief that there is small chance of a conviction. However, as far as the business has gone, the measures taken by the Government seem justified by the results, and public opinion goes with them.

It is now decided, I suspect after much doubt and discussion, that the Queen is not to receive the Duc de Bordeaux, which will give rise to a great deal of chatter and abuse and many conflicting opinions.[1] I have always thought she ought to receive him, and think so still. The Whigs are provoked, at least some of them, at the Queen's visit to Peel, and try hard to persuade themselves and others that it is no mark of favor to him, and that she is still very fond of them. It won't do, however; they will persuade nobody else, if they can themselves; she cares really for nobody but her husband. The Tories have got fast hold of him, and through him of her, and this provokes the Whigs to death.

A rascally attorney has brought actions against a parcel of people for penalties for excessive gaming under an old statute of Anne, which has never been acted upon, at least as to bets on horse-races. The penalties are laid at a great amount, and the object is supposed to be vindictive. They have threatened me, but not served me with a writ. All the lawyers say that it is necessary to bring in a Bill to repeal the Act, or as much of it as may be necessary, and quash the proceedings. I suppose there is no doubt of its passing, but there will be found people to oppose it, and who would think it right to leave jockeys and betters to their fate, under any circumstances, in order to put down gambling, and, if it were possible, horse-racing itself, although it is the policy of the legislators to encourage the latter, and it does so by annual votes of money for prizes to be run for.

November 29th.—Yesterday Lord Wharncliffe told me the present state of the Education question, and the intentions of Government. They will not burn their fingers with any more bills, but are going to extend the present system and dispense more money. But they are quarreling with

[1] [The visit of the Duc de Bordeaux to England led to a great demonstration of the Legitimist party, who flocked to Belgrave Square, where he had taken a house. It had been intended to receive the Prince at Windsor, but when his visit assumed a strong political character, which gave great umbrage to the French Court, this design was abandoned, and he was not presented to the Queen.]

the British and Foreign School Society, who kick at the appointment of an inspector independent of themselves, and claim that he shall be removable at their pleasure. The Government, in order to conciliate them, have removed Mr. Tremenheere, who is an excellent man, but who was on bad terms with them; but the fact is, they are not to be conciliated. Their success in defeating the Government measure last session has increased their notions of their own consequence, and nothing will satisfy them now but being put on a level with the Church. I have for some time past expected that the Government would be driven to cast themselves entirely on the Church, and it would be no bad thing for them if they were. With fair and liberal intentions, they give satisfaction to no party at present; they would then at least act on an intelligible principle, and would have the support of the most powerful and influential interest there is. Wharncliffe is mightily pleased with his own management of the Council Office, the principal part of which is the Education Department. He really has reason, for he has taken great pains, and has shown fairness, liberality, and, I believe, firmness too. His intentions are certainly good, and I am inclined to think that justice is done to him. He really too does the business *himself*.

December 7th.—There has been a great botheration about the Duc de Bordeaux. When he came here the question arose whether the Queen should receive him or not, and most people thought she ought, for his friends declared that he came without any political object or pretension, merely to amuse and inform himself. When the Queen was at Eu, the Duke's intended visit to England was known and discussed, and at that time Guizot told Aberdeen that, so far from objecting, it was their wish that every civility should be shown him. But it subsequently appeared that, whether with or without his cognizance, his adherents intended to make his residence in London instrumental to a great political demonstration, and they had previously endeavored to negotiate for his reception by the Emperor of Russia at Berlin through M. de St. Priest, who went there for that purpose. This entirely changed the nature of the case, and Guizot wrote to Aberdeen, stating these facts, and expressing a wish that under such circumstances the Queen would not receive him, and it was decided that she should not. The Prince began by a tour in the provinces, and a visit to Alton

Towers, where he was very royally treated. He went to Chatsworth and Trentham to see the places, and wrote his name in the books of visitors as *Henri de France*, which might mean anything or nothing. About a week ago he arrived in London, and at the same time every Carlist in France, to the number of several hundred, flocked over to attend his Court. The town has ever since swarmed with monstrous beards of every cut and color, and every night he receives a succession of them. A few days ago three hundred gentlemen waited on old Chateaubriand, and harangued him through the Duke de FitzJames, whom they unanimously elected as their mouth-piece. He began in these terms: "These gentlemen who have been to render their homage *to the King of France*," etc. Soon after this ceremony was concluded, the Duc de Bordeaux came into the room, and made a speech, in which he talked of looking toward the throne of his ancestors, and if he did so, it was for the good he might do to France. Such language as this was sure to make a great sensation; it showed what the pretensions and objects of these very foolish people were, and how indispensable it was that the Queen should have nothing whatever to say to him. The French Court were well pleased that they had thrown aside the mask, and committed him and themselves so entirely, and they immediately resolved to attack such of the Carlist faction as are members of the Chamber of Deputies, as soon as the Chambers shall meet. St. Aulaire told me this the other night at Lady Holland's, where I had a long conversation with him on the whole subject, and Guizot took the trouble to write a letter to Reeve of two sheets of paper, in which he went at great length into the conduct of the party, and the feelings and intentions of the French Government in regard to it. St. Aulaire told me that the Queen is annoyed at the Duc de Bordeaux's having come here without her consent, and at his making London the theatre of this absurd Carlist drama.

December 13th.—Here I am laid up with the gout again, never having been free from it for nearly three months. I dined with Lady Holland the other day, and met Melbourne for the second time only since his illness. He looked tolerably well in the face, but was feeble and out of spirits. He had been at the Queen's party at Chatsworth, which excited him, and was bad for him. At first he attempted to talk in his old strain; but it was evidently an effort, he soon re-

lapsed into silence, and was in a hurry to get away the moment dinner was over. I have no doubt he chafes and frets under the consciousness of his decay. Duncannon was there, and talked of Ireland and the trial. Melbourne, by-the-way, justified the Government, and said, "I must say they have been consistent, they always said it was a conspiracy; they said so to me in the House of Lords. I used to hold that there could be no conspiracy where there was no concealment, which was a mistake. I was quite wrong about that, and acted on that principle." "Why did you?" said Lady Holland. "Oh, I don't know, it was a blunder." There was a sort of candor in all this, like Melbourne and peculiar to him. He is a great disdainer of humbug, and values truth *quand même*, as the French say.

Duncannon said the popularity of O'Connell, the Liberator, as they all call him, is unbounded, and the Rent this year will be £25,000. He asked the people in his neighborhood what they were making the great fires for, and they said, "Because the Liberator has *bet* the Attorney-General." He asked them why they wished for Repeal, and they said, "Because the Liberator said it would be a great thing for them."

Duncannon in the evening told me the story of George II.'s robbery in Kensington Gardens, which I had heard before, but remembered imperfectly. He was walking with William IV., he said, in Kensington Gardens one day, and when they got to a certain spot the King said to him, "It was here, my Lord, that my great-grandfather, King George II., was robbed. He was in the habit of walking every morning alone round the garden, and one day a man jumped over the wall, approached the King, but with great respect, and told him he was in distress, and was compelled to ask him for his money, his watch, and the buckles in his shoes. The King gave him what he had about him, and the man knelt down to take off his buckles, all the time with profound respect. When he had got everything, the King told him that there was a seal on the watch-chain of little or no value, but which he wished to have back, and requested he would take it off the chain and restore it. The man said, "Your Majesty must be aware that we have already been here some time, and that it is not safe for me to stay longer, but if you will give me your word not to say anything of what has passed for twenty-four hours, I will place the seal

at the same hour to-morrow morning on that stone," pointing to a particular place. The King promised, went the next morning at the appointed hour, the man appeared, brought the seal, and then jumped over the wall and went off. "His Majesty," added King William, "never afterward walked alone in Kensington Gardens." His Majesty's attendants must have been rather surprised to see him arrive at the palace *minus* his shoe-buckles!

All the people who have been at the Royal progress say there never was anything so grand as Chatsworth; and the Duke, albeit he would have willingly dispensed with this visit, treated the Queen right royally. He met her at the station and brought her in his own coach-and-six, with a coach-and-four following, and eight outriders. The finest sight was the illumination of the garden and the fountains; and after seeing the whole place covered with innumerable lamps and all the material of the illuminations, the guests were astonished and delighted when they got up the following morning not to find a vestige of them left, and the whole garden as trim and neat as if nothing had occurred. This was accomplished by Paxton, who got 200 men, set them to work, and worked with them the whole night till they had cleared away everything belonging to the exhibition of the preceding night. This was a great exploit in its way and produced a great effect. At Belvoir the Prince went hunting and acquitted himself in the field very creditably. He was supposed to be a very poor performer in this line, and, as Englishmen love manliness and dexterity in field sports, it will have raised him considerably in public estimation to have rode well after the hounds in Leicestershire.

It is amusing to see the sensation which the article in the *Times* a few days ago on the Duc de Bordeaux has made both here and in France. Every French newspaper copied it *in extenso*, and, considering the prodigious number of people who take their opinions ready made from that paper, there is little doubt that it will have put an extinguisher upon him here. Great effects these, and if the world could but see and know what the machinery is which produces them, how such crushing philippics are planned and executed, they would be surprised. The article was written by Henry Reeve, and when he was presented to the King shortly afterward at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe, who had been told by M. Guizot that the article was written

by Reeve, said to him, "I regret, Mr. Reeve, that I cannot more fully express in this place the obligation which I feel for the service you have done us." The English circle at the French Court looked on with amazement when this speech was made.

December 20th.—On Monday night I went to the Westminster Play, "Phormio," admirably acted by three of the boys. It was very amusing, much more than I thought possible on reading the play. It is the work of an accomplished playwright, full of good situations and replete with stage effect. They ought to leave off the vile custom of encoring the prologue and epilogue. We had to listen to ninety-six lines of the latter repeated twice over, when the audience was tired and, however well entertained, impatient to disperse.

Broadlands, December 29th.—I came here to-day, having passed the previous week at Brighton with the Granvilles; found nobody but Melbourne and the Beauvales; the former in pretty good force, more grave, more silent than formerly, but with intervals of talkativeness in his usual tone and manner. Things drop from him now and then, curious or interesting. We were talking about newspapers and their contributors, and he told us that the famous article in the *Times* about bludgeons and brickbats during the rage of the Reform Bill was written by Lord Dover, and that nothing was too strong for him to put in a newspaper. I asked him about a thing he had once before told me, which is the connection which subsisted between our Government and the Court of Rome, and a particular appointment which he had solicited the Pope not to confer. It was that of Dr. M'Hale as Archbishop of Tuam. Melbourne caused a request to be made to the Pope not to sanction it, but the Pope would not comply, and appointed M'Hale. He observed on that occasion, that ever since the Relief Bill had passed, the English Government never failed to interfere about every appointment as it fell vacant. On another occasion Melbourne begged the Pope to confer some piece of preferment on a priest, whose name I forget, who had supported the Government candidate very zealously in some election. This state of things and such communications between the Holy Father and the English Minister are curious. Palmerston said that there was nothing to prevent our sending a Minister to Rome; but *they* had not dared to do it, on account

of their supposed Popish tendency; Peel might. Talking about the Corn Laws, Melbourne said he had prevented any measure being proposed for above three years, and that if he had done it sooner his Government would have fallen sooner. Many were earnest in favor of a proposition; John Russell particularly; Thomson, though the most strenuous free-trader, was against it, foreseeing the consequences.

January 14th, 1844.—Everybody is full of the trial of O'Connell in Dublin—this unhappy trial, which has been one continual course of blunders and mismanagement from first to last. There is now an immense uproar about the jury list, and, as if fate had determined that the worst appearance should be given to the whole proceeding, Shaw the Recorder is implicated in a manner which can easily be made to look very suspicious. The Sheriff sent a list of some seventy-eight names to the Recorder; instead of remaining in Dublin, as he ought to have done, he must needs come to England to visit Lord Talbot. He went over for one day to Drayton, and it happened that on the same day he received the Sheriff's list; he returned it, but by some mistake did not return two slips, as they are called, containing sixty and odd names. The list, therefore, from which the jury was taken was an imperfect list, and they will say, and all the Irish will believe, that the mutilation was a concerted affair between Peel and Shaw. They also affirm that the excluded were mostly Catholics, which is, I believe, the reverse of the truth. This was an accident, but it was an awkward blunder to add to the long list of those already committed. Then the striking off all the Catholics from the jury is inveighed against here as an act of madness, there as of intolerable injustice and insult. It does appear to me an enormous blunder, and none of the excuses made for it seems even plausible. The Government ought to look far beyond the event of this trial. It would be a thousand times better to have O'Connell acquitted by a mixed jury than convicted by one all Protestant. I do not know whether such an acquittal would not be on the whole the best result; if he should be convicted, the whole process would be considered as a monstrous outrage against justice, and Government will be terribly puzzled to know how to deal with him. His conviction would produce the worst possible effect in Ireland, and render the exasperation and hatred of the people more bitter and unappeasable. If he is acquitted by a Protestant jury

the triumph of the Catholics will be much greater, their resentment not less, and in England his acquittal by a jury formed of both persuasions would only be attributed to the determination of the Catholics not to convict him ; supposing that a strong case is really made out, and Ministers should appear to be justified in requiring any fresh powers they thought necessary, they would find it difficult to ask for any if he was acquitted by a Protestant jury—in short, it is an inextricable *mess*, and how they will get out of it, God only knows. They have missed the great opportunity that was afforded them of giving a convincing proof to the Irish people that they wish O'Connell to have a fair trial. If they had begun by doing this, and then exhibited to the world a good case, they might have felt easy enough as to the result. If the Catholic jurors had cast their mantles over him, it would soon have been known ; the Irish might have sung universal jubilations and lit bonfires on every hill ; but it would have been no real triumph, and the value of a moral conviction in the eyes of the people of England would have been unappreciable. All this has been overlooked in a stupid, narrow-minded, short-sighted, professional eagerness to insure a conviction.

Yesterday Lord Wharncliffe showed me a dispatch from Lord Ellenborough to Lord Ripon, on the subject of his position with respect to the Secret Committee of the Directors, which is admirable, both in sentiment and expression. I knew already that the Court and the Government were at variance about his Indian policy, and that the Duke of Wellington not only strongly supported him, but wrote to him (I saw one of his letters) in cordial terms of approval and encouragement ; but I did not know that the differences between Ellenborough and the Court were so serious as it appears they were, and I suppose are. The Secret Committee passed a resolution condemnatory of his proceedings in Scinde, couched in very strong and even offensive language, and to this resolution he responds in terms full of dignity and determination. He tells them that ever since he took the Government in India, which was at a time of unparalleled difficulty, they had thrown every obstacle in his way, and embarrassed his course by their want of co-operation and encouragement. He asks why, if such was their opinion, they did not exercise the power with which they are invested, censure and recall him ; that he should not be provoked to

resign, because he believed that his doing so at this moment would be productive of more evil than his endeavoring to administer the Government with such crippled means as they left to him, and he should therefore cast upon them the whole responsibility of withdrawing him if they pleased, and continue to discharge his duty, fully relying upon his possessing the confidence of the Crown, though he might not possess theirs. I believe he is doing well in India now. How, by-the-by, in all his letters, the Duke of Wellington inveighs against "the licentious Press" both in India and here! He hates the press everywhere, but he knows that here it is, if an evil, a necessary and unavoidable evil; but in such a country as India, he cannot forgive those who introduce the pernicious anomaly of a free press, and in this I entirely agree with him. It was done by Sir Charles Metcalfe, a man of extraordinary ability, and considered as one of the greatest authorities, if not the greatest, on Indian affairs.

January 26th.—At Hatchford for three or four days. O'Connell's trial moves heavily along; nobody takes much interest in it, or expects any serious result from it. The Opposition mean to begin the session with an attack on the Government *de rebus Hibernicis*—rather dangerous warfare. Charles Buller wrote to O'Connell in his own name and Hawes's, asking him if anything could be done, and what. He wrote a very civil answer, saying he was happy to communicate with them, though it was quite useless; he could not give up Repeal, and England hated Ireland with too much intensity to render her real justice, especially John Russell, who was the bitterest enemy of the Catholic religion, his hatred to which he had proved on innumerable occasions. However, he said, he would never do anything to obstruct any practical results, if they were possible, and he would tell them how his influence might be annulled and his political power put an end to. He then told him some half-dozen items of "justice," the principal one of which was the Church. He said that the Irish never would be satisfied as long as the Protestant Church stood in all its predominance among them, a badge of their servitude and oppression, hateful, offensive, and mortifying to the Irish people; that what they wanted was perfect religious equality, and this could only be obtained by sweeping away all Church establishments, and paying neither. The rest of his

recommendations were pretty much the same as when he has been in the habit of holding forth in his speeches and writings. There was nothing new in his letter, and nothing to lay hold of; he passed over the real evils which weigh down the people, and their causes—poverty, hunger, nakedness, no employment, no capital flowing there to set them to work. We shall have plenty of wrangling and violence, but no good will come of it all. The Irish question is a mighty maze, it is a vast babel of conflicting opinions, and hostile passions and prejudices. In the great divisions of party there are innumerable subdivisions upon all Irish matters; there are vast masses of opinions, jostling with other masses, intermingling in a confused conflict, not arranged in one compact body against another compact body, with one distinguishing banner over each; and out of all this confusion it is impossible to look for any satisfactory and reasonable solution of all the difficult questions that are afloat.

CHAPTER XVII.

Opening of Parliament—State of Parties—The Duke of Wellington's Health—The Duke's Correspondence with Lord Haddington—Constitution of the Judicial Committee—Debate on the State of Ireland—Lord Hertford's Will—A Pun of Jekyll's—Lord Melbourne—The Irish Church—The Privy Council Bill—Anecdote of Mr. Pitt's Peers—Cambridge—Lord Ellenborough's Recall—Lord Brougham's Hostility—The Factory Bill—Lord Hardinge Governor-General of India—Lord Brougham on Lord Hertford's Case—The Emperor of Russia in London—Government Defeat on the Sugar Duties—Sir Robert Peel resolves to resign—The Opening of Letters at the Post-Office—The Case of "Running Rein"—Lord Brougham's Privy Council Bill—Summary of Events—The Tahiti Quarrel with France—The O'Connell Judgment—Lord Stanley goes to the Upper House.

London, February 2d, 1844.—Parliament opened yesterday; as usual with a Speech saying nothing, the Government apparently pretty confident, and the Opposition bent on mischief.

February 8th. — The session has opened favorably enough for Ministers. The first night Peel made a decided speech, and he has taken a decided attitude. He declared that he did not mean to make any alteration at all in the present Corn Law, either as to duty or scale. This was such an agreeable announcement to his friends, that it put them at once into good humor, and they will

now fight with him cordially and vigorously, and we shall at least have a clear line of demarcation, and good fair stand-up party contests. While he has made himself strong and his party united *for the present*, the Opposition have no unity of opinion, Howick and John Russell being evidently opposed to each other, and probably all of them entertaining all sorts of shades and gradations of opinion. Peel evidently means to give up the notion of appealing to the reason of the country, and the moderation which he hoped would help him through his *juste milieu* course, and thinks only of rallying the great Tory body round him, and exhibiting himself as the master of certain and willing majorities. As long as this Parliament lasts, it makes him as firm as a rock, after which, God knows what will happen. The Irish trials are almost over. O'Connell made a miserable speech; Sheil and Whiteside were very good, especially the latter. The episode of the Attorney-General's challenge came very opportunely for the first night's debate, and the Government stood by him gallantly, which they probably were right in doing, for no Government will be well and heartily served, unless it throws its shield over its people when they fall into difficulties.

February 9th.—As everything is interesting that relates to the Duke of Wellington, it is so to hear the observations of those whose situation enables them to watch the descending course of this great luminary. Nobody has such opportunities as my brother. I was telling him yesterday what Lord Wharncliffe had said to me, that it was pleasant to see the extraordinary deference and attention which are shown to him by his colleagues at the Cabinet. He always sits in the same place, and each person who has anything to say or any subject to bring forward invariably goes and sits next to him, to enable him to hear better the material part of what is going forward, and the greatest respect is evinced to his opinions on all subjects. He told me that this was also very apparent in the correspondence of his colleagues, who addressed him in the most deferential manner, and often expressed their readiness to give up propositions which did not meet with his concurrence. But he said that he grew more and more irritable, and often expressed himself even to his colleagues with an asperity which was matter of great regret to him (Algernon Greville), and that frequently he felt the strongest desire to alter and soften the tone of his letters,

but that this was quite impossible: nobody ever dared to say anything to him, *he* could not, and it would be useless if he did, as it was not an accidental ebullition, but proceeded from the increased and increasing irritability of his mind. He instanced two cases lately, one of a letter to Sir Robert Peel, and another to Lord Haddington, not on very material subjects, but in which a tone of ruffled temper and something like pique was apparent, very unlike his old disposition. The only person who sees his letters is Arbuthnot, who never ventures to object, or to criticise them; and if he did, Algy much doubts whether the Duke would take the trouble to alter what he has once written. However, he is a wonder, be his infirmities what they may.

February 11*th.*—Yesterday Algy showed me the Duke's correspondence with Haddington,[1] which is a terrible rigmarole, lengthy, angry, mistaken, and altogether sadly demonstrative of a falling off in his great mind. The subject is so insignificant that it would be waste of time to say a word on it, if it were not for the interest which attaches to the great man to whom it relates. Admiral Parker wrote a warm panegyric on his nephew, Captain Wellesley, which he wound up by saying, he spoke cautiously and reservedly (or some such expression) for fear his motives should be misunderstood. The sentence was an awkward one, but the sense was clear, and could only mean that he was afraid it might be thought he praised the nephew in order to pay court to the uncle, and therefore he in reality said rather less than more than he deserved. The Duke chose to take it in an exactly opposite sense, and insisted that it could only mean that *he* was so obnoxious that even his relative was not to receive his just meed of praise—a thing not only quite improbable and absurd, but absolutely unmeaning. On this he descanted very angrily, and then went off on his own services, and that he never asked for anything for any of his belongings, and a great deal of very pitiful balderdash. Haddington seems to have *tombé de son haut*, at getting this extraordinary ebullition, and wrote back what he meant to be a soother, assuring the Duke that he had never thought of taking it in that sense, far from it, and he added all that was respectful and obliging of himself and his nephew, as well as what was reasonable and true; but the old hero's

[1] [Lord Haddington was First Lord of the Admiralty, a circumstance which gave rise to this correspondence.]

blood was up, he had got his head the wrong way, and the devil would not get it right again. He insisted on his own version of the Admiral's letter, declared nobody could possibly read it in any other sense (nobody could possibly see it in his), and fired back another sulky broadside upon the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The night before last Brougham came down to the House of Lords and announced a bill which he is going to bring in to *amend!* the working of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or, as he called it, to "remedy its imperfections." Yesterday Wharncliffe gave me the history of this transaction, which, if he is allowed successfully to carry on, will be one of the most impudent jobs that ever was perpetrated, and assuredly the Government must be strong which can afford to be a consenting party to it. In the state of incessant activity he has long been in he has, it seems, an ardent longing to do something for *himself*. Money I do not believe he cares about, though probably not averse to be well furnished with the means of feasting his numerous clients, and the noble, honorable, learned, and fashionable friends with whom he cultivates or affects intimacies in all ranks and all parties; but he wants some distinction, and something which at least may give him the air of having authority somewhere and a kind of official right to be still more meddling and intrusive and dictatorial than he already is. Who knows, too, whether his excursive mind does not look to the possibility of his making any official or quasi-official situation a stepping-stone to the Woolsack, under certain circumstances or contingencies, which may glimmer to his mind's eye in the distant future? Be this as it may he has been pestering the Chancellor to make him Vice-President of the Judicial Committee. The Chancellor, who is very anxious to retain him in his service, has already committed himself to an opinion expressed in the House of Lords that it would be a good thing to give the Judicial Committee a vice-president (*i. e.*, a judicial head), and he has also said that those who come and work there ought to be paid for their services, and without such pay nobody ought to be required or expected to attend. This last *dictum* was purely selfish and to excuse himself from giving his own services during the many years he was out of office and doing nothing. When the Judicial Committee was first constituted Brougham intended to make a job of it, and framed several provisions

accordingly ; but meeting with some resistance (which I contrived to spirit up Lord Landsdowne to make), and finding that if there was any patronage the disposal of it would not be allotted to him (then Chancellor), he became indifferent on that score, and no provision was made for the payment of any members of the committee not deriving emoluments from other sources. For many years accordingly the clause which empowered the Queen to appoint certain persons who had not held judicial offices in England to be members was not acted upon at all. By arrangements made from time to time a quorum was always secured consisting of persons either in office or holding judicial pensions. These arrangements were not free from difficulties and objections, still with a little trouble and occasional obstacles the business went on pretty well; latterly, however, in consequence of certain new duties which have been imposed on the Common Law judges, we have in great measure lost the services of those of the judges who are members of our Court. On the other hand, as soon as Campbell relinquished the Great Seal in Ireland, he consented to be appointed a judge in the Privy Council (though having no pension), and he has ever since attended as a volunteer, punctually, generously, and efficiently. His aid has been the principal support of the Court, and it has lately obtained the equally important aid of Pemberton Leigh, who was made a Privy Councilor when he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall on the express condition of his sitting in the Judicial Committee, which he declared his readiness to do, and he was appointed accordingly. There never was any question of Pemberton's receiving a salary ; indeed, if it had been contemplated that whoever was named to the vacant seat in the Judicial Committee should be paid, Peel would probably have looked for some man to whom the salary would have been an object, and to whom it would have been an object to him to give it, instead of throwing away a lucrative office on one who is so rich that he has no occasion for it. However, Brougham was resolved to get himself made Vice-President, which is, in fact, President of this Court ; but he was aware that it would be by no means palatable to some of the other members, especially Campbell, and probably Pemberton, that he should put himself over their heads, and as there is not the slightest occasion for any such change, and no reason to believe that either of the two volunteers desires or expects

any salary, the matter was not very easy. Still, he made such a bother about it that the Chancellor had a meeting with Lord Wharncliffe, the Duke, and Peel, to consider of it. The Duke said if there was any honorary appointment which would gratify him, and which they could, not improperly, confer on him, he thought, *considering the way he worked for them*, it would be as well to let him have it; but they agreed that they could not propose anything in the way of emolument, and at last it was settled that he should be made Vice-President. It occurred to them, however, that as the Judicial Committee was a Parliamentary creation, it was not quite certain that the Queen had power to make the appointment, and that it would be right to consult the Attorney and Solicitor-General thereupon. The law officers said they would not assert that the Queen had not the power, but, as it was in the nature of a change, they thought it would be safer to do it by Act of Parliament. The Ministers therefore told Brougham they could not do it, and they declined bringing in any Bill; on which he said, with some reflections on their want of spirit, that he would himself bring in a Bill, and accordingly he gave this notice the other night. I have not yet seen the Bill, and I don't know whether he has communicated with any of his colleagues on the subject, and in what light they regard the matter; but I am exceedingly desirous of defeating such a job, as it appears to be, if I can, and most assuredly I will endeavor to do so.

February 15th.—Nothing could exceed the satisfaction of the Government at the result of the trial at Dublin, which, after all the blunders and accidents, ended very well indeed for them, and far better than they ever expected.[1] The unanimity of the judges they scarcely hoped for; then the jury were unanimous and determined, and yet considerate and not violent. The poor devils were locked up, without any necessity, from Saturday night till Monday morning, for there would have been no risk in taking the verdict on Sunday. The Chief Justice's charge was more like an advocate's speech than a judicial charge, stronger by far than any of our judges would have thought of delivering.

[1] [On February 12th, after a trial which lasted twenty-five days, O'Connell was found guilty on all the eleven counts of the indictment relating to conspiracy; an appeal was entered, and judgment deferred. The verdict was subsequently set aside, as will shortly be seen, on a purely technical ground.]

This verdict arrived very opportunely for the debate which began on Monday, and was a heavy blow and discouragement to the Opposition. Most people regard it with satisfaction, and think it will do a world of good. The agitation, which has been suspended, will not now be renewed. The notion of O'Connell's infallibility which had got hold of the people has been destroyed, and the Irish have seen that the Government is resolved to put the law in force, and that the law is able to smite those who violate it. The display of talent on this trial appears to have excited general admiration. Mr. Justice Burton said that he remembered the days of Ireland's forensic eminence, of Flood and his contemporaries, but that he had never seen such ability displayed as upon this trial. The speeches of Sheil and Whiteside, and the summing-up of the Soilcitor-General, have been the most admired.

Lord John Russell opened the debate in a speech three and a half hours' long, the greater part of which was very good.[1] His attack upon Lyndhurst was imprudent, unfair, and in bad taste, and his notice of Bradshaw pitiful. Graham made a very good speech in reply to him. The most important circumstance in these speeches was the respective declarations of the speakers about the Irish Church. John Russell went further, and spoke more decisively than he had ever done before, and declared for a complete equality between Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians; Graham, that he would not consent to touch the Protestant or endow the Catholic Church.

February 17th.—The debate has moved on heavily. The most remarkable speeches have been Howick's, Sir George Grey's, Disraeli's, and Stanley's. Howick spoke out and declared at once he would make the Catholic the established religion of Ireland. Disraeli made a very clever speech, not *saying* so much, but implying it, and under the guise of compliment making an ingenious and amusing attack on Peel, Stanley, and Graham. Stanley's speech satisfied his people and elicited their cheers, one of his slashing harangues, and perhaps he gave a sufficient reply to John Russell; for the fact is, that such speeches as theirs are quite useless and unmeaning, do not advance the question, or tend in the

[1] [On February 13th Lord John Russell moved for a Committee of the whole House to inquire into the state of Ireland. It was rejected by a majority of ninety-nine.]

slightest degree to a solution of the enormous difficulties of our position ; for it cannot be denied that to whatever plan, or rather experiment, any man may lean, the difficulties of execution are such as to terrify and embarrass the clearest head and the boldest heart. The debate will last some days more, but what may be said of it is this, that it will be the commencement of a new war of principles. The Opposition, however, are still divided and subdivided into many shades of opinion, and nothing but the necessity of union for party purposes will bring about those mutual concessions, without which no union can be accomplished. There is a long interval still between Howick and John Russell. The fear is, that this new Catholic question will be met by a new "No Popery" cry ; though the Tory leaders will prevent this if they can, still it is clear that their declarations must draw them closer to the Church, and cement the alliance between them ; while the Dissenters and the Scotch, however they may prefer a Whig connection, will be pretty sure to join in opposition to the Catholics, and to anything like the establishment or endowment of the Catholic Church. Dundas told me to-day that hardly any Scotch Member could safely vote for a Catholic endowment.

February 22d.—The debate is still going on. By far the most remarkable speech that has yet been made was Macaulay's—an essay perhaps it may be called, but still a brilliant oration, and the end of it, with his reply to Stanley and his appeal to Peel, admirable. He reserved himself for another occasion to speak about the Church, which meant that he was in dread of his constituents. Follett followed him, but disappointed everybody. Tuesday night was entirely occupied by Wilde, and last night by Smith, the Irish Attorney-General, both very able. Wilde was supposed to have made a very damaging assault on the trial and its incidents, to a great part of which Smith replied very successfully, and his speech was very well received. I met Lady Palmerston at dinner on Tuesday, and asked her if Palmerston was going to speak. She said he would not if he could help it. After dinner I talked to her about the strange condition of the question, when she said that "everybody was agreed." I said I thought no two people were agreed, and pointed out how John Russell said one thing, Howick another, and so of all the rest, none seeming to have any fixed opinion what should be done, though all insisted that

something must. She said John Russell had better not have said what he did, and they did not mind what Howick said, that Palmerston agreed with the Government, and that, in fact, their plan (of giving glebes to the Catholic clergy) was his, and that he had not only suggested it, but had acted on it as far as the law permitted. Peel is certainly acting very shrewdly in letting this debate go on as long as anybody chooses to continue it, for *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and nothing can better excuse the Government for not adopting some decisive measures than the manifestation of such a chaos of sentiment and opinion as the opposite benches afford. Stanley's speech a few nights ago, which was delivered in his best style, and much praised by his adherents, is severely censured by all but his adherents. It seems to have exhibited all that acrimony and disposition to bigotry which it is so desirable to get rid of, and though it may have been exhilarating to the spirits of his friends, it was much less suitable to his station, and less adapted to the great purposes of Government than Graham's.

All day yesterday I was listening to law in the Privy Council. Follett made a very able reply in the appeal of Croker against Lord Hertford. After which the Court proceeded to discuss the judgment. There were two points: one, whether Lord Hertford's codicil confirming all former codicils made good those which were not properly attested; the other, whether the will having been executed at Milan, and being good according to the *lex loci*, it was good here. If the first point was decided in favor of the appellant, the second would not arise, so they agreed to begin by considering the first. Dr. Lushington, Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, Baron Parke, and Lord Campbell concurred with the judgment; Abinger, Denman, and Brougham were against it; Tindal, who heard the first part of the case but not the last, was not there. After a great deal of talk they agreed to meet again and reconsider the case. They held the second point to be very difficult, but very little passed about it. Nothing can exemplify more the objection there would be to the Judges in our Court giving their opinions *seriatim* than this case. It would be very unsatisfactory to have so close a division made public; if Tindal should incline to the side of Brougham, Denman, and Co., I see that Knight Bruce will go over to them in all probability, and turn the scale the other way. In that case, if the Judges were to

deliver their opinions, it is abundantly probable that the arguments of the minority would appear the soundest law, and it would be a curious anomaly that such a case would be decided by the casting vote of a man whose real opinion was at variance with that which he would have to express. The parties had better have tossed up for the money at first.

The other day (*ut misceam dulcia utilibus*) Bobus Smith gave us at dinner at Lady Holland's a good pun of Jekyll's (I so regret never having met him). He was asked to dine at Lansdowne House, but was engaged to the Chief Justice. It happened that the ceiling of the dining-room at Lansdowne House fell in, which when Jekyll heard, he said he had been invited to "ruat cœlum," but was engaged to "fiat Justitia."

Sunday, February 25th.—On Friday night, after nine nights' debate, the longest since the Duke of York's case, the division took place, with 99 majority for the Government. The Attorney-General, Roebuck, O'Connell, and Peel occupied the last night: the Attorney-General very good; O'Connell spoke well, temperately, becomingly, was well received, and made a favorable impression; Peel an able speech of nearly four hours, very successful in repelling his opponent's attacks, a very good party speech, but in my opinion not well argued as to the Church question, and certainly containing nothing definite or satisfactory. Some thought it indicated a consciousness of the frail tenure by which the Church maintains itself, but he evinced no disposition under any circumstances to be a party to the alienation of its revenues. The general opinion is that the debate has reflected great credit on the House of Commons; the Speaker says he never heard one so good. There has been a great display of ability on both sides; the lawyers, the statesmen, and the orators have equally distinguished themselves; and, what is almost higher praise, the temper, the taste, and the tone have been excellent, just what becomes a discussion upon a subject so important and delicate. The best speeches have been those of John Russell, Sir George Grey, Howick, Macaulay, Wilde, and Sheil; Peel, Graham, Stanley, and the two Attorney-Generals; Disraeli very clever and original, full of *finesse*, in some respects the most striking of all. I think that on the whole it will do good: as far as the Government are concerned, it will strengthen them for a time; but from this moment a new

Catholic question will begin, though it would be indeed rash to predict when it will end. The Opposition all cry out that O'Connell has not had a fair trial, and the Government were extremely annoyed at Wilde's speech, which they felt was damaging. But the imputed unfairness amounts at most to this, that although the case was clearly proved against him, it is just possible, if the jury-list affair had not occurred, that some strong Catholic or Repealer might have been on the jury, by means of whose obstinate determination not to consent to a verdict of guilty he might have got off.

I dined at Palmerston's yesterday; Melbourne was there. He could not say O'Connell had not had a fair trial; and Luttrell said, which seemed to hit off Melbourne's own notion, that he had had a *fairish* trial. Melbourne said an odd thing which showed that he has not abandoned all idea of taking office again, though I hardly think he would if it came to the point. It was this, "There is not much chance of the House of Commons coming to a vote against Government; but still such a thing is possible, and I was kept awake half the night thinking, suppose such a thing did occur, and I was sent for to Windsor, what advice I should give the Queen"—"it kept me long awake," he repeated, "and I determined that I would advise her not to let Mr. O'Connell be brought up for judgment." It was very strange, and everybody looked amazed. He has been a very curious man all his life, and he is as strange as ever now, in the sort of make-believe with which he tries to delude himself and others. While all indicates the decay of his powers, and his own consciousness of it, he assumes an air and language as if he was the same man, and ready to act his old part on any stage and at any time. His friends are, I think, vexed and pained, and think it, as it is, a rather melancholy spectacle.

March 9th.—During the last fortnight there has been a great deal of discussion about the great debate, and there is a general impression that it will prove productive of good. Peel's speech is much commented on, and considered to signify his own opinion that the Irish Church must be dealt with sooner or later, but also his resolution to have no hand in the arrangement. At all events it is thought that his sentiments, as set forth in his speech, are very different from Stanley's, and even from Graham's. Some days ago John

Russell called on me, and talked the thing over. He said this about Peel, whom he so dislikes that whatever he says of him is always rather tinged with bitterness; and with regard to his own notions, he said that he was not opposed to the establishment of the Catholic religion, provided the Protestant was preserved. He is in fact prepared to go further than I was aware of.

Last night Brougham brought in his Privy Council Bill. I dined at Lansdowne House. Lord Lansdowne had been at the beginning of the discussion, and Melbourne and Normanby came in later, having stayed it out. They all thought it was impossible such a Bill could pass. Cottenham made a very good speech. The only point on which there seemed any agreement was on the expediency of naming a President of the Court, and Lyndhurst, who was appealed to, limited his opinion to this alone. Brougham pretended that the precedence he claimed was only intended to be *in* the Court —which was a mere pretense, because by putting in the Lord Privy Seal, who is not a member of the Court, he showed what he wanted. It is to be hoped that his trickery will fail altogether and the Bill be thrown out.

March 16th.—Brougham has been outdoing himself about his Bill. He begins by naming a committee, very numerous, but containing hardly any of the Whigs or of those who would be likely to oppose him, none at least that he could possibly help naming. On Monday an article appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, very bitter and smart, and written by Clarendon, which stung him to the quick. He got up the next day in the House of Lords, and alluding to his having been accused of bringing in this Bill with personal views, rejected the accusation with vehement indignation, and in the most extravagant language, "amid loud laughter," as the report said, "in which the Lord Chancellor heartily joined." None but Brougham himself can be his parallel; no other man would have dared to get up, and, in the presence of at least half a dozen men who knew the whole truth, deliberately and vehemently tell a parcel of impudent lies—lies, too, which, if he succeeds in his object, must be exposed to the whole world. But one of the most curious characteristics is his utter shamelessness. With an inordinate vanity and a morbid activity, which prompts him to be eternally doing and talking, he has lost all care for his serious reputation, and for the applause and approbation of

the best part of the world. To flourish away, and become Cock-of-the-Walk among silly and dissolute people of fashion, to talk incessantly in a strain of boisterous levity, and make free and frivolous men and women roar with laughter at his coarse, but not witty, pleasantries, seems now the height of his ambition. He passes days and hours at Chesterfield House and Gore House; his most intimate associate is D'Orsay; and, from the nonsense and idleness of such houses as these, he rushes away to mix in the high matters of politics and legislation, in an external whirl and bustle of alternate business and gossip, a sad spectacle to those who remember what he once was; and he has not even the merit of success in his new vocation, for, whereas he was once more brilliant and amusing than anybody, he is now become an arrant bore. He has frittered down his really great powers to the level of his new friends and companions, but he has no notion how to converse or "live with ease," and nothing can be more awkward and ungraceful than the exhibition he makes of himself as a man of fashion. What a contrast it is, when one turns from the vagaries of this impure and degraded buffoon, who has been guilty of debasing and rendering useless the rare talents with which Nature endowed him, to the dignified old age and mild wisdom of Mr. Grenville—who counts only twenty years more than Brougham—so inferior in genius and intellectual power, so superior in moral worth, in rectitude of understanding, and in all the graces and proprieties of social life!

Writing of Mr. Grenville, I must mention an anecdote he told me the other day, illustrating the facility with which Pitt gave peerages to anybody who had a fancy for the honor. Mr. Grenville one day asked his cousin, Lord Glastonbury, what had induced him to get made a peer, for he could not think he had ever cared much for a title. He said, "God, Devil!" (for such, it seems, was his queer habit of expressing himself) "I'll tell you. I never thought of a peerage; but one day I took up the newspaper, and I read in it that Tommy Townshend was made a peer. Confound the fellow, said I, what right had he to be made a peer, I should like to know? Why, I am as rich again as he is, and have a much better right. So I resolved to write to Pitt and tell him so. I wrote, and was made a peer the following week."

March 31*st.*—I never remember so much excitement as

has been caused by Ashley's Ten Hours Bill,[1] nor a more curious political state of things, such intermingling of parties, such a confusion of opposition; a question so much more open than any question ever was before, and yet not made so or acknowledged to be so with the Government; so much zeal, asperity, and animosity, so many reproaches hurled backward and forward. The Government have brought forward their measure in a very positive way, and have clung to it with great tenacity, rejecting all compromise; they have been abandoned by nearly half their supporters, and nothing can exceed their chagrin and soreness at being so forsaken. Some of them attribute it to Graham's unpopularity, and aver that if Peel had brought it forward, or if a meeting had been previously called, they would not have been defeated; again, some declare that Graham had said they were indifferent to the result, and that people might vote as they pleased, which he stoutly denies; then John Russell voting for "ten hours," against all he professed last year, has filled the world with amazement, and many of his own friends with indignation. It has, I think, not redounded to his credit, but, on the contrary, done him considerable harm. The Opposition were divided, Palmerston and Lord John one way, Baring and Labouchere the other. It has been a very queer affair. Some voted, not knowing how they ought to vote, and following those they are accustomed to follow; many who voted against Government afterward said they believed they were wrong. Melbourne is all against Ashley; all the political economists, of course; Lord Spencer strong against him. Then Graham gave the greatest offense by taking up a word of the *Examiner's* last Sunday, and calling it a *Jack Cade legislation*, this stirring them to fury, and they flew upon him like tigers. Ashley made a speech as violent and factious as any of O'Connell's, and old Inglis was overflowing with wrath. Nothing could be so foolish as Graham's taunt; he ought to have known better how much mischief may be done by words, and how they stick by men for ever. Lyndhurst rubbed his hands with great glee, and said, "Well, we shall hear no more of 'aliens' now, people will only talk of Jack Cade for the

[1] [The Government had brought in a Bill limiting the hours of labor in factories. Lord Ashley moved amendments in the House of Commons and carried them against the Government, of which he was a warm supporter. But eventually Lord Ashley's substantive proposal was also defeated. The Committee was discharged and a new measure introduced.]

future," too happy to shift the odium, if he could, from his own to his colleague's back. The Ministers gave out, if they were beaten last Friday, they would resign; but they knew there was no chance of it. Some abused Ashley for not going on and fighting again, but he knew well enough it would be of no use. The House did certainly put itself in an odd predicament, with its two votes directly opposed to each other. The whole thing is difficult and unpleasant. Government will carry their Bill now, and Ashley will be able to do nothing, but he will go on agitating session after session; and a philanthropic agitator is more dangerous than a repealer, either of the Union or the Corn Laws. We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop, or whither it will lead us.

May 1*st.*—This interval I passed at Newmarket (two weeks), where I took my books and papers, resolving to write, and go on with my pamphlet on Ireland; but it does not signify, I find it impossible at that place to put pen to paper or to open a book. It is one incessant course of active idleness, which with me at least utterly precludes all occupation, and even thought. The last day of the last week I went over to Cambridge to my nephew George Egerton, and took a look at some of the lions, none of which, strange to say (though I have frequented Newmarket so many years), with the exception of King's College Chapel, I had ever seen. I walked over the gardens, through the University Library, saw Lord Fitzwilliam's pictures, and looked at the Fitzwilliam Museum; but nothing is to be compared to King's College Chapel, which I beheld again, as one always does really great and perfect works, with increased admiration and delight.

On arriving in town, I found the world had been rattled out of its torpor by the astounding news of Ellenborough's recall by the Court of Directors, admitted by Ministers in both Houses, in reply to questions asked of them. I was astonished, because after the letter which Wharncliffe showed me some weeks ago, in which he had, as it were, dared the Directors to recall him, and their not doing so at the time, I thought the quarrel had blown over; and as his great measures are accomplished, I concluded they would make up their differences by some means. Therefore I was anything but prepared for this *coup d'état*. There is a strong feeling of exasperation on the side of the Government, as

well as on that of the Court. The Duke of Wellington is particularly incensed. He has all along taken Ellenborough under his especial protection, and encouraged and supported him with his praise and approbation. All his irritability is therefore stirred up on this occasion, and he expressed himself in the House of Lords the night before last in reference to the Directors in very strong terms, which was not very becoming, and still less prudent. Peel in the other House was much more reserved and discreet. At present nobody knows exactly the merits of the case, although the Directors and their friends give out theirs, and to a certain degree the Government do the same. But as the papers must shortly be produced (for the public will insist on having materials wherewith to form its judgment, and that speedily), it is better to see what they contain, instead of guessing, and forming opinions on hypothetical cases and imaginary circumstances. The Government must have a very strong case indeed to exonerate them from the reproach of having allowed matters to come to this extremity; and having had full knowledge of the feelings, and ample notice of the intentions of the Directors, they ought to have made some arrangement with them, instead of exhibiting to the world an open breach. They say, however, that they could not be parties to Ellenborough's recall, or in any way consent to it, lest they should stultify themselves, having already approved of all his acts. But this strikes me to be very bad reasoning. They were bound to deal with the case as they find it. They may think it a bad thing that the Directors should have such a power, and a worse that they should exercise it; it was the duty of the Government to adopt such measures as should provide against the exercise of it becoming injurious to the public interests. The safety and prosperity of India are of infinitely greater consequence than the consistency, real or apparent, of the Ministry, and it would have been far better to have had Ellenborough recalled quietly, with some management and arrangement as to time and circumstance, than to suffer matters to be pushed to such extremities, and establish such hostile feelings between the Court of Directors and the Government as has now been done; nor can I see how the consistency of the Government could be affected by their deference to a power, created by the Legislature, and which they have no means of controlling. They have protested against its exercise, they have

argued and remonstrated, but all in vain; and that being the case, they might with perfect consistency have taken some measures in concurrence with the Court as to the manner and time of his recall, while protesting against the measure itself, and repudiating all responsibility.

The town is full of speculation as to Ellenborough's successor, and nothing can exceed the difficulty of finding one who is competent. All sorts of men are mentioned, most of them the most unfit and incapable that can be imagined. Metcalfe is in Canada, and could not be got home in time; Lord Elgin in Jamaica, to whom, therefore, the same objection applies. They talk of Lord Seaton, Fitzroy Somerset, Lincoln, Clare, Gladstone, and I know not whom besides. Graham will not go; he would have gone some time ago, but he will not now. My own opinion is, and I record it on this 1st of May, that Haddington will be sent. He is not a very brilliant, but a sensible, right-minded man, who has gained credit by his fairness and courtesy at the Admiralty. I declare I do not see where they could find a better man.

I find Brougham is come back from Paris in a very peevish humor with everybody. He wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford last week complaining bitterly of the attack (as he called it) which John Russell had made upon him in the House of Commons, boasting that nobody had ever gained anything by attacking him, and then proceeded (as he said) to give an account of the transaction to which this attack referred. This account was as usual a tissue of lies, and there were in it two statements which I have not the least doubt are lies also. One was, that this Government had recently offered him a judicial office of £7,000 a year; and the other, that the Duke of Wellington had employed Lord Wellesley to prevail upon him to take office with them. He is nearly as angry with Peel as he is with John Russell, for what he said in his speech in reply to the latter, and wrote to Peel on the subject. Meanwhile he is flourishing about, and was at the Temple Church on Sunday, with a tail of fashionables.

May 4th.—When I told Lord Wharncliffe that I thought Haddington would be the man for India, he told me he was quite out of the question, and would on no account go. He said Hardinge might possibly go, and I inferred from his manner of speaking of such an appointment that it was the

most probable.[1] Lord Aberdeen says that the Government and the East India Directors are going to make their matters up, and that the Duke of Wellington's speech had been a great cause of embarrassment and annoyance to them. The papers will not be produced, because they are really not producible. Aberdeen owns that Ellenborough's conduct and language to the Directors had been such as it was impossible for them to endure, and he said both they and the Government were sensible how inexpedient it would be to publish such a correspondence. Accordingly, these belligerents will agree to bury the past in oblivion, and make it all up. The greedy and curious public, and the eager and malicious Opposition, will be cheated of the banquet of political scandal they are both so anxiously expecting.

May 12th.—The Indian affair went off very quietly; all was made up; Peel made a very skillful and temperate speech; the Duke himself made a sort of apology in the House of Lords, saying he did not mean to offend the Directors, and everybody was obliged to be satisfied. The Duke's wrath is, however, by no means mitigated, and his *fidus Achates*, Arbuthnot, poured forth to me the other day a torrent of abuse of the Directors. Peel has gained immense credit by his measure (and speech) about the Bank Charter. His Government is unquestionably strengthened prodigiously by such measures as these, such good business done, and accordingly he is invulnerably strong, and, barring accidents, one does not see when the Government is to be brought to an end.

May 26th.—The usual occupation of this time of the year has prevented my writing anything in this book, and now I will briefly bring up the arrears of all I have to notice. I was at Gorhambury when the division on the Factory Bill took place, and Government got the extraordinary and unexpected majority of 135. Nothing could exceed the universal astonishment, and many of their supporters grumbled much at having been compelled to vote with them or stay away, without any necessity. But they were wrong, for it was of great consequence to get such a majority as should put an end to the question, which this has done. It was a great triumph to Graham, who deserves it; for his conduct on this occasion, and the ferocious personality with which

[1] [Lord Hardinge was shortly afterward appointed Governor-General of India.]

he has been assailed, have conciliated the sympathies of many, even of his enemies and opponents. But no man ever rose so much as he has latterly done. His capacity and administrative powers are admitted by all to be first-rate, and he has evinced so much more of temper and moderation, avoiding giving offense by a bitter and sarcastic tone, that he has disarmed a great deal of hostility and aversion, and there is a general disposition to do justice to his firmness, ability, and honesty on this occasion. This division is also a pregnant proof of the strength and power of the Government, when they choose to exert it; and when their position now is compared with that in which they were placed at the end of last session, everybody must see how enormously they have gained.

The Indian storm has quite blown over. Hardinge's dinner at the India House went off with a profusion of compliments and civilities exchanged between the Directors, the Ministers, and the new Governor-General, and no more allusion was made to Ellenborough than if he never had existed.

Meanwhile Brougham has been signalizing himself both in the House of Lords and in the Judicial Committee. His railroad job in the former produced an exposure to the last degree discreditable, and not the less deplorable because the Duke of Wellington and the Tory Lords who were present were mean enough to vote with him. He was, nevertheless, beaten by one, after making *eleven* speeches. In the Judicial Committee he made a desperate effort to get a hearing for Madame Zichy (which was in fact a rehearsing of Croker's cause), but we had taken care to make use of the authority of the Lord President in convoking the Committee, and he was overruled by the majority, after a smart discussion. The circumstances of this case are quite sufficient to prove to me that the paramount authority of the Lord President is indispensable to make this machine work well, certainly so long as Brougham attends it, and I believe will be always useful to prevent jealousies and dissensions among the Judges. The Lord President is above them, and while he never would think of exercising his own authority, except for purposes of regulation, for composing differences and taking care that no injustice is done, he never can himself come into legal competition with, or be himself an object of jealousy to, any of them.

June 10th.—For the last week this town has been kept in a fever by the brief and unexpected visit of the Emperor of Russia. Brunnow told me he was at Petersburg, and had given up all idea of coming here, and the very next day the telegraph announced that he was at the Hague, and would arrive in London in twenty-four hours. Nobody knows now what was the cause of this sudden and rapid expedition, for he traveled without stopping, and with extraordinary rapidity, from Petersburg, with the exception of twenty-four hours at Berlin, and forty-eight hours at the Hague. He alighted at the Palace, embraced the Queen, and after his interview went to establish himself at Brunnow's. He immediately visited all the Royal Family, and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke attired himself in the costume of a Russian Field-Marshal to receive the Emperor. On Monday he went to Windsor, Tuesday to Ascot, Wednesday they gave him a Review, which went off very badly, owing to mistakes and bad arrangement, but with which he expressed himself very well satisfied. The sight was pretty, glorious weather, 3,000 or 4,000 Guards, Horse, Foot, and Artillery in the Park, the Queen *en calèche* with a brilliant suite. It was striking when the Duke went and put himself at the head of his regiment, marched past, and saluted the Queen and Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations as the old warrior passed, and the Emperor rode up to him and shook him by the hand. He did the same by the Prince and Duke of Cambridge as they respectively marched by at the head of their regiments, but neither of them was so cheered as the Duke. There was a blunder about the artillery. The Queen cannot endure firing, and the Duke had ordered that the guns should not be fired till she left the ground. By some mistake contrary orders were given, and they advanced and fired not far from Her Majesty. The Duke was furious, and would not be pacified, though Emperor, Queen, and Prince did their best to appease him ; he blew up, and swore lustily, and ordered the luckless artillery into the rear. It was a mighty small concern for the Emperor, who reviews 100,000 men, and sees 15,000 mount guard every day ; but he expressed his satisfaction, and when the Queen said her troops were few in number, he told her that she must consider his troops at her disposal exactly the same as her own.

On Thursday they went to Ascot again, where they were received very well by a dense multitude ; on Friday

to London, where they gave him a party at the Palace, omitting to ask half the remarkable people, especially of the Opposition. On Saturday a breakfast at Chiswick, a beautiful *fête*, and perfectly successful. Everything that was distinguished in London was collected to see and be seen by the Emperor. All the statesmen, fine ladies, poets, artists, beauties, were collected in the midst of a display of luxury and magnificence, set off by the most delicious weather. The Emperor lunched in a room fitted up with his arms and ensigns, and afterward held a sort of circle on the grass, where people were presented to him, and he went round talking to one after another. His appearance on the whole disappointed me. He is not so tall as I had heard he was—about six feet two, I should guess; and he has no remains of the beauty for which he was once so celebrated, and which at his age, forty-eight, need not have so entirely faded away; but the cares of such an Empire may well have ravaged that head, on which they sit not lightly. He is become bald and bulky, but nevertheless is still a very fine and grand-looking personage. He accepts his age and its consequences, and does not try to avert them by any artificial appliances, and looks all the better for so doing. Though he has a very imposing air, I have seen much nobler men; he does not bear the highest aristocratic stamp; his general appearance is inferior to that of Lord Anglesey or Lord Granville (both twenty-five years older), and to others. He gives me more the idea of a Thracian peasant raised to Empire, than of the descendant of a line of kings; still his head, and especially his profile, is very fine, and his manners are admirable, affable without familiarity, cordial yet dignified, and particularly full of deference and gallantry to women. As he moved round the circle all smiling and urbane, I felt a sensation of awe mixed with that of curiosity at reflecting that I saw before me a potentate so mighty and despotic, on whose will and pleasure or caprice depended the fortune, the happiness, and the lives of millions of creatures; and when the condition of these subject millions and the frequent exercise of such unbounded power flitted over my mind, I felt a pleasant consciousness that I was beyond the sphere of its influence, free as the birds in the air, at least from him, and I enjoyed that involuntary comparison of my freedom with the slavery of his subjects, which is in itself happiness, or something like it.

The Emperor seems to have a keen eye for beauty, and most of the good-looking women were presented to him. He was very civil to M. de St. Aulaire (and so he had been to Van de Weyer the night before), and very civil to Lord Harrowby, Lord Granville, Lord Lansdowne, to Clarendon, whom he had known in Russia, and to Palmerston. Lord John Russell was not presented to him, which was very wrong and ill-managed. Of all men he ought to have made acquaintance with the remarkable leader of the Whig party; but the Queen had not asked him to her party the night before, so that he never approached the Emperor at all. His Majesty thanked Lord Melbourne for having come to the breakfast, and afforded him the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He went away early, and the departure was pretty; the Royal equipages, the escort of Lancers with their pennons glancing in the sun, the steps and balcony clustered over with women to speed the parting guest; and as he bade the Duke of Devonshire a kind farewell, and mounted his carriage, while the Russian Hymn struck up, and he took his departure for ever from the gay scene and brilliant assemblage, proceeding on the march of his high and hard destiny, while we all turned to our humble, obscure, peaceful, and uneventful occupations, it was an exhibition to stir the imagination and excite busy thoughts.

June 21*st.*—While we were still gossiping about the Emperor's visit and discussing in great tranquillity all its incidents, we were roused by a rumor, which, as it swelled into importance, soon consigned his Imperial Majesty to oblivion. On Friday night the Government were defeated on the Sugar duties by a majority of 20.[1] A meeting had taken place previously at Peel's, at which some strong language was held by Sir John Rae Reid and some of the West Indians; and many of the Government people expected they should be beaten, without apparently attaching much consequence to their defeat, if it occurred. On Saturday afternoon vague rumors were afloat of resignation, to which nobody paid any attention. In the course of Sunday these rumors acquired consistency and importance, and it became

[1] [A Bill regulating the duties on sugar at different rates from different countries had been introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On June 14th, Mr. Miles carried an amendment against Government lowering the duties on both British and foreign sugar not the produce of slave-labor. But this vote was rescinded on the 17th by a majority of 255 to 233, under the pressure of a threat of resignation of Ministers.]

known that there really was something in it. The town became curious, busy, and bustling; the clubs were full; and little knots of anxious politicians were to be found at the corner of every street. There had been a Cabinet on Saturday, the Queen came to town, and there was another Cabinet on Monday; still on Sunday night nobody believed Peel would really seriously meditate resigning. The Tories went about saying it was settled and made up; and the Whigs, who were anything but prepared to take office, cried out against the notion of resignation quite as lustily as the Tories themselves. On Monday it gradually came out that matters were in a very critical and alarming state. Peel, long dissatisfied with his party, had been exceedingly incensed at the language held at the meeting, and the adverse vote made him resolve to stand it no longer. He accordingly convened a Cabinet on Monday, and then they agreed, with the full concurrence of Graham and Stanley, who, Wharncliffe told me, were quite as decided as Peel himself to adhere to their measure, to signify their resolution to the House of Commons, and, if beaten again, to resign. Peel went down and made a speech which appeared to everybody very injudicious. It was long and dull. It put forth pretensions which men of all parties said were not to be tolerated, for they construed what he said into an intimation that if the House of Commons did not do all he chose to insist upon, he would throw the government up; and with much bad taste and without any necessity, he lugged in the House of Lords also, in reference to the Bangor Bishopric Bill. His speech was determined enough, but it was very offensive and dictatorial, and people of all parties were exasperated and disgusted with it. For some time the fall of the Government was considered inevitable; nobody saw any prospect of their getting a majority, and it was thought that many people would be so shocked and offended at his speech that they would vote against him, for no other reason than to mark their opinion of it. The dissatisfaction was universal; however, he got a majority of twenty-two, and the storm blew over. Many who had not voted at all on Friday came and voted with him now; some went away, and the Leaguers remained firm and voted with Government again. But it was their doing so that saved him, and a capital speech of Stanley's is supposed to have done a great deal of good; but Peel's own moderate friends severely blamed both his con-

duct and language—men, for example, like Sandon and Francis Egerton—and the multitude were still more bitter and angry than before. It is generally admitted that the Government has been excessively weakened by this transaction, and that it will be very difficult for them to go on at all when such mutual feelings of estrangement and aversion are entertained by the leader of the party. Peel's personal reputation has suffered severely. He is thought to have been injudicious and unjust, and to have been influenced by personal motives and a morbid sensitiveness unworthy of a great man and of one who took on himself to govern the country. Those who admit that he has received great provocation, and that his party have been insulting in their tone and lukewarm or hostile in their conduct, still maintain that his party have equal reason to complain of him. They complain that he is unsocial and reserved, that he never consults their wishes and opinions, and that their feelings toward him are in a great measure attributable to himself. There are, no doubt, grave faults on both sides, and it is not improbable that fresh subjects of disagreement will occur, and that some fresh crisis will bring his Government to an end. On the other hand, there is so much reluctance to see any change, and such a dread of a general election, that it is just possible this breeze may have alarmed the Tory malcontents, and that the necessity for a better understanding may tend to produce it. Peel is at the head of a weak, discontented party, and both Lords and Commons are animated toward him with an unfriendly spirit, and merely look upon him as a necessary evil. One striking circumstance is his forgetfulness of the Queen's condition, so near her confinement, and his not shrinking from exposing her to the difficulty and embarrassment into which his resignation must have thrown her. This indicates a predominance of selfish feeling, and a want of gallantry. He ought to have made every personal sacrifice, not absolutely incompatible with his public duty, rather than do anything to annoy her at such a moment, and nobody accepts the excuse he makes as a sufficient apology for the course which he adopted.

June 22d.—Peel found an opportunity of making a sort of apology to his party in the House of Commons two nights ago. Tom Duncombe attacked him and them in one of his buffoon speeches, and Peel took advantage of it especially to disclaim the arrogant pretension of insisting on his party

adopting every measure he thought fit to propose. The ground on which he took the decided part he did last week was the coalition between his people and the Opposition. He said he should not have minded the adverse vote; this might have been got over; but it was the agreement by which it had been brought about which so deeply offended him. This, together with the personal conduct and language of many, indicated such a want of confidence in him, and proved to him that he was in such danger, and must be thrown into such difficulty, by the possibility of future coalitions of a similar kind, that he was resolved not to put up with it. It is now made up; but nothing can repair the mischief that has been done; nothing can restore that mutual confidence and good-will which are so necessary between a Government (especially the leader) and the party which supports them; nothing can recover for Peel the estimation which he has forfeited. The dislike of many of his supporters to him will not be less, their distrust will be greater, and he has now lost their respect in great measure. His conduct has not been that of a great man, nor even that of a prudent and judicious man.

July 5th.—Since I last wrote, the political atmosphere has been getting clearer, and Peel and his party seem to have made it up pretty well. It is likely enough that he will take more pains to keep them in good-humor, and that they will be afraid of provoking him again. However, this affair had hardly subsided before another storm was raised about opening letters at the Post-Office. Tom Duncombe, indefatigable for mischief, and the grand jobman of miscellaneous grievances, brought forward the case of M. Mazzini, whose letters had been opened by Sir James Graham's warrant. This matter, in itself most ridiculous, inasmuch as Graham had done no more than what every other Secretary of State did before him, soon acquired a great and undue importance. The press took it up; the Whig press as a good ground of attack on the Government, and especially Graham; and the *Times* merely from personal hatred of Graham, whom they are resolved to write down if they can on account of his honest support of the Poor Law. No man ever distinguished himself more than Graham has done during this session, and none ever was so fiercely and unscrupulously assailed and bitterly vilified on all sides. The question was brought before the House of Commons, and bruited abroad

in such a manner, and with such comments, that it lit up a flame throughout the country. Every foolish person who spoils paper and pens fancied his nonsense was read at the Home Office. The Opposition took it up, and supported Duncombe. Graham did not deal with the matter very judiciously. He might have said more or less than he did; he might have said something more for the necessary irresponsibility of the power, and something less as to the manner in which it had actually been exercised. But whatever he said, it was very wrong and very unfair of John Russell not to make common cause with him, not to vindicate the law and its exercise, and to say manfully at once that he had done the same thing when he was in office; instead of this, he both spoke and voted against Graham, and I am positively assured that no Secretary of State ever was less scrupulous in the exercise of this power than himself. Palmerston was more prudent, for he said nothing at all on the subject. It seems Lord Lichfield left all the warrants which he had received in the office, and they can be produced. When Graham found himself thus attacked and reviled, he resolved to cast off all the official reserve in which he had at first wrapped the question, and to vindicate himself by showing that he had merely followed the example of his predecessors; and I conclude he found that he should lose nothing by a comparison of his proceedings with theirs, so he moved for a Secret Committee, who are to take evidence and make a report. He has composed it of five Whigs and four Tories, excluding all who are or have been in office, and Tom Duncombe the accuser. This concession by no means disarmed his opponents, and the *Times* particularly has continued to attack him with the utmost virulence, but so coarsely and unfairly as quite to overshoot the mark.

On Monday and Tuesday last I was in the Court of Exchequer, to hear our great cause of "Orlando" and "Running Rein,"[1] which ended very triumphantly by their withdrawing the record early on the second morning. Our case was admirably got up, owing in great measure to the indefatigable activity and the intelligence and penetration of George Bentinck, who played the part both of attorney

[1] [A horse called "Running Rein" had come in first for the Derby, "Orlando" being second. It was proved that "Running Rein" was a four-year-old horse, and consequently disqualified. "Orlando" thereupon took the stakes. This horse "Orlando" was afterward purchased by Mr. Greville for his stud; but he did not belong to Mr. Greville in 1844.]

and policeman in hunting out and getting up the evidence. The opposite party had no idea we had got up our case so perfectly; but the trial was over before we had half developed it in evidence. The whole circumstances from the beginning to the end are very curious, and it has been equally interesting and amusing to all concerned in it. We have all worked hard in different ways, *palmam qui meruit ferat;* and though there is a feud between George Bentinck and myself, and we do not speak to each other, I must acknowledge all his great services on this occasion. The counsel on the other side, Cockburn, made a very violent attack on him in his speech, and accused him of being party, attorney, policeman; that he had tampered with the witnesses, clothed, fed, and paid them. This he was specifically instructed to say, and a great deal of it was true; but I think he said more than he need or ought to have done, though the Judge (Alderson) said he had only done his duty. On this occasion George Bentinck did no more than he was justified in doing, and he certainly did not tamper with any witnesses, or employ any unfair means to procure testimony. He wrote on the evening of the first day a letter of indignant but courteous remonstrance to Cockburn, to which he alluded in Court on the second. The object of it was to entreat him to put him in the box, and give him an opportunity of vindicating himself and telling all he had done in the matter. Some explanatory civilities were bandied about between George Bentinck, Cockburn, and the Judge, and it ended amicably.

Brougham has withdrawn the obnoxious clauses of his Privy Council Bill, making at the same time an asseveration that the judicial appointment in it was never intended for himself; and he appealed to his "noble friends," who nodded or remained silent, *three* of whom at least (the Duke, the Chancellor, and Wharncliffe) knew the contrary, but they think it worth while to humor him, and to allow him to play his antics in the House of Lords *ad libitum*. The Duke of Wellington has lent himself to the sort of tacit compact which exists between him and the Government, to a degree I never thought he could have done; but he does not seem to hold the House of Lords in hand in the way he used to do.

Bretby, September 8th.—Considerably more than two months have elapsed since I have written anything in this

book. When I have taken up my pen it has always been occupied in the thing I am writing on Ireland. But I am reluctant altogether to forsake my old companion of so many years, and to give up noticing public events; so I have brought this book down here with me, for the purpose of bringing up the arrear (briefly and cursorily indeed) to the present time. The session of Parliament was suspended, though for all active purposes virtually closed, when the Judges went on the circuit, with an understanding that it was to assemble again for the judgment in O'Connell's case, and then to be prorogued. It ended very differently for the Government from the last; notwithstanding the severe shock they had in the middle of it, they left off strong, and with more of reputation than last year. A good deal had been done, and some of it well done; and, what is of still greater importance, the country is peaceful and flourishing.

During the recess, however, the dispute which had some time before begun between us and France took a threatening aspect, and for some time it was a toss-up whether we went to war or not. Peel had announced to the House of Commons in very lofty language that Government would exact an ample reparation for the outrage perpetrated on Pritchard at Tahiti, while Guizot evinced no disposition to make any. A long series of semi-diplomatic negotiations ensued. Aberdeen very prudently did not demand anything specific, but laid the case before the French Government, expressing his conviction that they would do everything that justice and propriety demanded. The press in both countries blew the coals with all their might and main, and for a long time Guizot refused to make any such *amende* as we could possibly take. What we wanted (not demanded) was that some *act* should be done to mark the sense of the French Government of what was due to us—the recall of D'Aubigny or of Bruat, or of both; but Guizot said, "Je ne rappellerai personne," and all he offered was to express "regrets et improbation." This, which was a mere scintilla of apology, we could not accept as a sufficient reparation for so gross an outrage, and at one moment up to the day, Tuesday last, when the Council was held for the prorogation, it looked very bad. That day Aberdeen told me he thought Guizot's Ministry was on its last legs, that he did not despair of an amicable settlement, but that he thought Guizot must fall, and he looked for an arrangement being made by Molé

or Thiers, whichever of them might succeed him. But when matters appeared nearly desperate, a suggestion was thrown out (I believe by Jarnac),[1] but in conversation between Jarnac and Aberdeen, and therefore either made by him or accepted by him, that, besides the verbal apology, a compensation in money should be made to Pritchard. On Wednesday the Cabinet met to decide whether they should accept the final offers of France to the above effect, or refuse them; and the result was that they agreed to accept them. They were very anxious to be able to announce the pacification in the Queen's Speech, and they felt that it would be preposterous and absurd to go to war for so small a matter, and when the principle of making an apology was on the other side admitted, to haggle about the words of it; and therefore, though it was slender, they thought it better to take it. It is, I think, not impossible that the decision of this Cabinet was in some degree quickened by the reversal of O'Connell's judgment, which took place the same morning, much to their disgust.[2] I think they were right, especially as we have certainly done enough to make the French Government see that we do not intend to submit to any more impertinence on their part. Our case, too, was one of much complexity and difficulty, for Pritchard had been turbulent and mischievous, and had, with the sectarian zeal of a missionary, given all the trouble and embarrassment he could to the French; they, therefore, had a case against him, though the French officers were by no means justified in the violence they exercised. I called one day at Apsley House, saw the Duke, and found him in a talkative humor on this affair. He has been for some time urging the Government to make themselves stronger; and very much in consequence of his advice, measures had been in rapid progress for equipping ships and preparing a formidable force at sea. The Duke said that the disposition of the French was to

[1] [It was by Lord Aberdeen himself, as now appears by the published correspondence. But it is worth while to record, as a matter of fact, that this pecuniary indemnity to Pritchard *was never paid*. The British Government had resolved, if no satisfaction was obtained from France, to send Mr. Pritchard out in the "Collingwood," and a very strong dispatch had been drafted, but it was never sent to Paris.]

[2] [On August 4th judgment was given by the House of Lords in the case of O'Connell, and the sentence of the Irish Court reversed. The law Lords only voted, in consequence of an appeal made to the House by Lord Wharncliffe to decide the point on legal grounds only and by the votes of the law Lords exclusively.]

insult us whenever and wherever they thought they could do so with impunity, and that the only way to keep at peace with them was to be stronger in every quarter of the globe than they were; that he had told Lord Melbourne so when he was in office, and that this was his opinion now. Wherever they had ships we ought to have a naval force superior to theirs; and we might rely on it, that as long as that was the case we should find them perfectly civil and peaceable; and wherever it was not the case, we should find them insolent and troublesome.

The judgment on O'Connell's case came on the world like a clap of thunder; though Ministers were aware of it, for Lyndhurst told them it would be so. Wharncliffe had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Tory Peers from voting; Redesdale and Stradbroke were especially anxious, and the former in the highest possible dudgeon. If they had voted it would have been most injurious to the House of Lords, and Government must have immediately let O'Connell out of prison.

The Grange, September 14th.—O'Connell, as soon as he got out of prison, made a long speech, full of sound and fury, threatening and abusing everybody, but evidently desirous of finding plausible pretenses for suspending all active movements, and for abstaining from doing anything that may bring him again into collision with the law or the Government. The high Tories and their press are exceedingly indignant with Wharncliffe for having interposed to prevent the lay Lords voting and overruling the law Lords; and much to my surprise I found Lord Ashburton rather leaning to that opinion, and talking a great deal of nonsense on the subject; but it is still more curious that this notion of his has been either produced or confirmed by a letter from "that indescribable wretch Brougham," as O'Connell calls him. In the House of Lords he backed up Wharncliffe, as it seemed, with great propriety and good sense, and now he writes to Lord Ashburton that for the first time in his life he lost his presence of mind, and takes blame to himself for not having opposed Wharncliffe, indeed for having supported him. If he had opposed him, unless the Chancellor had had the good sense and prudence to desire these Lords not to vote, they infallibly would have voted; indeed, I do not know if Brougham had urged them on, if they would not have done so even if the Chancellor

had dissuaded them; and if they had, what a clamor would have been raised in Ireland, and what disgrace would have fallen on the House of Lords! This has certainly been a most unfortunate business from the beginning to the end, between the blunders and the accidents, the various untoward circumstances in the course of the trial, the unavoidable fact of a wholly Protestant jury, the undoubted partiality of the Chief-Justice; then the division of opinion among the Judges, and the political character which the judgment itself displays, all ending with the triumph of the criminals and the mortification of the Government. But, in spite of all this, the great end of arresting agitation was accomplished; and in all probability, notwithstanding his escape, O'Connell has had a lesson sufficiently severe to deter him from renewing the system of monster meetings. It is pretty evident that he does not know what to do next, and the Government is much in the same predicament; nor am I sure that what has occurred will not prove favorable for an attempt at reconciliation and a reasonable settlement. He has seen the danger of agitation, and they have seen the difficulty of coping with it; nor are there wanting some indications of a disposition on his part to pause, and conditionally to give up Repeal. He makes advances for a reconciliation with the Whigs, who, he knows, are opposed firmly to Repeal, and he talks of going round England to make an appeal to the people, and if this fails, then to work Repeal all the more strenuously. However, everybody goes on lamenting the state of things, and saying they don't see what is to be done.

The last day of the session a writ was moved for Stanley, who is going to the House of Peers; they found they could not go on there any longer, and Stanley would stay no longer in the House of Commons. He had taken a disgust to it, and fancied his health was breaking down, and he gave notice that he would rather resign than remain there. Brougham was disgusted at Stanley's translation. Graham told me this about Stanley, and said what a weight it cast on himself and Peel, and what a loss he was to them there. Ripon is done up; the Duke of Wellington is grown so much deafer lately that he can no longer lead the House; Wharncliffe does but moderately; the Chancellor does nothing at all; and Aberdeen confines himself to his own business. The Government was therefore left in the degrading position

of being constantly nursed and dandled by Brougham, who sat on the Woolsack and volunteered to speak for them on all occasions. This position of his, which was sufficiently anomalous, placed them in one which they now feel to be very humiliating and ridiculous, and it is to cure this evil that Stanley has been translated to the other House. He said to me it was high time somebody should go there, and when he was there he should make the Chancellor take a more active part. Brougham will be highly disgusted at his advent because his own occupation will be gone. Stanley will fight the Government battles himself, and not suffer Brougham to take the Ministerial bench under his dangerous and discreditable protection.

APPENDIX.

THE ROYAL PRECEDENCY QUESTION.

[As Mr. Greville's pamphlet on the Precedency Question is now rarely to be met with, it may be convenient to reprint it in this place. It is a tract of considerable originality and research, and it was carefully revised and approved by Lord Wensleydale and some of the most eminent lawyers of the time when it was written. This essay has therefore a substantial legal and historical value. Moreover, its application is not exclusively retrospective or confined to the peculiar case of the precedency of the late Prince Consort at the time of his marriage, which gave rise to warm debates, for it deals with the precedency of the members of the Royal Family, not being sons or daughters of a sovereign, or standing in close propinquity to the throne. In the course of years these personages have become numerous, and for the first time in our history (at least since the reign of James I.), between twenty and thirty grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the reigning sovereign are in existence, whose claims to precedency will have to be considered. By the 31st Henry VIII., which assigns places in Parliament and Council to the sons, brothers, uncles, and nephews of the king, after these degrees are past, peers or others of the blood royal are entitled to no place or precedence, except what belongs to them by their personal rank or dignity. The mere fact of their descent, in a more remote degree, from the sovereign, gives them in law no precedency at all, although it may be conceded to them by custom, and the respect willingly paid to members of the Royal Family. Nor are they entitled to bear the title of "Royal Highness" unless it be conferred upon them by the Crown. Thus, if I am not mistaken, the late Duke of Gloucester, who was a nephew of George III., was not a "Royal Highness" until he married the Princess Mary, the king's daughter, when that distinction was conferred upon him. In two or three generations from the present time it is not improbable that the descendants of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert will exceed a hundred persons, and, although they will doubtless all look back with pride to their illustrious ancestry, they will have no rank or precedency, in the strict sense of the term, except

such as may be conferred upon them personally by the Crown. For these reasons, it appears to me that Mr. Greville's remarks on the subject may have some future interest.—H. R.]

In the House of Lords on Tuesday, 4th February, when Prince Albert's Naturalization Bill was under discussion, Lord Brougham said—

"That these questions of precedence were of a very difficult and doubtful nature. It was therefore a great convenience to submit them to the House, because it enabled Parliament to make that quite certain which, if dealt with under the common law of the country, might be open to objection."

The interest which has been excited by this question, and the doubts which prevail, even among the learned in the law, as to the actual extent of the Royal prerogative in the matter of granting precedence, are sufficient to provoke an inquiry into the opinions of writers upon constitutional law, an examination of the ancient practice, and of some of the cases which seem to bear immediately upon the point, in order, if possible, to arrive at something like a reasonable conclusion as to the power actually possessed by the Crown, and the manner in which, and extent to which, it might be just and expedient to exercise it upon the present occasion.

The first question which presents itself is, What have been the ancient prerogatives of the Crown in granting dignities or pre-eminencies of any description; and, secondly, In what respect, if at all, these prerogatives have been limited or restrained by any Parliamentary enactment. By the laws of England, the Sovereign is considered the fountain of honor and of privilege, and the constitution has intrusted to him the sole power of conferring dignities and honors, in confidence that he will bestow them on none but such as deserve them.[1]

The King may create new titles, and has the prerogative of conferring privileges upon private persons,[2] *such as granting place or precedence to any of his subjects.* He may make an *Arch*-duke, who would not, however, take place of any duke his ancient.[3]

The King could create a peer, and give him precedence over all other peers of the same rank,[4] a prerogative which was not unfrequently exercised in ancient times. Henry VI. created Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick and Præcomes totius Angliæ, and afterward Duke of Warwick, with a right to sit in Parliament after the Duke of Norfolk, but *before* the Duke of Buckingham; the same King created Edmund of Hadham Earl of Richmond, and gave him precedence over all other earls, and Jasper of Hatfield Earl of Pembroke with precedence next to the said Earl of Richmond.[5] There appears to have been no limit to the authority of the Crown in granting honors, titles, dignities, and offices, excepting only that it could not grant new offices with fees annexed, because that would be a tax upon the subject, which can only be imposed by Act of Parliament. Assuming, then, that such was the extent of the prerogative previously to the 31st of Henry VIII., the next question is, Whether it was restrained by that statute; and if it was, within what limits it was thenceforward confined? The preamble

[1] Blackstone, vol. i, p. 271. [2] Ibid. i, 272, 4th Inst., 361.
[3] 4th Inst., 363. [4] Ibid. [5] 4th Inst., 361.

asserts the prerogative of the Crown in the strongest terms; probably for the express purpose of guarding against any inference that it was thereby abridged or restrained. It is difficult to believe that, in passing the Act entitled "for placing the Lords," Henry VIII. felt any doubt as to the possession, or scruple as to the exercise, of the prerogative of his progenitors, and still less that he had the remotest idea of divesting himself of an iota of his own. The despotic temper of the King, the subservient character of his Parliaments, and his habitual employment of them as the most obsequious instrument of his will, make it probable that he adopted this, merely as the easiest and most convenient mode of settling a difficult and complex question, but without the slightest misgiving as to his own power, or any notion of restraining himself from granting any privilege or precedence it might at any subsequent period be his pleasure to bestow. The circumstances under which the provisions of this Act were carried into operation were remarkable, and give it much more the appearance of a decree of the King, or a resolution of the Lords, than of an Act of the Three Estates. The assent of the Commons seems to have been assumed as a matter of course, and as soon as it had passed the Lords (which it did very hastily), it was immediately put in force, "Concerning the passing it, it is observable, that on Monday, 1st May, the Lord Chancellor quandam introduxit billam concernentem assignationem locorum, etc., which was that day read twice; the next day it had a third reading, and on Friday a fourth; on the morrow, the Lord Cromwell is placed before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the others are placed according to the Act, being before placed without regard to their offices, but it was not returned from the House of Commons with their assent till the Monday following." [1]

The preamble of the Act is in the following terms:

"For in as much as in all great councils, or congregations of men, having sundry degrees and offices in the commonwealth, it is very requisite and convenient that an order should be had and taken for the sitting of such persons, that they knowing their places may use the same without displeasure, or let of the council, therefore the King's Most Royal Majesty, *tho' it appertaineth unto his prerogative Royal, to give such honour, reputation, and placing to his counsellors, and other his subjects as shall be seeming to his most excellent wisdom*, is, nevertheless, pleased and contented for an order to be had and taken in this his Most High Court of Parliament, that it shall be enacted by the authority of the same in manner and form as hereafter followeth:"

Then come nine sections settling the places in which the Royal Family, great officers of state, and others, are to sit in the Parliament Chamber, and the tenth section enacts that, "as well in all Parliaments as in the Star Chamber, *and in all other assemblies and conferences of council*, the Chancellor, Lord President, Privy Seal (that is the Chancellor, President, and Privy Seal, above all dukes, not being the king's sons, etc., and the Great Chamberlain, Marshal, Lord Steward, Chamberlain, and Chief Secretary, being a Baron above all others of the same degree), shall sit and be placed in such order and fashion as is above rehearsed, and not in other place by authority of this present Act."

There exists what may be deemed very fair evidence to show that in those days the Royal prerogative *as to precedence* was never supposed to be abridged by this Act, but on the contrary that it still continued to flourish in undiminished force. Only two months afterward Henry was divorced

[1] Selden, "Titles of Honor," p. 117.

from Anne of Cleves, when, as is well known, he bribed her into compliance with his wishes by a liberal grant of money and of honors. By his letters patent he declared her his adopted sister, and gave her *precedence* before all the ladies in England, next his queen and daughters, and therefore before his nieces[1] and their children, who were directly in the succession to the crown.[2] On the 3d November, 1547, Edward VI. granted to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, immediately after his victory in Scotland, letters patent of precedence, in the following terms:

"As our most dear uncle Edward, Duke of Somerset, by the advice of the Lords, we have named . . . to be governor of our person and protector of our realm . . . during our minority, hath no such place appropriated and appointed to him in our High Court of Parliament, as is convenient and necessary, as well as in proximity of blood unto us, being our uncle . . . as well as for the better maintaining and conducting of our affairs. We have, therefore, as well by the consent of our said uncle, as by the advice of other the Lords and the rest of the Privy Council, willed, ordained, and appointed, that our said uncle shall sit alone, and be placed at all times . . . in our said Court of Parliament, upon the bench or stole standing next our seat royal, in our Parliament Chamber. . . . And further, that he do enjoy all such other privileges, pre-eminences, etc. etc. *The statute concerning the placing of the Lords in the Parliament Chamber and other assemblies of council, made in the thirty-first year of our most dear father, of famous memory, King Henry VIII.; notwithstanding.*" [3]

This instrument must, under the circumstances, be taken as the act of Somerset himself; and it is inconceivable that he should have had the audacity to attempt in his own behalf, that for which the plenitude of Henry VIII.'s power had been deemed insufficient, or to have perpetrated in the name of a minor king, a direct and useless violation of a recent statute —more especially when the same object might have been as easily accomplished by the authority of Parliament, where the Protector's popularity would have insured a ready compliance with his wishes. This view of the case receives confirmation from the total absence of any allusion to this grant in the charges which were soon afterward urged against him—everything that malice could devise was raked together for the purpose of swelling the articles of impeachment; but neither when he was degraded from the Protectorate, nor afterward when he was deprived of life, was any accusation brought against him, tending to show that these letters patent were considered illegal or unconstitutional. Nearly a century later, Lord Coke lays it down that no Act of Parliament can bind the king from any prerogative which is inseparable from his person, "but that" (Mr. Hallam adds) "was before he had learned the bolder tone of his declining years." [4]

The order of Baronets was a new creation by James I., but his decision of the controversy which arose touching a point of precedency thereupon, shows the prevailing notions of the royal prerogative.

"The King's most excellent Majesty, having taken into his royal audience and censure a certain controversy, touching place and precedence, between the younger sons of viscounts and barons, and the baronets, being a degree by His Majesty recently created, which controversy did arise out of

[1] The Duchess of Suffolk, and the Countess of Cumberland, daughter of Charles Brandon and Mary, Queen Dowager of France.

[2] Burnet, "Hist. Ref." vol. i, p. 565. [3] Rymer 15.—Collins's Peerage.

[4] "Const. Hist." vol. iii, p. 84.

some dark words contained in the letters patent of the said baronets. His Majesty well weighing that the letters patent of the Baronets have no special clause or express words to give them the said precedence, and being a witness unto himself, which is a testimony above all exception, that his princely meaning was only to give and advance the new dignity of His Majesty's creation, but never therewithal tacitly and obscurely to injure a third party."[1] . . . And then he goes on to give precedency to Knights of the Garter, Privy Councilors, Judges, &c.; over the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons, "in all places, and upon all occasions, any constitution, order, degree, office, service, place, employment, custom, use, or other thing to the contrary notwithstanding." From Henry VIII. to James I. were the high and palmy days of prerogative, when the authority of the Crown was something even more transcendental than that of Parliament itself, and when it was no doubt held that, while the Crown could dispense with the provisions of an Act of Parliament, an Act of Parliament could never bind the prerogative of the Crown; but when Lord Coke began to adopt his "bolder tone" he laid down very different law, and he says expressly, in speaking of the Act of Henry VIII., "But Henry, though standing as much upon his prerogative, as any of his progenitors, finding how vexatious it was to himself, and distasteful to his ancient nobility, to have new raised degrees, raised to precedency of them, and finding that this kind of controversy for precedency was of that nature, that it had many partakers, spent long time, and hindered the arduous, urgent, and weighty affairs of the Parliament, was content to bind and limit his prerogative by Act of Parliament, concerning the precedency of his great officers, and his nobility."[2]

Whatever may have been the constitutional notions of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, there can be no doubt that the lawyers of the nineteenth would hold, according to Lord Coke's latter dictum, that the prerogative of the Crown is limited and restrained by the 31st Henry VIII., and it is only worth while to ascertain what it previously was, in so far as such an inquiry can assist in the solution of the present question; for the same lawyers would probably be unanimous in declaring that, except so far as it was expressly limited and restrained by that statute, the prerogative still remains undiminished and in all its pristine vigor—that Queen Victoria possesses all the power which Henry VIII. enjoyed, saving that of which he was specifically divested by this Act.

The Act "for placing the Lords" restrains the Queen from granting any precedence in Parliament *or in the Council*, over any of the Royal and official personages and others, who have places assigned to them therein. She may make any man a Privy Councilor, but she can not authorize him to sit in a higher place than that to which he is by law entitled, or above those whose places are marked out by the statute. If Prince Albert, for example, was to be made a Privy Councilor, not being a peer, he would, *of absolute right*, be entitled to no place but that of a junior Privy Councilor, or to such as a Knight of the Garter might claim; and all the persons specified in the Act would have *an absolute right* to take precedence of him *in Council*. And it is worth while to consider in what a curious predicament he might have been placed, if the Bill for his naturalization had passed with those amendments as to his precedence which are said to have been contemplated by the Opposition Lords—that is, supposing always the rule of precedence established by law to be carried inflexibly into operation.

[1] Titles of Honor, p. 119. [2] 4th Inst., 362.

If the status of Prince Albert had been fixed immediately after all the members of the Royal Family, and immediately before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and if Her Majesty should be hereafter pleased to make both Prince George of Cambridge and Prince Albert members of her Most Honorable Privy Council, in what order of precedence would these princes be obliged to take their respective seats at the board? In order clearly to comprehend this point, it is necessary to explain the ancient usage as to Royal precedence, and the manner in which it has been affected by the 31st Henry VIII. The Royal Family are to be considered in two lights, according to the different senses in which the term *Royal Family* is used—the larger sense includes all who may *possibly* inherit the Crown; the confined sense, those within a certain degree of propinquity *to the reigning Prince*, and to whom the law pays an extraordinary respect; but, after that degree is past, they fall into the rank of ordinary subjects. The younger sons of the king, and other branches of the Royal Family, not in the immediate line of succession, were only so far regarded by the ancient law as to give them a certain degree of precedence over peers and other officers, ecclesiastical and temporal. This was done by the 31st of Henry VIII., which assigns places in the Parliament Chamber and Council to the king's sons, brothers, uncles, and nephews, etc.—"therefore, after these degrees are past, peers, or others of the blood royal, are entitled to no place or precedence, except what belongs to them by their personal rank or dignity, which made Sir Edward Walker complain that, by the creation of Prince Rupert to be Duke of Cumberland, and of the Earl of Lennox to be duke of that name, previous to the creation of James to be Duke of York, it might happen that their grandsons would have precedence of the grandsons of the Duke of York."[1]

Prince George of Cambridge, then, being neither son, brother, uncle, or nephew to the Queen, and having no personal dignity, is not entitled to any precedence over the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the great officers of state; the 31st Henry VIII. would place him below them all; but the 3d Victoria (supposing such an Act to have passed) would have placed Prince Albert below Prince George, but above the Archbishop, who is himself above Prince George, thus giving to the Master of the Ceremonies the solution of a somewhat difficult problem of precedence—namely, how to place A above B, B above C, and C above A. This *reductio ad absurdum* at least proves that the amended Act would not only not have settled the question of precedence satisfactorily, but would not have settled it at all.

It may seem surprising or paradoxical to assert, and many may with difficulty believe, that Prince George of Cambridge is entitled to no precedence of his own, inseparable from his royal birth, but such, nevertheless, is undoubtedly the fact. By law, he can only take *royal* rank as the son, brother, uncle, or nephew, of the reigning sovereign, none of which he is, and he derives none whatever from having been nephew of William IV. and George IV., and grandson of George III. The princes of the Blood Royal have, as to precedence, a movable and not a fixed status, constantly shifting, with their greater or less propinquity to the actual sovereign; and in the event of Prince George's succession to his father's dukedom, he would only be entitled to a place *in Parliament and in the Council*, according to the ancienty of his peerage.

The practice, however, does not wait upon the right, and is regulated by the universal sense and feeling of the respect and deference which is due to

[1] Blackstone, vol. i, p. 226.

the Blood Royal of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury does not take a legal opinion or pore over the 31st of Henry VIII. to discover whether he has a right to jostle for that precedence with the cousin, which he knows he is bound to concede to the uncle, of the Queen; but he yields it as a matter of course, and so uniform and unquestionable is the custom, that in all probability neither the Prince nor the Prelate is conscious that it is in the slightest degree at variance with the right.

The obscurity which involves the question of precedence, and the prevailing doubts as to the extent of the Royal prerogative, proceed, in a great measure, from the intermixture of law and custom, by which the practice is regulated and enforced. The table of precedence, the authority of which is recognized for all social and ceremonial purposes, rests upon statutory enactments, ancient usages, and the king's letters patent; usage creeping in to disarrange the order, and break the links of the chain forged by the law; for, while the 31st of Henry VIII. places earls after marquises, custom interposes and postpones the former to the eldest sons of dukes (and so of Marquis's eldest sons and viscounts), though these are only commoners in the eye of the law. Now, as no custom (unless expressly saved) can prevail against the force of a statute, this renders it still more clear, that nothing was intended by the 31st Henry VIII. but "the placing the Lords" in Parliament,[1] and that the question of general precedence (with all the prerogatives of the Crown thereunto appertaining) was left untouched by it.[2] In point of fact, the royal prerogative always has been, and still continually is exercised, in violation of the order of the established table; for when the King, by his Royal warrant, gives to one of his subjects, having neither rank nor dignity, the place and precedence of a duke's or an earl's son, the individual thus elevated supersedes all those (below that rank) whose place and precedence is determined either by law or custom.

The result, then, appears to be that, in the olden time, the king had unlimited power in matters of honor and precedence, and could confer whatever dignity or pre-eminence he thought fit, upon any of his subjects. That this power has been expressly restrained, quoad the Parliament Chamber and the Council, but exists unfettered in all other respects.

In Parliament (should Prince Albert be created a peer), he would only be entitled to a seat at the bottom of the degree to which he might belong, and he would be expressly prohibited from sitting nearer to the throne. In the Privy Council likewise (if made a Privy Councilor) he would be entitled to no especial place, but everywhere else, at ceremonials of every description, at royal marriages, christenings or funerals, at banquets, processions, and courtly receptions, at installations and investitures, at all religious, civil, or military celebrations, upon all occasions, formal or social, public or private, the Queen may grant to her husband an indisputable precedence and

[1] Lord Herbert, in his Life of Henry VIII., says, in allusion to this statute, "it was declared also how the Lords in Parliament should be placed," p. 218.

[2] Lord Coke clearly distinguishes between precedence in Parliament and Council and general precedence:—Thus far for avoiding contention about precedency in Parliament, Star Chamber, and all other assemblies, Council, etc. Now, they that desire to know the places and precedency of the nobility and subjects of the realm, as well men as women, and of their children (which we have added the rather, for that the contention about precedency between persons of that sex is even fiery, furious, and sometime fatal), we will refer you to a record of great authority in the reign of Henry VII., entitled," etc.—4th Inst., 363.

pre-eminence over every other subject in the realm. It will probably be less difficult to obtain a concurrence of opinion as to the extent of the Queen's constitutional right in granting precedence, than as to the manner in which it would be morally fit, and just to others, that this right should be exercised.

The bill, as originally introduced in the House of Lords, was undoubtedly liable to serious objections; but it is difficult to discover any valid reason why the Prince, Consort to the Queen, should not be invested for his own life with the highest personal dignity which it is in the power of the Crown to confer.

It has been said, that to place Prince Albert before the princes of the blood royal would be an invasion of the *birth right* of these illustrious persons. This seems to be the result of a confused notion, that a privilege of precedence is identical with a beneficial interest—it may be a man's birthright to succeed in some contingency to the throne, or to a title or to an estate, and it would be injurious, and therefore unjust, to thrust any interloper between him and his chance, however remote it might be, of such succession. But the same Act which limits the prerogative of the Crown, confers on the Royal Dukes and Great Officers of State the only right of precedence which they possess, and while they can claim no more than was given to them, the Crown is as surely entitled to all that was left to it by that Act. No individual can insist upon an indefeasible right never to be preceded, under any circumstances, by any other individual not having a status defined by this Act, and as the uncles of the Queen, and the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, occupy their respective steps in the ladder of precedence by the self-same title, there would be no greater violation of birthright in placing an individual without a status before the Duke of Sussex than there would in placing him before the Duke of Norfolk; if there be any injustice at all, the difference would not be in the principle, but in its local or personal application.

The question, then, is one of expediency, and of propriety, to be determined with reference to its own special circumstances, and according to the analogies which can be brought to bear upon it; there is not only no case exactly in point to refer to, but there is none sufficiently analogous to be taken as a precedent. When Queen Anne came to the throne, Prince George of Denmark was the only prince in England (all his children being dead), and no new Act was necessary to give him precedence, if the Queen had desired it, inasmuch as there was nobody for him to precede. The condition of a Queen Consort is certainly very different from that of a Prince Consort; but, upon the broad principle of moral fitness, there seems no reason why the husband of the Queen regnant should not be invested, by virtue of his *consortium*, with the highest dignity, over other men, just as the wife of the king is participant by virtue of her marriage of divers prerogatives over other women. For the prerogatives with which the law invests her are allotted to her not upon her own account, but upon that of the king; she is considered as a *feme sole*, and has certain capacities and rights, "in order that the king, whose continual care and study is for the public, should not be troubled and disquicted on account of his wife's domestic affairs." And the law, which out of respect to the king makes it high treason to compass or imagine the death of his wife, when she becomes a widow ceases to surround her with this protection. It is the king alone, his dignity and his comfort, which the law regards, and the privileges and

pre-eminences of his family are conferred or established in such modes and proportions as may be most conducive thereto.

The principle on which precedence is established is that of propinquity to the soverign, and no propinquity can be so close as that of the husband to the wife, nor does it seem unreasonable that all other subjects should be required to yield the outward forms of honor and respect to the man who is elevated to a station so far above them, whom she is herself bound to "love, honor, serve, and obey," and who is superior to her in their natural, while still subordinate in their civil and political relations. Many people, who are not unwilling to concede a high degree of precedence to the Prince, are very sensitive about the dignity of the heir-apparent, and, while they are content that he should precede his other children, would on no account allow him to be superior in rank to a Prince of Wales. The difficulty in these cases is to establish a principle; but that difficulty is rendered much greater if, when the principle is once admitted, it is not taken with all its legitimate and necessary consequences. If the Prince is entitled to claim precedency over any of the blood-royal of England, above all others, he may claim it upon every moral ground over his own children, nor is there any civil or political consideration in reference to the heir-apparent, requiring that an exception should be made in his behalf. There seem to exist confused notions of something very extraordinary and transcendent in the status of a Prince of Wales, but the difference between him and his younger brother is not very great; and the only positive privilege with which the law certainly and exclusively invests the heir-apparent is that of making it high treason to attempt his life.[1]

The heir-apparent is Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall, but he is not necessarily either the one or the other, and except on a certain condition he cannot be the latter.[2] For as the king *creates* his elder son, or heir-apparent Prince of Wales, he has the power of withholding such creation, and though the eldest son of the king is Duke of Cornwall by inheritance, the dukedom is limited to the first-begotten son of the king.[3]

The Prince of Wales has no right or privilege beyond those of any other subject; he owes the same faith and allegiance to the sovereign; and since 1789 none have ever ventured to assert that he could claim the regency rather than any other subject. His political condition, therefore, is little if at all different from that of the rest of the Royal Family. His personal propinquity to the sovereign must be less than that of his father, and the question is, whether there is anything so peculiar in his status as to supersede those natural relations of father and son, which, according to all human custom, as well as divine injunction, involve the duty of honor from the latter to the former.

The son's enfranchisement from parental rule when he arrives at years of discretion does not exempt him from the honor he is bound by the law of God and nature to pay to his parents.[4] The son is under a perpetual

[1] It is also treason to kill certain judicial officers when in actual execution of their offices.—Hale, P. C. 13.

[2] Two months elapsed between the death of Frederick Prince of Wales and the creation of his son, George III., Prince of Wales.

[3] If, for example, George IV. had died in his youth, his next brother might have been heir-apparent, with no other title than that of Bishop of Osnaburgh. Henry VIII. after the death of Prince Arthur, and Charles I. after that of Prince Henry, were Dukes of Cornwall, but by special, new creation.—H., P. C. 13.

[4] Locke, vol. iv, p. 347.

obligation to honor his father by all outward expressions, and from this obligation no state can absolve him. "The honor due to parents" (says Locke) "a monarch on his throne owes his mother, and yet this lessens not his authority, nor subjects him to her government."[1] The monarchical theory ascribes to the King of England two bodies or capacities, a natural body, and a politic or mystical body, and "from this mystical union of the ideal with the real king, the inquirer after constitutional information is led through childish reasoning and unintelligible jargon, to practical consequences founded on expediency."[2] These practical consequences are the complete subordination of the natural to the politic capacity of the sovereign, and that moral revolution which supersedes the duty of the son to the father by the superior duty of the subject to the sovereign. Nothing less transcendental seems sufficient to cancel the force of this natural obligation, and, while father and son are both in the condition of subjects, the filial and parental relations need not be outwardly reversed.

If the Queen, therefore, should be advised to grant to her Royal Consort letters patent of precedence immediately next to her own person, and at the same time make him a Privy Councilor, there would be no practical difficulty with regard to his place at the Council Board, notwithstanding the legal exception; there custom has in a great measure superseded law. The occasions are very rare when any of the Royal Dukes are present; and upon all others the Prince would sit upon the right hand of Her Majesty, and precedence would be conceded to him as a matter of course. The Council Board is no longer what it was in the days of Henry VIII., at which time the King sat there regularly in person. The greater part of the Privy Councilors were in constant attendance upon him.[3] They resided in the Court, and accompanied him wherever he went; much (though far from all) of the most important business of the State was transacted there, and the order of sitting, when the members had to deliver their opinions seriatim, beginning with the lowest, was not unimportant. Councils are now merely formal assemblies, for the expedition of certain orders, which must emanate from the sovereign in person.

When any of the Royal Dukes are present, they sit next the Queen on her right hand, the Lord President always next her on her left. And, although the Lord President and the Chancellor (when present) sit on either side of the Queen, all the other officers are indiscriminately placed. It would not probably be deemed advisable to go back to the end of the seventeenth century for a precedent, or it would be found that Prince George of Denmark sat in council, without taking any oaths; not, therefore, as a Privy Councilor, but *pro honoris causâ*. He always, however, occupied the place of honor, and his attendance was very regular, though there is no record of his having ever taken the oaths; and, at the accession of King William, when all the other Privy Councilors were sworn, it is expressly stated that Prince George was not.[4]

It is much to be regretted that such heat and irritation have been manifested in the discussion of this question, and certainly between the proceedings in both Houses of Parliament. Prince Albert may well have thought his reception neither cordial nor flattering; but the truth is, that

[1] Locke, vol. iv, p. 376.
[2] Allen on the Royal Prerogative, p. 29.
[3] Sir H. Nicholas's Preface to Council Register, vol. i, p. 13.
[4] He was first brought into Council by James II. in person, and placed on his right hand, but not sworn.

any mortification which either the Prince or the Queen may have felt (and in her it is only natural, whether just or not) is at least as attributable to the really objectionable nature of the propositions which were made as to the opposition which they encountered.

Nothing herein is more to be deplored than that any mistaken zeal should misrepresent the conduct, or any hasty impression misconstrue the motives, of the Duke of Wellington. His whole life has been a continual manifestation of loyalty and of superiority to petty purposes, and unworthy inducements; but his notions of loyalty are of a nature which mere courtiers are unable to comprehend, because he always considers the honor and the interests of the Crown in preference to the personal inclination of the sovereign.

Of all men who ever lived he has sought the least the popularity he has so largely acquired—the tide of which, sometimes diverted by transient causes, has always returned with accumulated force. With him it is no "echo of folly, and shadow of renown," but a deep, affecting, almost sublime national feeling, which exults in him as the living representative of national glory. If there be an exception in any place to this universal sentiment, let us hope that the impression will not endure, that the cloud of momentary error will be dispersed, and that justice, ample and not tardy, will be rendered to

"The noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time."

END OF VOLUME I.

DA550 .G838 v.1,2 v.1
The Greville memoirs. (Second part.) A
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00002 9241